THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. AND OTHERS.

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CANDID*:

OR THE

OPTIMIST.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

How Candid was brought up in a magnificent caſtle; and how he was driven from thence.

IN the country of Weſtphalia, in the caſtle of the moſt noble baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, lived a youth, whom nature had endowed with a moſt ſweet diſpoſition. His face was the true index of his mind. He had a ſolid judgment joined to the moſt unaffected ſimplicity; and hence I preſume he had his name of Candid. The old ſervants of the houſe ſuſpected him to have been the ſon of the baron's ſiſter, by a mighty good ſort of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom that young lady refuſed to marry, becauſe he could produce no more than ſeventy-one quarterings in his arms; the reſt of the genealogical tree, belonging to the family, having been loſt through the injuries of time.

The

* The principal deſign of this performance, (if the author had any other deſign but that of amuſing his readers) is to ridicule that maxim in Ethics, that every thing which happens, is the beſt calculated to anſwer the wiſe ends of Providence: but it likewiſe contains a very ſevere ſatire on the morals, manners, and cuſtoms of mankind.

The baron was one of the moſt powerful lords in Weſtphalia; for his caſtle had not only a gate, but even windows, and his great hall was hung with tapeſtry. He uſed to hunt with his maſtiffs and ſpaniels inſtead of grey-hounds; his groom ſerved him for huntſman; and the parſon of the pariſh officiated as his grand almoner. He was called my lord by all his people, and he never told a ſtory, but every one laughed at it.

My lady baroneſs weighed about forty ſtone and an half, and conſequently was a perſon of no ſmall conſideration; and then ſhe did the honours of the houſe with a dignity that commanded univerſal reſpect. Her daughter was about ſeventeen years of age, freſh coloured, comely, plump, and deſirable. The baron's ſon ſeemed to be a youth in every reſpect worthy of the father he ſprung from. Pangloſs the preceptor was the oracle of the family, and little Candid liſtened to his inſtructions with all the ſimplicity natural to his age and diſpoſition.

Maſter Pangloſs taught the metaphyſico-theologo-coſmolo-nigology. He could prove to admiration, that there is no effect without a cauſe; and that, in this beſt of all poſſible worlds, the baron's caſtle was the moſt magnificent of all caſtles, and my lady the beſt of all poſſible baroneſſes.

It is demonſtrable, ſaid he, that things cannot be otherwiſe than they are; for as all things have been created for ſome end, they muſt neceſſarily be created for the beſt end. Obſerve, for inſtance, the noſe is formed for ſpectacles, therefore we wear ſpectacles. The legs are viſibly deſigned for ſtockings, accordingly we wear ſtockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to conſtruct caſtles, therefore my lord has a magnificent caſtle; for the greateſt baron in the province ought to be the beſt lodged. Swine were intended to be eaten; therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they, who aſſert that every thing is *right*, do not expreſs themſelves

themſelves correctly; they ſhould ſay that every thing is *beſt* *.

Candid liſtened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought miſs Cunegund exceſſively handſome, though he never had the courage to tell her ſo. He concluded, that next to the happineſs of being baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the next was that of being miſs Cunegund, the next that of ſeeing her every day, and the laſt, that of hearing the doctrine of maſter Pangloſs, the greateſt philoſopher of the whole province, and conſequently of the whole world.

One day that miſs Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighbouring wood, which was called a park, ſhe ſaw, through the buſhes, the ſage doctor Pangloſs giving a lecture in experimental philoſophy to her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very pretty, and very tractable. As miſs Cunegund had a great diſpoſition for the ſciences, ſhe obſerved with the utmoſt attention the experiments, which were repeated before her eyes: ſhe perfectly well underſtood the force of the doctor's reaſoning upon cauſes and effects. She retired greatly flurried, quite penſive, and filled with the deſire of knowledge, imagining that ſhe might be *a ſufficing reaſon* for young Candid, and he for her.

In her way back ſhe happened to meet the young man; ſhe bluſhed, he bluſhed alſo, ſhe wiſhed him a good morning in a flattering tone, he returned the ſalute, without knowing what he ſaid. The next day, as they were riſing from dinner, Cunegund and Candid ſlipt behind the ſcreen, miſs dropped her handkerchief, the young man picked it up. She innocently took hold of his hand, and he as innocently kiſſed hers with a warmth, a ſenſibility, a grace.———All very particular, their lips met; their eyes ſparkled; their knees trembled; their hands ſtrayed.———The baron chanced to come by: he beholds the cauſe and effect, and, without heſitation, ſalutes our young Candid

* Thus the tutor makes his doctrine of optimiſm ſubſervient to his intereſt in flattering the pride of the petty German princes, which is indeed ridiculous enough.

with a kick on the breech, and drove him out of doors. Miſs Cunegund, the tender, the lovely miſs Cunegund fainted away, and as ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf, the baroneſs boxed her ears. Thus a general conſternation was ſpread over this moſt magnificent and moſt agreeable of all poſſible caſtles.

CHAP. II.

What befel Candid among the Bulgarians.

CANDID, thus driven out of this terreſtrial paradiſe, rambled a long time, without knowing where he was; ſometimes he raiſed his eyes, all bedewed with tears, towards heaven, and ſometimes he caſt a melancholy look towards the magnificent caſtle, where dwelt the faireſt of young baroneſſes. He laid himſelf down to ſleep in a furrow, heart-broken and ſupperleſs. The ſnow fell in great flakes, and, in the morning when he awoke, he was almoſt frozen to death; however, he made ſhift to crawl to the next town, which was called Wald-berghoff-trarbk-dekdorff; without a penny in his pocket, and half dead with hunger and fatigue. He took up his ſtand at the door of an inn. He had not been long there, before two men dreſt in blue fixed their eyes ſtedfaſtly upon him. Faith, comrade, ſaid one of them to the other, yonder is a well-made young fellow, and of the right ſize: upon which they made up to Candid, and with the greateſt civility and politeneſs, invited him to dine with them. Gentlemen, replied Candid, with a moſt engaging modeſty, you do me much honour, but upon my word I have no money. Money, Sir! ſaid one of the blues to him, young perſons of your appearance and merit never pay any thing; why are not you five feet five inches high? Yes, gentlemen, that really is my ſize, replied he, with a low bow. Come then, ſir, ſit down along with us; we'll not only pay your reckoning, but will never ſuffer ſuch a clever young fellow

low as you to want money. Mankind were born to aſſiſt one another. You are perfectly right, gentlemen, ſaid Candid, this is preciſely the doctrine of maſter Pangloſs; and I am convinced that every thing is for the beſt. His generous companions next entreat him to accept of a few crowns, which he readily complied with, at the ſame time offering them his note for the payment, which they refuſe, and ſit down to table. Have you not a great affection for——O yes! I have a great affection for the lovely miſs Cunegund. May be ſo, replied one of the blues, but that is not the queſtion! we aſk you whether you have not a great affection for the king of the Bulgarians? For the king of the Bulgarians? ſaid Candid, oh Lord! not at all, why I never ſaw him in my life. Is it poſſible! oh he is a moſt charming king! come we muſt drink his health. With all my heart, gentlemen, ſays Candid, and off he toſſes his glaſs. Bravo! cry the blues; you are now the ſupport, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made; you are in the high road to glory. So ſaying, they handcuff him, and carry him away to the regiment. There he is made to wheel about to the right, and to the left, to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to preſent, to fire, to march, and they give him thirty blows with a cane; the next day, he performs his exerciſe a little better, and they give him but twenty, the day following he comes off with ten, and is looked upon as a young fellow of ſurpriſing genius by all his comrades*.

Candid was ſtruck with amazement, and could not for the ſoul of him conceive how he came to be a hero. One fine ſpring morning, he took it into his his head to take a walk, and he marched ſtrait forward, conceiving it to be a privilege of the human ſpecies, as well as of the brute creation, to make uſe of their legs, how and when they pleaſed. He had not gone above two leagues, when he was overtaken by four

* Is not this an arrow glanced at the k— of P——a, and the methods his officers are ſuppoſed to have taken in recruiting his armies?

other heroes, ſix feet high, who bound him neck and heels, and carried him to a dungeon. A court-martial ſat upon him, and he was aſked which he liked beſt, either to run the gauntlet ſix and thirty times through the whole regiment, or to have his brains blown out with a dozen of muſket balls. In vain did he remonſtrate to them that the human will is free, and that he choſe neither; they obliged him to make a choice, and he determined, in virtue of that divine gift called free-will, to run the gauntlet ſix and thirty times. He had gone through his diſcipline twice, and the regiment being compoſed of 2000 men, they compoſed for him exactly 4000 ſtrokes, which laid bare all his muſcles and nerves from the nape of his neck to his rump. As they were preparing to make him ſet out the third time, our young hero unable to ſupport it any longer, begged as a favour they would be ſo obliging as to ſhoot him through the head: the favour being granted, a bandage was tied over his eyes, and he was made to kneel down. At that very inſtant his Bulgarian majeſty, happening to paſs by, made a ſtop, and inquired into the delinquent's crime, and being a prince of great penetration, he found from what he heard of Candid, that he was a young mataphyſician, entirely ignorant of the world; and therefore, out of his great clemency, he condeſcended to pardon him, for which his name will be celebrated in every journal *, and in every age. A ſkilful ſurgeon made a cure of the flagellated Candid, in three weeks by means of emollient unguents, preſcribed by Dioſcorides. His ſores were now ſkinned over, and he was able to march, when the king of the Bulgarians gave battle to the king of the Abares.

CHAP.

* Wormwood to a certain prince, ſuſpected of having hired journaliſts to trumpet forth his praiſe.

CHAP. III.

How Candid eſcaped from the Bulgarians, and what befel him afterwards.

NEVER was any thing ſo gallant, ſo well accoutred, ſo brilliant, and ſo finely diſpoſed as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon made ſuch harmony as never was heard in hell itſelf. The entertainment began by a diſcharge of cannon, which, in the twinkling of an eye, laid flat about 6000 men on each ſide. The muſquet bullets ſwept away, out of the beſt of all poſſible worlds, nine or ten thouſand ſcoundrels that infected its ſurface. The bayonet was next the *ſufficient reaſon* of the deaths of ſeveral thouſands. The whole might amount to 30000 ſouls. Candid trembled like a philoſopher, and concealed himſelf as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

At length, while the two kings were cauſing *Te Deum* to be ſung in each of their camps, Candid took a reſolution to go and reaſon ſome where elſe upon cauſes and effects. After paſſing over heaps of dead or dying men, the firſt place he came to was a neighbouring village, in the Abarian territories, which had been burnt to the ground by the Bulgarians, agreeable to the laws of war. Here lay a number of old men covered with wounds, who beheld their wives dying with their throats cut, and hugging their children to their breaſts all ſtained with blood. There ſeveral young virgins, whoſe bellies had been riped open, after they had ſatisfied the natural neceſſities of Bulgarian heroes, breathed their laſt; while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be diſpatched out of the world. The ground about them was covered with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candid made all the haſte he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians, and there he found that the heroic Abares had acted the ſame tragedy*. From thence, continuing to walk over palpitating limbs, or through ruined buildings, at length, he arrived beyond the theatre of war, with a little proviſion in his budget, and miſs Cunegund's image in his heart. When he arrived in Holland, his proviſion failed him; but having heard that the inhabitants of that country were all rich and chriſtians, he made himſelf ſure of being treated by them in the ſame manner, as at the baron's caſtle, before he had been driven from thence through the power of miſs Cunegund's bright eyes.

He aſked charity of ſeveral grave looking people, who one and all anſwered him, that if he continued to follow this trade, they would have him ſent to the houſe of correction, where he ſhould be taught to get his bread.

He next addreſſed himſelf to a perſon, who was juſt come from haranguing a numerous aſſembly for a whole hour on the ſubject of charity. The orator, ſquinting at him under his broad brimmed hat, aſked him ſternly what brought him thither? and whether he was ſo the good old cauſe? Sir, ſaid Candid, in a ſubmiſſive manner, I conceive there can be no effect without a cauſe; every thing is neceſſarily concatenated and arranged for the beſt. It was neceſſary that I ſhould be baniſhed the preſence of miſs Cunegund; that I ſhould afterwards run the gauntlet; and it is neceſſary that I ſhould beg my bread, till I am able to get it: all this could not have been otherwiſe. Heark ye, friend, ſays the orator, do you hold the pope to be antichriſt? Truely I never heard any thing about it, ſaid Candid, but whether he is or not, I am in want of ſomething to eat. Thou deſerveſt not to eat or to drink, replied the orator, wretch, monſter that thou art! hence! avoid my ſight, nor ever come near me again while thou liveſt.

* A picture which we would recommend to the peruſal and conſideration of thoſe who are ſuch ſanguine advocates for the continuation of war.

liveſt. The orator's wife happened to put her head out of the window at that inſtant, when ſeeing a man, who doubted whether the pope was antichriſt, ſhe diſcharged upon his head a chamber-pot full of——*. Good heavens, to what exceſs does religious zeal tranſport the fair!

A man who had never been chriſtened, an honeſt anabaptiſt, named James, was witneſs to the cruel and ignominious treatment ſhewed to one of his brethren, to a rational two footed unfledged being†. Moved with pity he carried him to his own houſe, cauſed him to be cleaned, gave him meat and drink, and made him a preſent of two florins, at the ſame time propoſing to inſtruct him in his own trade of weaving Perſian ſilks, which are fabricated in Holland. Candid, penetrated with ſo much goodneſs, threw himſelf at his feet, crying, Now I am convinced that my maſter Pangloſs told me truth, when he ſaid that every thing was for the beſt in this world; for I an infinitely more affected with your extraordinary generoſity, than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the black cloak and his wife. The next day, as Candid was walking out, he met a beggar, all covered with ſcabs, his eyes were ſunk in his head, the end of his noſe eaten off, his mouth drawn on one ſide, his teeth as black as a cloak, ſnuffling and coughing moſt violently, and, every time he attempted to ſpit, out dropt a tooth.

CHAP. IV.

How Candid found his old Maſter Pangloſs again, and what happened to them.

CANDID, divided between compaſſion and horror, but giving way to the former, beſtowed on this

* A keen ſarcaſm on want of charity in ſpeculative points of religion, even among the moſt phlegmatic proteſtants.

† Ariſtotle's definition of a man; to ſhew the abſurdity of which, another philoſopher cauſed a cock to be ſtripped of its feathers, and placing it before him, aſked if that was a man alſo?

ſhocking figure the two florins which the honeſt anabaptiſt James had juſt before given to him. The ſpectre looked at him very earneſtly, ſhed tears, and threw his arms about his neck. Candid ſtarted back aghaſt; Alas! ſaid the one wretch to the other, don't you know your dear Pangloſs?—What do I hear? Is it you, my dear maſter! you I behold in this piteous plight? What dreadful misfortune has befallen you? What has made you leave the moſt magnificent and delightful of all caſtles? What is become of miſs Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies, and nature's maſterpiece? Oh Lord! cried Pangloſs, I am ſo weak I cannot ſtand, upon which Candid inſtantly led him to the anabaptiſt's ſtable, and procured him ſomething to eat. As ſoon as Pangloſs had a little refreſhed himſelf, Candid began to repeat his inquiries concerning miſs Cunegund. She is dead, replied the other. Dead! cried Candid, and immediately fainted away: his friend recovered him by the help of a little bad vinegar, which he found by chance in the ſtable. Candid opened his eyes, and again repeated dead! is miſs Cunegund dead? Ah where is the beſt of worlds now? But of what illneſs did ſhe die? Was it for grief of ſeeing her father kick me out of his magnificient caſtle? No, replied Pangloſs, her belly was ripped open by the Bulgarian ſoldiers, after they had raviſhed her as much as it was poſſible for damſel to be raviſhed; they knocked the baron her father on the head for attempting to defend her; my lady her mother was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was ſerved juſt in the ſame manner as his ſiſter, and as for the caſtle, they have not left one ſtone upon another; they have deſtroyed all the ducks, and the ſheep, the barns, and the trees: but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done the very ſame thing in a neighbouring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord.

At hearing this, Candid fainted away a ſecond time, but, having come to himſelf again, he ſaid all that it became him to ſay; he inquired into the cauſe and effect, as well as into the *ſufficing reaſon* that had reduced Pangloſs to ſo miſerable a condition. Alas, replied the preceptor,

preceptor, it was love; love, the confort of the human ſpecies; love, the preſerver of the univerſe; the ſoul of all ſenſible beings; love! tender love! Alas, replied Candid, I have had ſome knowledge of love myſelf, this ſovereign of hearts, this ſoul of ſouls; yet it never coſt me more than a kiſs and a kick on the backſide. But how could this beautiful cauſe produce in you ſo hideous an effect?

Pangloſs made anſwer in theſe terms: O my dear Candid, you muſt remember Pacquette, that pretty wench, who waited on our noble baroneſs; in her arms I taſted the pleaſures of paradiſe, which produced theſe hell-torments with which you ſee me devoured. She was infected with the diſeaſe, and perhaps is ſince dead of it; ſhe received this preſent of a learned cordelier, who derived it from the fountain head; he was indebted for it to an old counteſs, who had it of a captain of horſe, who had it of a marchioneſs, who had it of a page, the page had it of a Jeſuit, who, during his noviciate, had it in a direct line from one of the fellow-adventurers of Chriſtopher Culumbus; for my part, I ſhall give it to nobody, I am a dying man *.

O ſage Pangloſs, cried Candid, what a ſtrange genealogy is this! Is not the devil the root of it. Not at all, replied the great man, it was a thing unavoidable, a neceſſary ingredient in the beſt of worlds; for if Columbus had not caught in an iſland in America this diſeaſe, which contaminates the ſource of generation, and frequently impedes propagation itſelf, and is evidently oppoſite to the great end of nature, we ſhould have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It is alſo to be obſerved, that, even to the preſent time, in this continent

* Alluding to the firſt importation of the venereal diſeaſe, which was brought from Hiſpaniola, in the Weſt-Indies, by ſome of the followers of Columbus, who were afterwards employed in the ſiege of Naples, among the troops of Ferdinand, king of Aragon. Hence the diſtemper acquired the name of the Neapolitan Diſeaſe, as the mercurial ointment, uſed for raiſing a ſalivation, obtained the name of unguentum Neapolitanum, which it ſtill retains.

continent of ours, this malady, like our religious controverſies, is peculiar to ourſelves. The Turks, the Indians, the Perſians, the Chineſe, the Siameſe, and the Japoneſe are entirely unacquainted with it; but there is a *ſufficing reaſon* for them to know it in a few centuries. In the mean time, it is making prodigious havock among us, eſpecially in thoſe armies compoſed of well diſciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations; for we may ſafely affirm, that, when an army of 30000 men fights another equal in number, there are about 20000 of them poxed on each ſide.

Very ſurpriſing, indeed, ſaid Candid, but you muſt get cured. Lord help me, how can I? ſaid Pangloſs: my dear friend, I have not a penny in the world; and you know one cannot be bled or have a gliſter without a fee.

This laſt ſpeech had its effect on Candid; he flew to the charitable anabaptiſt James, he flung himſelf at his feet, and gave him ſo ſtriking a picture of the miſerable ſituation of his friend, that the good man, without any further heſitation, agreed to take Dr. Pangloſs into his houſe, and to pay for his cure. The cure was effected with only the loſs of one eye and an ear *. As he wrote a good hand, and underſtood accounts tolerably well, the anabaptiſt made him his book-keeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged to go to Liſbon, about ſome merchantile affairs, he took the two philoſophers with him in the ſame ſhip; Pangloſs, during the courſe of the voyage, explained to him how every thing was ſo conſtituted that it could not be better. James did not quite agree with him in this point: Mankind, ſaid he, muſt, in ſome things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not born wolves, and yet they worry one another like thoſe beaſts of prey. God never gave them twenty-four pounders

* The author ſeems to be but indifferently acquainted with the effects of this diſtemper, otherwiſe he would have mentioned his noſe and his palate, among the particulars of his loſs, rather than the ear, which is ſeldom, if ever affected in this diſorder.—— Pangloſs was in much greater danger of loſing his ear in the pillory, as an impoſtor and corrupter of youth.

pounders nor bayonets, and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to deſtroy one another. To this account, I might add not only bankruptcies, but the law which ſeizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to cheat the the creditors. All this was indiſpenſibly neceſſary, replied the one-eyed doctor; for private misfortunes are public benefits; ſo that the more private misfortunes there are, the greater is the general good. While he was arguing in this manner, the ſky was over-caſt, the winds blew from the four quarters of the compaſs, and the ſhip was aſſailed by a moſt terrible tempeſt, within ſight of the port of Liſbon.

CHAP. V.

A tempeſt, a ſhipwreck, an earthquake, and what elſe befel Dr. Pangloſs, Candid, and James the Anabaptiſt.

ONE half of the paſſengers, weakened and half-dead with the inconceiveable anxiety and ſickneſs, which the rolling of a veſſel at ſea occaſions through the whole human frame, were loſt to all ſenſe of the danger that ſurrounded them. The other made loud outcries, or betook themſelves to their prayers; the ſails were blown into ſhivers, and the maſts were brought by the board. The veſſel was a perfect wreck. Every one was buſily employed, but no-body could be either heard or obeyed. The anabaptiſt, being upon deck, lent a helping hand as well as the reſt, when a brutiſh ſailor gave him a blow, and laid him ſpeechleſs; but, with the violence of the blow, the tar himſelf tumbled head-foremoſt over-board, and fell upon a piece of the broken maſt, which he immediately graſped. Honeſt James, forgetting the injury he had ſo lately received from him, flew to his aſſiſtance, and, with great difficulty, hauled him in again, but, in the attempt, was, by a ſudden jerk of the ſhip, thrown overboard himſelf, in ſight of the very fellow, whom he had riſked his life to ſave, and who took not the leaſt

leaſt notice of him in this diſtreſs. Candid, who beheld all that paſt, and ſaw his benefactor one moment riſing above water, and the next ſwallowed up by the mercileſs waves, was preparing to jump after him; but was prevented by the philoſopher Pangloſs, who demonſtrated to him, that the coaſt of Liſbon had been made on purpoſe for the anabaptiſt to be drowned there. While he was proving his argument *à priori*, the ſhip foundered, and the whole crew periſhed, except Pangloſs, Candid, and the ſailor who had been the means of drowning the good anabaptiſt *. The villain ſwam aſhore; but Pangloſs and Candid got to land upon a plank.

As ſoon as they had recovered themſelves from their ſurprize and fatigue, they walked towards Liſbon; with what little money they had left, they thought to ſave themſelves from ſtarving after having eſcaped drowning.

Scarce had they done lamenting the loſs of their benefactor and ſet foot in the city, when they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet, and the ſea, ſwelling and foaming in the harbour, daſh in pieces the veſſels that were riding at an anchor. Large ſheets of flames and cinders covered the ſtreets and public places; the houſes tottered, and were tumbled topſy-turvy even to their foundations, which were themſelves deſtroyed, and thirty-thouſand inhabitants of both ſexes, young and old, were buried beneath the ruins. The ſailor, whiſtling and ſwearing, cried, Damn it there's ſomething to be got here. What can be the *ſufficing reaſon* of this phœnomenon? ſaid Pangloſs. It is certainly the day of judgment, ſaid Candid. The ſailor, defying death in the purſuit of plunder, ruſhed in the midſt of the ruin, where he found ſome money, with which he got drunk, and, after he had ſlept himſelf ſober, he purchaſed the favours of the firſt good natured wench that

* We never heard before, that the anabaptiſts were more virtuous than their neighbours. Indeed they make great pretenſions to ſanctify, and oftentimes to illumination; but theſe have been generally found to be the effects of hypocriſy and fanaticiſm.

that came in his way, amidſt the ruins of demoliſhed houſes, and the groans of half-buried and expiring perſons. Pangloſs pulled him by the ſleeve; Friend, ſaid he, this is not right, you treſpaſs againſt the *univerſal reaſon*, and have miſtaken your time. Death and ounds! anſwered the other, I am a ſailor, and born at Batavia, and have trampled * four times upon the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan; you are come to a good hand with your *univerſal reaſon*.

In the mean time, Candid, who had been wounded by ſome pieces of ſtone that fell from the houſes, lay ſtretched in the ſtreet, almoſt covered with rubbiſh: for God's ſake, ſaid he to Pangloſs, get me a little wine and oil, I am dying. This concuſſion of the earth is no new thing, replied Pangloſs, the city of Lima in America experienced the ſame laſt year; the ſame cauſe the ſame effects; there is certainly a train of ſulphur all the way underground from Lima to Liſbon. Nothing more probable, ſaid Candid; but for the love of God, a little oil and wine. Probable! replied the philoſopher, I maintain that the thing is demonſtrable; Candid fainted away, and Pangloſs fetched him ſome water from a a neighbouring ſpring.

The next day, in ſearching amongſt the ruins, they found ſome eatables, with which they repaired their exhauſted ſtrength. After this, they aſſiſted the inhabitants in relieving the diſtreſſed and wounded. Some, whom they had humanely aſſiſted, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under ſuch terrible circumſtances. The repaſt, indeed, was mournful, and the company moiſtened their bread with their tears; but Pangloſs endeavoured to comfort them under this affliction, by affirming, that things could not be otherwiſe than they were: for, ſaid he, all this is for the very beſt end, for if there is a volcano at Liſbon, it could be in no other ſpot; for it is impoſſible but things ſhould be as they are, for every thing is for the beſt.

By

* The Dutch traders to Japan are actually obliged to trample upon a curcifix, in token of their averſion to the Chriſtian religion, which the Japoneſe abhor.

By the ſide of the preceptor ſat a little man dreſſed in black, who was one of the *familiars* of the inquiſition. This perſon, taking him up with great complaiſance, ſaid, Poſſibly, my good ſir, you do not believe in original ſin; for, if every thing is beſt, there could have been no ſuch thing as the fall or puniſhment of men.

I humbly aſk your excellency's pardon, anſwered Pangloſs, ſtill more politely; for the fall of man, and the curſe conſequent thereupon, neceſſarily entered into the ſyſtem of the beſt of worlds. That is as much as to ſay, ſir, rejoining the familiar, you do not believe in free-will. Your excellency will be ſo good as to excuſe me, ſaid Pangloſs, free-well is conſiſtent with abſolute neceſſity; for it was neceſſary we ſhould be free, for in that the will——

Pangloſs was in the midſt of his propoſition, when the inquiſitor beckoned to his attendant to help him to a glaſs of port wine.

CHAP. VI.

How the Portugueſe made a ſuperb Auto-da-fé to prevent any future earthquakes, and how Candid underwent public flagellation.

AFTER the earthquake, which had deſtroyed three-fourths of the city of Liſbon, the ſages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preſerve the kingdom from utter ruin, than to entertain the people with an Auto da fé *, it having been decided by the univerſity of Coimbra, that the burning a few people

* An Auto-da-fé was actually to have been celebrated the very day on which the earthquake deſtroyed Liſbon. Every body knows that an Auto-da-fé is a general gaol delivery from the priſons of the inquiſition, when the wretches, condemned by that tribunal, are brought to the ſtake, or otherwiſe ſtigmatized in public.

people alive by a ſlow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible ſecret to prevent earthquakes.

In conſequence thereof, they had ſeized on a Biſcayner for marrying his godmother, and on two Portugueſe for taking out the bacon of a larded pullet they were eating; after dinner, they came and ſecured doctor Pangloſs, and his pupil Candid, the one for ſpeaking his mind, and the other for ſeeming to approve what he had ſaid. They were conducted to ſeparate apartments, extremely cool, where they were never incommoded with the ſun. Eight days afterwards, they were each dreſſed in a ſan-benito *, and their heads were adorned with paper mitres. The mitre and ſan-benito wore by Candid were painted with flames reverſed, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but doctor Pangloſs's devils had both tails and claws, and his flames were upright. In theſe habits they marched in proceſſion, and heard a very pathetic ſermon, which was followed by an anthem, accompanied by bagpipes. Candid was jerked in cadence; while the anthem was ſinging, the Biſcayner and the two men, who would not eat bacon, were burnt, and Pangloſs was hanged, which is not a common cuſtom at theſe ſolemnities. The ſame day there was another earthquake, which made moſt dreadful havock.

Candid, amazed, terrified, confounded, aſtoniſhed, all bloody, and trembling from head to foot, ſaid to himſelf, if this be the beſt of all poſſible worlds, what are the others? If I had only been whipped, I could have put up with it, as I did among the Bulgarians; but, oh my dear Pangloſs! my beloved maſter! thou greateſt of philoſophers! that ever I ſhould live to ſee you hanged, without knowing for what! O my dear anabaptiſt, thou beſt of men, that it ſhould be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O miſs Cunegund, thou mirrour of young ladies! that it ſhould be your fate to have your belly ript open!

He

* A kind of garment worn by the criminals of the inquiſition; we have explained it in another volume.

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He was making the beſt of his way from the place where he had been preached to, whipt, abſolved, and received benediction, when he was accoſted by an old woman, who ſaid to him, Take courage, child, and follow me.

CHAP. VII.

How the old woman took care of Candid, and how he found the object of his love.

CANDID followed the old woman, though without taking courage, to a decayed houſe, where ſhe gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint his ſores, ſhewed him a very neat bed, with a ſuit of cloaths hanging up by it; and ſet victuals and drink before him. There, ſaid ſhe, eat, drink, and ſleep, and may our bleſſed lady of Apacha, and the great St. Anthony of Padua, and the illuſtrious St. James of Compoſtella, take you under their protection. I ſhall be back to-morrow. Candid, ſtruck with amazement at what he had ſeen, at what he had ſuffered, and ſtill more with the charity of the old woman, would have ſhewn his acknowledgment by kiſſing her hand. It is not my hand you ought to kiſs, ſaid the old woman, I ſhall be back to-morrow. Anoint your back, eat, and take your reſt.

Candid, notwithſtanding ſo many diſaſters, eat and ſlept. The next morning, the old woman brought him his breakfaſt; examined his back, and rubbed it herſelf with another ointment. She returned at the proper time, and brought him his dinner; and at night, ſhe viſited him again with his ſupper. The next day ſhe obſerved the ſame ceremonies. Who are you? ſaid Candid to her, What God has inſpired you with ſo much goodneſs? What return can I make you for this charitable aſſiſtance? The good old beldame kept a profound ſilence. In the evening ſhe returned, but without his ſupper; Come along with me, ſaid ſhe, but do

not

ſpeak a word. She took him under her arm, and ked with him about a quarter of a mile into the ntry, till they came to a lonely houſe, ſurrounded h moats and gardens. The old conductreſs knocked little door, which was immediately opened, and ſhewed him up a pair of back-ſtairs, into a ſmall, richly furniſhed apartment. There ſhe made him own on a brocaded ſofa, ſhut the door upon him, left him. Candid thought himſelf in a trance; looked upon his whole life, hitherto, as a frightful am, and the preſent moment as a very agreeable e.

The old woman ſoon returned, ſupporting, with eat difficulty, a young lady, who appeared ſcarce a- to ſtand. She was of a majeſtic mein and ſtature, r dreſs was rich, and glittering with diamonds, and r face was covered with a veil. Take off that veil, ſaid e old woman to Candid. The young man approaches, d, with a trembling hand, takes off her veil. What happy moment! What a ſurprize! He thought he held miſs Cunegund, he did behold her, it was ſhe erſelf. His ſtrength fails him, he cannot utter a ord, he falls at her feet. Cunegund faints upon the fa. The old woman bedews them with ſpirits; they cover; they begin to ſpeak. At firſt they could expreſs emſelves only in broken accents; their queſtions and nſwers were alternately interrupted with ſighs, tears, nd exclamations. The old woman deſired them to ake leſs noiſe, and after this prudent admonition, left hem together. Good heavens! cried Candid, is it ou? Is it miſs Cunegund I behold, and alive? Do I nd you again in Portugal? then you have not been ra- iſhed? they did not rip open your belly, as the philo- opher Pangloſs informed me? Indeed but they did, re- lied miſs Cunegund; but theſe two accidents do not lways prove mortal. But were your father and mother illed? Alas! anſwered ſhe, it is but too true! and ſhe wept. And your brother; And my brother alſo. And ow came you into Portugal? And how did you know f my being here? And by what ſtrange adventure did ou contrive to have me brought into this houſe? And how

how———I will tell you all, replied the lady, but first you muſt acquaint me with all that has beſel you, ſince the innocent kiſs you gave me, and the rude kicks you received in conſequence of it.

Candid, with the greateſt ſubmiſſion, prepared to obey the commands of his fair miſtreſs, and though he was ſtill wrapt in amazement, though his voice was low and tremulous, though his back pained him; yet he gave her a moſt ingenuous account of every thing that had befallen him, ſince the moment of their ſeparation. Cunegund, with her eyes uplifted to heaven, ſhed tears when he related the death of the good anabaptiſt James, and of Pangloſs; after which ſhe thus related her adventures to Candid, who loſt not one ſyllable ſhe uttered, and ſeemed to devour her with his eyes, all the time ſhe was ſpeaking.

CHAP. VIII.

The hiſtory of Cunegund.

I Was in bed, and faſt aſleep, when it pleaſed heaven to ſend the Bulgarians to our delightful caſtle of Thunder-ten-tronckh, where they murdered my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgarian ſoldier, ſix feet high, perceiving that I was fainting away at the ſight, attempted to raviſh me; the operation brought me to my ſenſes. I cried, I ſtruggled, I bit, I ſcratched, I would have torn the tall Bulgarians eyes out, not knowing that what had happened at my father's caſtle was a cuſtomary thing. The brutal ſoldier, enraged at my reſiſtance, gave me a cut on the left groin with his hanger, the mark of which I ſtill carry. Methinks I long to ſee it, ſaid Candid, with all imaginable ſimplicity. You ſhall, ſaid Cunegund, but let me proceed. Pray do, replied Candid.

She continued. A Bulgarian captain came in, and ſaw me weltering in my blood, and the ſoldier ſtill as

as if no one had been preſent. The officer, ged at the fellow's want of reſpect to him, killed with one ſtroke of his ſabre as he lay upon me. This in took care of me, had me cured, and carried riſoner of war to his quarters. I waſhed what linen he was maſter of, and dreſſed his victuals; as very fond of me, that was certain; neither can y that he was well made, and had a white ſoft but he was very ſtupid and knew nothing of phi- hy: it might plainly be perceived that he had not educated under doctor Pangloſs. In three months having gamed away all his money, and being n tired of me, he ſold me to a Jew, named Don har, who traded to Holland and Portugal, and was onately fond of women. This Jew ſhewed me t kindneſs, in hopes to gain my favours; but he r could prevail on me. A modeſt woman may be raviſhed; but her virtue is greatly ſtrengthened eby. In order to make ſure of me, he brought me is country-houſe you now ſee. I had hitherto be- d that nothing could equal the beauty of the e of Thunder-ten-tronckh; but I found I was aken.

he grand inquiſitor ſaw me one day at maſs, ogled all the time of ſervice, and, when it was over, ſent t me know he wanted to ſpeak with me about ſome ate buſineſs. I was conducted to his palace, where I him all my ſtory: he repreſented to me how much it beneath a perſon of my birth, to belong to a cir- ciſed Iſraelite. He cauſed a propoſal to be made on Iſſachar, that he ſhould reſign me to his lordſhip. Iſſachar, being the court banker, and a man of it, was not eaſy to be prevailed upon. His lordſhip atened him with an Auto-da-fé; in ſhort my Jew frightened into a compoſition, and it was agreed ween them, that the houſe and myſelf ſhould be- to both in common; that the Jew ſhould have nday, Wedneſday, and the Sabbath to himſelf; and inquiſitor the other four days of the week. This ement has ſubſiſted almoſt ſix months; but not with- ſeveral conteſts, whether the ſpace from Saturday night

night to Sunday morning belonged to the old or new l
For my part, I have hitherto withſtood them both, a
truly I believe this is the very reaſon why they are b
ſo fond of me.

At length, to turn aſide the ſcourge of earthquak
and to intimidate Don Iſſachar, my lord inquiſitor w
pleaſed to celebrate an Auto-da-fé. He did me the h
nour to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very go
ſeat; and refreſhments of all kinds were offered the l
dies between maſs and the execution. I was dreadfu
ſhocked at the burning the two Jews, and the hon
Biſcayner, who married his god-mother; but how gre
was my ſurpriſe, my conſternation, and concern, wh
I beheld a figure ſo like Pangloſs, dreſſed in a ſan-b
nito and mitre! I rubbed my eyes, I looked at him a
tentively. I ſaw him hanged, and I fainted awa
ſcarce had I recovered my ſenſes, when I beheld y
ſtark-naked; this was the height of horror, grief, a
deſpair. I muſt confeſs to you for a truth, that yo
ſkin is far whiter and more blooming, than that
the Bulgarian captain. This ſpectacle worked me
to a pitch of diſtraction. I ſcreamed out, and wou
have ſaid, hold barbarians! but my voice failed m
and indeed my cries would have ſignified nothing. A
ter you had been ſeverely whipped, how is it poſſibl
ſaid I to myſelf, that the lovely Candid and the ſag
Pangloſs ſhould be at Liſbon, the one to receive a
hundred laſhes, and the other to be hanged by the o
der of my lord inquiſitor, of whom I am ſo great
favourite? Pangloſs deceived me moſt cruelly, i
ſaying that every thing is fitteſt and beſt.

Thus agitated and perplexed, now diſtracted an
loſt, now half dead with grief, I revolved in my min
the murder of my father, mother, and brother, com
mitted before my eyes; the inſolence of the raſcal
Bulgarian ſoldier; the wound he gave me in the groin
my ſervitude; my being a cook wench to my Bulga
rian captain; my ſubjection to the dirty Jew, and m
cruel inquiſitor; the hanging of Doctor Pangloſs; th
miſerere ſung while you was whipping, and partic
larly the kiſs I gave you behind the ſcreen, the laſt da

I behel

I beheld you. I returned thanks to God for having brought you to the place where I was, after ſo many trials. I charged the old woman, who attends me to bring you hither, as ſoon as was convenient. She has punctually executed my orders, and I now enjoy the inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of ſeeing you, hearing you, and ſpeaking to you. But you muſt certainly be half-dead with hunger; I myſelf have a great inclination to eat, and ſo let us ſit down to ſupper.

Upon this the two lovers immediately placed themſelves at table, and, after having ſupped, they returned to ſeat themſelves again on the magnificent ſofa already mentioned, where they were in amorous dalliance, when Signor Don Iſſachar, one of the maſters of the houſe, entered unexpectedly; it was the ſabbath day, and he came to enjoy his privilege, and ſigh forth his paſſion at the feet of the fair Cunegund.

CHAP. IX.

What happened to Cunegund, Candid, the grand Inquiſitor, and the Jew.

THIS ſame Iſſachar was the moſt choleric little Hebrew, that had ever been in Iſrael, ſince the captivity of Babylon. What then, ſaid he, you Galilean B—h! the inquiſitor was not enough for thee, but this raſcal muſt come in for a ſhare with me? In uttering theſe words, he drew out a long poinard, which he always carried about him, and never dreaming that his adverſary had any arms, he attacked him moſt furiouſly; but our honeſt Weſtphalian had received a handſome ſword of the old woman with the ſuit of cloaths. Candid draws his rapier, and though he was the moſt gentle ſweet-tempered young man breathing, he whips it into the Iſraelite, and laid him ſprawling on the floor at the fair Cunegund's feet.

Holy Virgin! cried ſhe, what will become of us? A man killed in my apartment! If the peace-officers come,

come, we are undone. Had not Pangloſs been hanged, replied Candid, he would have given us moſt excellent advice, in this emergency: for he was a profound philoſopher. But, ſince he is not here, let us conſult the old woman. She was very underſtanding, and was beginning to give her advice, when another door opened on a ſudden. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and of courſe the beginning of Sunday, which, by agreement, fell to the lot of my lord inquiſitor. Entering he diſcovers the flagellated Candid, with his drawn ſword in his hand, a dead body ſtretched upon the floor, Cunegund frightened out of her wits, and the old woman giving advice.

At that very moment, a ſudden thought came into Candid's head. If this holy man, thought he, ſhould call aſſiſtance, I ſhall moſt undoubtedly be conſigned to the flames, and miſs Cunegund may perhaps meet with no better treatment: beſides, he was the cauſe of my being ſo cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and as I have now begun to dip my hands in blood, I will kill away, for there is no time to heſitate. This whole train of reaſoning was clear and inſtantaneous; ſo that, without giving time to the inquiſitor to recover from his ſurprize, he ran him through the body, and laid him by the ſide of the Jew. Good God! cries Cunegund, here's another fine piece of work! now there can be no mercy for us, we are excommunicated to all the devils in hell; our laſt hour is come. But how in the name of wonder could you, who are of ſo mild a temper, diſpatch a Jew and an Inquiſitor in two minutes time? Beautiful miſs, anſwered Candid, when a man is in love, is jealous, and has been flogged by the inquiſition, he becomes loſt to all reflection.

The old woman then put in her word; there are three Andaluſian horſes in the ſtable, ſaid ſhe, with as many bridles and ſaddles; let the brave Candid get them ready: madam has a parcel of moidores and jewels, let us mount immediately, though I have only one buttock to ſit upon; let us ſet out for Cadiz; it is the fineſt weather in the world, and there is great pleaſure in travelling in the cool of the night.

Candid,

Candid, without any farther heſitation, ſaddles the three horſes; and miſs Cunegund, the old woman, and he, ſet out, and travelled thirty miles without once baiting. While they were making the beſt of their way, the Holy Brotherhood entered the houſe. My lord the inquiſitor is interred in a magnificent manner, and maſter Iſſachar's body is thrown upon a dunghill.

Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, had by this time reached the little town of Avacena, in the midſt of the mountains of Sierra Morena, and were engaged in the following converſation in an inn, where they had taken up their quarters.

CHAP. X.

In what diſtreſs Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman arrive at Cadiz; and of their embarkation.

WHO could it be that has robbed me of my moidores and jewels? exclaimed miſs Cunegund, all bathed in tears. How ſhall we live? What ſhall we do? Where ſhall I find inquiſitors and Jews who can give me more? Alas! ſaid the old woman, I have a ſhrewd ſuſpicion of a reverend father Cordelier, who lay laſt night in the ſame inn with us at Badajox; God forbid I ſhould condemn any one wrongfully, but he came into our room twice, and he ſet off in the morning long before us. Alas! ſaid Candid, Pangloſs has often demonſtrated to me, that the goods of this world are common to all men, and that every one has an equal right to the enjoyment of them; but, according to theſe principles, the cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us to the end of our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear miſs Cunegund? Not a ſouſe, replied ſhe. What is to be done then, ſaid Candid. Sell one of the horſes, replied the old woman, I will get behind miſs Cunegund, though I have

only one buttock to ride on, and we ſhall reach Cadiz never fear.

In the ſame inn there was a Benedictine friar, who bought the horſe very cheap. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, after paſſing through Lucina, Chellas, and Letrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was then getting ready, and troops were aſſembling in order to reduce the reverend father Jeſuits of Paraguay, who were accuſed of having excited one of the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt againſt the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candid, having been in the Bulgarian ſervice, performed the military exerciſe of that nation before the general of this little army with ſo intrepid an air, and with ſuch agility and expedition, that he gave him the command of a company of foot. Being now made a captain, he embarks with miſs Cunegund, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andaluſian horſes, which had belonged to the grand inquiſitor of Portugal.

During their voyage they amuſed themſelves with many profound reaſonings on poor Pangloſs's philoſophy. We are now going into another world, and ſurely it muſt be there that every thing is beſt; for I muſt confeſs that we have had ſome little reaſon to complain of what paſſes in ours, both as to the phyſical and moral part. Though I have a ſincere love for you, ſaid miſs Cunegund, yet I ſtill ſhudder at the reflection of what I have ſeen and experienced. All will be well, replied Candid, the ſea of this new world is already better than our European ſeas; it is ſmoother, and the winds blow more regularly. God grant it, ſaid Cunegund; but I have met with ſuch terrible treatment in this, that I have almoſt loſt all hopes of a better. What murmuring and complaining is here indeed! cried the old woman: If you had ſuffered half what I have done, there might be ſome reaſon for it. Miſs Cunegund could ſcarce refrain laughing at the good old woman, and thought it droll enough to pretend to a greater ſhare of misfortunes than herſelf. Alas! my good dame, ſaid ſhe, unleſs you have been raviſhed by two Bulgarians,

rians, had received two deep wounds in your belly, had ſeen two of your own caſtles demoliſhed, had loſt two fathers, and two mothers, and ſeen both of them barbarouſly murdered before your eyes, and to ſum up all, had two lovers whipped at an Auto-da-fé, I cannot ſee how you could be more unfortunate than me. Add to this, though born a baroneſs, and bearing ſeventy-two quarterings, I have been reduced to be a cook-wench. Miſs, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet; but if I was to ſhew you my backſide, you would not talk in this manner, but ſuſpend your judgment. This ſpeech raiſed a high curioſity in Candid and Cunegund; and the old woman continued as follows.

CHAP. XI.

The Hiſtory of the Old Woman.

I Have not always been blear-eyed. My noſe did not always touch my chin, nor was I always a ſervant. You muſt know that I am the daughter of pope Urban X.*, and of the princeſs of Paleſtrina. To the age of fourteen I was brought up in a caſtle, to which all the caſtles of the German barons would not have been fit for ſtabling, and one of my robes would have bought half the province of Weſtphalia. I grew up, and improved in beauty, wit, and every graceful accompliſhment; and in the midſt of pleaſures, homage, and the higheſt expectations. I already began to inſpire the men with love. My breaſt began to take its right form, and ſuch a breaſt! white, firm, and formed like that of Venus of Medicis; my eyebrows were as black as jet, and as for my eyes, they darted flames and eclipſed the luſtre of the ſtars, as I was told by the poets of our part of the world. My maids, when they dreſſed and

* There never was a tenth pope of that name; ſo that this number is mentioned to avoid ſcandal.

undreſſed me, uſed to fall into an ecſtacy in viewing me before and behind: and all men longed to be in their places.

I was contracted to a ſovereign prince of Maſſa Carara. Such a prince! as handſome as myſelf, ſweet-tempered, agreeable, witty, and in love with me over head and ears. I loved him too, as our ſex generally do for the firſt time, with rapture, tranſport, and idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with ſurpriſing pomp and magnificence; the ceremony was attended with feaſts, carouſals and burlettas: all Italy compoſed ſonnets in my praiſe, tho' not one of them was tolerable. I was on the point of reaching the ſummit of bliſs, when an old marchioneſs, who had been miſtreſs to the prince my huſband, invited him to drink chocolate. In leſs than two hours after he returned from the viſit, he died of moſt terrible convulſions. But this is a mere trifle. My mother diſtracted to the higheſt degree, and yet leſs afflicted than me, determined to abſent herſelf for ſome time from ſo fatal a place. As ſhe had a very fine eſtate in the neighbourhood of Gaieta, we embarked on board a galley, which was gilded like the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. In our paſſage we were boarded by a Sallee rover. Our men defended themſelves like true pope's ſoldiers; they flung themſelves upon their knees, laid down their arms, and begged the corſair to give them abſolution *in articulo mortis*.

The Moors preſently ſtripped us as bare as ever we were born. My mother, my maids of honour, and myſelf, were ſerved all in the ſame manner. It is amazing how quick theſe gentry are at undreſſing people. But what ſurpriſed me moſt was, that they thruſt their fingers into that part of our bodies, where we women ſeldom admit any thing but—pipes to enter. I thought it a very ſtrange kind of ceremony; for thus we are generally apt to judge of things when we have not ſeen the world. I afterwards learnt that it was to diſcover if we had no diamonds concealed. This practice has been eſtabliſhed time immemorial among thoſe civilized nations that ſcour the ſeas. I was informed that the religious knights of Malta, never fail to make this ſearch whenever

whenever any Moors of either ſex fall into their hands. It is a part of the law of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardſhip it was for a young princeſs and her mother to be made ſlaves and carried to Morocco. You may eaſily imagine what we muſt have ſuffered on board a corſair. My mother was ſtill extremely handſome, our maids of honour, and even our common waiting women, had more charms than were to be found in all Africa. As to myſelf, I was enchanting; I was beauty itſelf, and then I had my virginity. But, alas! I did not retain it long; this precious flower, which was reſerved for the lovely prince of Maſſa Carara, was cropt by the captain of the Mooriſh veſſel, who was a hideous negro, and thought he did me infinite honour. Indeed both the princeſs of Paleſtrina and myſelf muſt have had very ſtrong conſtitutions to undergo all the hardſhips and violences we ſuffered till our arrival at Morocco. But I will not detain you any longer with ſuch common things; they are hardly worth mentioning.

Upon our arrival at Morocco, we found that kingdom bathed in blood. Fifty ſons of the emperor Muley Iſhmael were each at the head of a party. This produced fifty civil wars * of blacks againſt blacks, of tawnies againſt tawnies, and of mulattoes againſt mulattoes. In ſhort, the whole empire was one continued ſcene of carcaſes.

No ſooner were we landed than a party of blacks, of a contrary faction to that of my captain, came to rob him of his booty. Next to the money and jewels we were the moſt valuable things he had. I was witneſs on this occaſion to ſuch a battle as you never beheld in your cold European climates. The northern nations have not that fermentation in their blood, nor that raging luſt for women that is ſo common in Africa. The natives of Europe ſeem to have their veins filled with milk only; but fire and vitriol circulate in thoſe of

* If there were only fifty competitors, one would have expected no more than five and twenty civil wars.

the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighbouring provinces. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and ſerpents of their country, to know who ſhould have us. A Moor ſeized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; another Moor laid hold of her by the right leg, and one of our corſairs held her by the other. In this manner were almoſt every one of our women dragged between four ſoldiers. My captain kept me concealed behind him, and with his drawn ſymater cut down every one who oppoſed him; at length I ſaw all our Italian women and my mother, mangled and torn in pieces by the monſters who contended for them. The captives, my companions, the Moors who took us, the ſoldiers, the ſailors, the blacks, the whites, the mulattoes, and laſtly, my captain himſelf, were all ſlain, and I remained alone expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. The like barbarous ſcenes were tranſacted every day over the whole country, which is an extent of three hundred leagues; and yet they never miſſed the five ſtated times of prayer enjoined by their prophet Mahomet.

I diſengaged myſelf with great difficulty from ſuch a heap of ſlaughtered bodies, and made a ſhift to crawl to a large orange tree that ſtood on the bank of a neighbouring rivulet, where I fell down exhauſted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with horror, deſpair, and hunger. My ſenſes being overpowered, I fell aſleep, or rather ſeemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a ſtate of weakneſs and ſenſibility, between life and death, when I felt myſelf preſſed by ſomething that moved up and down upon my body. This brought me to myſelf, I opened my eyes, and ſaw a pretty fair faced man, who ſighed and muttered theſe words between his teeth, *O che ſciagura d'eſſere ſenza coglioni!*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

The Adventures of the old woman continued.

ASTONISHED and delighted to hear my native language, and no leſs ſurpriſed at the young man's words, I told him that there were far greater misfortunes in the world than what he complained of. And to convince him of it, I gave him a ſhort hiſtory of the horrible diſaſters that had befallen me; and as ſoon as I had finiſhed, fell into a ſwoon again. He carried me in his arms to a neighbouring cottage, where he had me put to bed, procured me ſomething to eat, waited on me with the greateſt attention, conforted me, careſſed me, told me that he had never ſeen any thing ſo perfectly beautiful as myſelf, and that he had never ſo much regretted the loſs of what no one could reſtore to him. I was born at Naples, ſaid he, where the *caponize* two or three thouſand children every year; ſeveral die of the operation; ſome acquire voices far beyond the moſt tuneful of your ladies; and others are ſent to govern ſtates and empires. I underwent this operation very happily; and was one of the ſingers in the princeſs of Paleſtrina's chapel. How, cried I, in my mother's chapel! The princeſs of Paleſtrina, your mother, cried he, burſting into a flood of tears! is it poſſible you ſhould be the beautiful young princeſs whom I had the care of bringing up till ſhe was ſix years old, and who at that tender age promiſed to be as fair as I now behold you? I am the ſame, replied I. My mother lies about a hundred yards from hence, cut in pieces, and buried under a heap of dead bodies.

I then related to him all that had befallen me, and he in return acquainted me with all his adventures, and how he had been ſent to the court of the king of Morocco, by a Chriſtian prince, to conclude a treaty with that monarch; in conſequence of which he was to be furniſhed with military ſtores, and ſhips to enable him to

deſtroy the commerce of other Chriſtian governments *. I have executed my commiſſion, ſaid the eunuch; I am going to take ſhipping at Ceuta, and I'll take you along with me to Italy. *Ma che ſciagura d'eſſere ſenza coglioni!*

I thanked him with tears of joy, and, inſtead of taking me with him to Italy, he carried me to Algiers, and ſold me to the dey of that province. I had not been long a ſlave when the plague, which had made the tour of Africa, Aſia, and Europe, broke out at Algiers with redoubled fury. You have ſeen an earthquake; but tell me, Miſs, had you ever the plague? Never, anſwered the young baroneſs.

If you ever had, continued the old woman, you would own an earthquake was a trifle to it. It is very common in Africa; I was ſeized with it. Figure to yourſelf the diſtreſſed ſituation of the daughter of a pope, only fifteen years old, and who in leſs than three months had felt the miſeries of poverty and ſlavery; had been raviſhed almoſt every day; had beheld her mother cut into four quarters; had experienced the ſcourges of famine and war; and was now dying of the plague at Algiers. I did not, however, die of it; but my eunuch, and the dey, and almoſt the whole ſeraglio of Algiers, were ſwept off.

As ſoon as the firſt fury of this dreadful peſtilence was over, a ſale was made of the dey's ſlaves. I was purchaſed by a merchant who carried me to Tunis. This man ſold me to another merchant, who ſold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was ſold to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Conſtantinople. After many changes, I at length became the property of an aga of the janiſſaries, who, ſoon after I came into his poſſeſſion, was ordered away to the defence of Aſoph, then beſieged by the Ruſſians.

The

* This is too juſt a reproach upon thoſe Chriſtian powers, who, for the thirſt of lucre, ſhamefully patronize, and ſupply the barbarians of Africa with the means of gratifying their rapacity, and of exerciſing cruelties which are a diſgrace to human nature.

The aga, being very fond of women, took his whole ſeraglio with him, and lodged us in a ſmall fort with two black eunuchs and twenty ſoldiers for our guard. Our army made a great ſlaughter among the Ruſſians; but they ſoon returned us the compliment. Aſoph was taken by ſtorm, and the enemy ſpared neither age, ſex, nor condition, but put all to the ſword, and laid the city in aſhes. Our little fort alone held out; they reſolved to reduce us by famine. The twenty janiſſaries, who were left to defend it, had bound themſelves by an oath never to ſurrender the place. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themſelves obliged to kill our two eunuchs, and eat them rather than violate their oath. But this horrible repaſt ſoon failing them, they next determined to ſupport the remains of life by devouring the women.

We had a very pious and humane iman, who made them a moſt excellent ſermon on this occaſion, exhorting them not to kill us all at once; "Only cut off one of the buttocks of each of thoſe ladies, ſaid he, and you'll fare extremely well; if you are ſtill under the neceſſity of having recourſe to the ſame expedient again, you will find the like ſupply a few days hence. Heaven will approve of ſo charitable an action, and work your deliverance."

By the force of this eloquence he eaſily perſuaded them, and all underwent the operation. The iman applied the ſame balſam as they do to children after circumciſion. We were all ready to give up the ghoſt.

The janiſſaries had ſcarcely time to finiſh the repaſt with which we had ſupplied them, when the Ruſſians attacked the place by means of flat-bottomed boats, and not a ſingle janiſſary eſcaped. The Ruſſians paid no regard to the condition we were in; but as there are French ſurgeons in all parts of the world, a ſkilful operator took us under his care, and made a cure of us; and I ſhall never forget, while I live, that as ſoon as my wounds were perfectly healed he made me certain propoſals. In general, he deſired us all to have a good heart, aſſuring us that the like had happened in many

ſieges; and that it was perfectly agreeable to the laws of war.

As ſoon as my companions were in a condition to walk, they were ſent to Moſcow. As for me, I fell to the lot of a boyard, who put me to work in his garden, and gave me twenty laſhes a day. But this nobleman having in about two years afterwards been broke alive upon the wheel, with about thirty others, for ſome court intrigues, I took advantage of the event and made my eſcape. I travelled over great part of Ruſſia. I was a long time an inn-keeper's ſervant at Riga, then at Roſtock, Wiſmar, Leipſick, Caſſel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague and Rotterdam: I have grown old in miſery and diſgrace, living with only one buttock, and in the perpetual remembrance that I was a pope's daughter. I have been an hundred times upon the point of killing myſelf, but ſtill was fond of life. This ridiculous weakneſs is, perhaps, one of the dangerous principles implanted in our nature. For what can be more abſurd than to perſiſt in carrying a burthen of which we wiſh to be eaſed? to deteſt, and yet to ſtrive to preſerve our exiſtence? In a word to careſs the ſerpent that devours us, and hug him cloſe to our boſoms till he has knawed into our hearts?

In the different countries which it has been my fate to traverſe, and the many inns where I have been a ſervant, I have obſerved a prodigious number of people who held their exiſtence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew more than twelve who voluntarily put an end to their miſery; namely, three negroes, four Engliſhmen *, as many Genoeſe, and a German profeſſor, named Robek. My laſt place was with the Jew, Don Iſſachar, who placed me near your perſon, my fair lady; to whoſe fortunes I have attached myſelf, and have been more affected with your misfortunes than my own. I ſhould never have even mentioned the latter to you, had

* The company with which our author joins the Engliſh ſuicides is a keen ſtroke of ſatire upon this nation—Perhaps by the greater number of the Engliſh, he meant to ſhew that ſuicide was oftener the effect of whim and caprice, than owing to a ſenſe of inſupportable miſery.

had you not a little piqued me on the head of ſufferings; and if it was not cuſtomary to tell ſtories on board a ſhip, in order to paſs away the time. In ſhort, my dear Miſs, I have a great deal of knowledge and experience in the world, therefore take my advice; divert yourſelf, and prevail upon each paſſenger to tell his ſtory, and if there is one of them all that has not curſed his exiſtence many times, and ſaid to himſelf over and over again; that he was the moſt wretched of mortals, I give you leave to throw me head-foremoſt into the ſea.

CHAP. XIII.

How Candid was obliged to leave the fair Cunegund and the old woman.

THE fair Cunegund, being thus made acquainted with the hiſtory of old the woman's life and adventures, paid her all the reſpect and civility due to a perſon of her rank and merit. She very readily came into her propoſal of engaging every one of the paſſengers to relate their adventures in their turns, and was at length, as well as Candid, compelled to acknowledge that the old woman was in the right. It is a thouſand pities, ſaid Candid, that the ſage Pangloſs ſhould have been hanged contrary to the cuſtom of an *Auto-da-fé*, for he would have read us a moſt admirable lecture on the moral and phyſical evil which overſpread the earth and ſea; and I think I ſhould have courage enough to preſume to offer (with all due reſpect) ſome few objections.

While every one was reciting his adventures, the ſhip continued her way, and at length arrived at Buenos Ayres, where Cunegund, Captain Candid, and the old woman, landed and went to wait upon the governor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Maſcarenes, y Lambourdos, y Souza. This nobleman carried himſelf with a haughtineſs ſuitable to a perſon who bore ſo many

many names. He ſpoke with the moſt noble diſdain to every one, carried his noſe ſo high, ſtrained his voice to ſuch a pitch, aſſumed ſo imperious an air, and ſtalked with ſo much loftineſs and pride, that every one who had the honour of converſing with him were violently tempted to baſtinade his excellency. He was immoderately fond of women, and miſs Cunegund appeared in his eyes a paragon of beauty. The firſt thing he did was to aſk her if ſhe was not the Captain's wife. The air with which he made this demand alarmed Candid, who did not dare to ſay he was married to her, becauſe indeed he was not; neither durſt he ſay ſhe was his ſiſter, becauſe ſhe was not: and tho' a lye of this nature proved of great ſervice to one of the antients, and might poſſibly be uſeful to ſome of the moderns, yet the purity of his heart would not permit him to violate the truth. Miſs Cunenund, replied he, is to do me the honour to marry me, and we humbly beſeech your excellency to condeſcend to grace the ceremony with your preſence.

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Maſcarenes, y Lambourdos, y Souza, twirling his muſtachio, and putting on a ſarcaſtic ſmile, ordered captain Candid to go and review his company. The gentle Candid obeyed, and the governor was left with miſs Cunegund. He made her a ſtrong declaration of love, proteſting that he was ready to give her his hand in the face of the church, or otherwiſe, as ſhould appear moſt agreeable to a young lady of her prodigious beauty. Cunegund deſired leave to retire a quarter of an hour to conſult the old woman, and determine how ſhe ſhould proceed.

The old woman gave her the following counſel. Miſs, you have ſeventy-two quarterings in your arms, it is true, but you have not a penny to bleſs yourſelf with: it is your own fault if you are not wife to one of the greateſt noblemen in South-America, with an exceeding fine muſtachio. What buſineſs have you to pride yourſelf upon an unſhaken conſtancy? You have been raviſhed by a Bulgarian ſoldier; a Jew and an inquiſitor have both taſted of your favours. People take advantage

advantage of misfortunes. I muſt confeſs were I in your place, I ſhould, without the leaſt ſcruple, give my hand to the governor, and thereby make the fortune of the brave captain Candid. While the old woman was thus haranguing, with all the prudence that old age and experience furniſh, a ſmall bark entered the harbour, in which was an alcayde and his alguazils. Matters had fallen out as follows:

The old woman rightly gueſſed that the cordelier with the long ſleeves was the perſon who had taken miſs Cunegund's money and jewels, while they and Candid were at Badajox, in their flight from Liſbon. This ſame friar attempted to ſell ſome of the diamonds to a jeweller, who preſently knew them to have belonged to the grand inquiſitor, and ſtopped them. The cordelier, before he was hanged, acknowledged that he had ſtolen them, and deſcribed the perſons, and the road they had taken. The flight of Cunegund and Candid was already the town-talk. They ſent in purſuit of them to Cadiz; and the veſſel which had been ſent to make the greater diſpatch, had now reached the port of Buenos Ayres. A report was ſpread that an alcayde was going to land, and that he was in purſuit of the murderers of my lord the inquiſitor. The ſage old woman immediately ſaw what was to be done. You cannot run away, ſaid ſhe to Cunegund; but you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed my lord inquiſitor: beſides, as the governor is in love with you, he will not ſuffer you to be ill treated; therefore don't ſtir. Then hurrying away to Candid, Be gone, ſaid ſhe, from hence this inſtant, or you will be burnt alive. Candid found there was no time to be loſt; but how could he part from Cunegund, and whither muſt he fly for ſhelter?

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The reception Candid and Cacambo met with among the Jeſuits in Paraguay.

CANDID had brought with him from Cadiz ſuch a footman as one often meets with on the coaſts of Spain and in the colonies. He was the fourth part of a Spaniard, of a mungrel breed, and born in Tucuman. He had ſucceſſively gone through the profeſſion of a ſinging boy, ſexton, ſailor, monk, pedlar, ſoldier and laquay. His name was Cacambo; he had a great affection for his maſter, becauſe his maſter was a mighty good man. He immediately ſaddled the two Andaluſian horſes. Come, my good maſter, let us follow the old woman's advice, and make all the haſte we can from this place without ſtaying to look behind us. Candid burſt into a flood of tears: O, my dear Cunegund, muſt I then be compelled to quit you juſt as the governor was going to honour us with his preſence at our wedding! Cunegund, ſo long loſt and found again, what will now become of you? Lord! ſaid Cacambo, ſhe muſt do as well as ſhe can, women are never at a loſs. God takes care of them, and ſo let us make the beſt of our way. But whither would'ſt thou carry me? where can we go? what can we do without Cunegund, cried the diſconſolate Candid. By St. James of Compoſtella ſaid Cacambo, you was going to fight againſt the Jeſuits of Paraguay; now let us e'en go and fight for them; I know the road perfectly well; I'll conduct you to their kingdom; they will be delighted with a captain that underſtands the Bulgarian exerciſe; you will certainly make a prodigious fortune. If we cannot find our account in this world, we may in another. It is a great pleaſure to ſee new objects and perform new exploits.

Then you have been in Paraguay? ſaid Candid. Ay, marry, have I, replied Cacambo; I was a ſcout in the college

ollege of the Aſſumption, and am as well acquainted with he new government of Los Padres, as I am with the treets of Cadiz. Oh it is an admirable government hat is moſt certain! The kingdom is at preſent upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided nto thirty provinces; the fathers are there maſters of very of thing, and the people have no money at all; his you muſt allow is the maſter-piece of juſtice * and eaſon. For my part, I ſee nothing ſo divine as the ood fathers, who wage war in this part of the world gainſt the troops of Spain and Portugal, at the ſame ime that they hear the confeſſions of thoſe very princes n Europe; who kill Spaniards in America, and ſend hem to heaven at Madrid. This pleaſes me exceedingly, but let us puſh forward; you are going to ſee the happieſt and moſt fortunate of all mortals. How charmed will thoſe fathers be to hear that a captain who underſtands the Bulgarian exerciſe is coming amongſt them.

As ſoon as they reached the firſt barrier, Cacambo called to the advance-guard, and told them that a captain wanted to ſpeak to my lord the general. Notice was given to the main-guard, and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran to throw himſelf at the feet of the commandant to impart this news to him. Candid and Cacambo were immediately diſarmed, and their two Andaluſian horſes were ſeized. The two ſtrangers are now conducted between two files of muſqueteers, the commandant was at the further end with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a ſword by his ſide, and half a pike in his hand; he made a ſign, and inſtantly four and twenty ſoldiers drew up round the new comers. A ſerjeant told them that they muſt wait, the commandant could not ſpeak to them; and that the reverend father provincial did not ſuffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his preſence, or to ſtay above three hours in the province. And where is the

* Our author is more ſatirical than juſt to this inſtitution, which, according to the beſt accounts we have received, is the moſt perfect commonwealth that ever exiſted.

the reverend father provincial? ſaid Cacambo. He is juſt come from maſs, and is at the parade, replied the ſerjeant, and in about three hours time you may poſſibly have the honour to kiſs his ſpurs. But, ſaid Cacambo, the captain, who, as well as myſelf, is periſhing with hunger, is no Spaniard, but a German; therefore, pray, might we not be permitted to break our faſt till we can be introduced to his reverence?

The ſerjeant immediately went and acquainted the commandant with what he heard. God be praiſed, ſaid the reverend commandant, ſince he is a German; I will hear what he has to ſay; let him be brought to my arbour. Immediately they conducted Candid to a beautiful pavilion adorned with a colonade of green marble, ſpotted with yellow, and with an intertexture of vines, which ſerved as a kind of cage for parrots, humming birds, fly birds, Guinea hens, and all other curious kinds of birds. An excellent breakfaſt was provided in veſſels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating coarſe Indian corn, out of wooden diſhes in the open air, and expoſed to the burning heat of the ſun, the reverend father commandant retired to his cool arbour.

He was a very handſome young man, round-faced, fair, and freſh-coloured, his eye-brows were finely arched, he had a piercing eye, the tips of his ears were red, his lips vermillion, and he had a bold and commanding air; but ſuch a boldneſs as neither reſembled that of a Spaniard nor of a Jeſuit. He ordered Candid and Cacambo to have their arms reſtored to them, together with their two Andaluſian horſes. Cacambo gave the poor beaſts ſome oats to eat cloſe by the arbour, keeping a ſtrict eye upon them all the while for fear of ſurpriſe.

Candid having kiſſed the hem of the commandant's robe, they ſat down to table. It ſeems you are a German, ſays the Jeſuit to him in that language? Yes, reverend father, anſwered Candid. As they pronounced theſe words, they looked at each other with great amazement, and with an emotion that neither could conceal. From what part of Germany do you come, ſaid the Jeſuit? From the dirty province of Weſtphalia,

lia, anſwered Candid: I was born in the caſtle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. Oh heavens! is it poſſible, ſaid the Commandant? What a miracle! cried Candid. Can it be you, ſaid the commandant? On this they both retired a few ſteps backwards, then returning into each other's arms, embraced, and let fall a ſhower of tears. Is it you then, reverend father? You are the brother of the fair Miſs Cunegund? you that was ſlain by the Bulgarians! you the baron's ſon! you a Jeſuit in Paraguay! I muſt confeſs this is a ſtrange world we live in. O Pangloſs! Pangloſs! Pangloſs! what joy would this have given you if you had not been hanged?

The commandant diſmiſſed the negro ſlaves, and the Paraguayans who preſented them with liquor in cryſtal goblets. He returned thanks to God and St. Ignatius a thouſand times; he claſped Candid in his arms, and both their faces were bathed in tears. You will be more ſurpriſed, more affected, more tranſported, ſaid Candid, when I tell you that Miſs Cunegund your ſiſter, whoſe belly was ſuppoſed to have been ript open, is in perfect health. Where? In your neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres; and I myſelf was going to fight againſt you. Every word they uttered, during this long converſation, was productive of ſome new matter of aſtoniſhment. Their ſouls fluttered on their tongues, liſtened in their ears, and ſparkled in their eyes. Like true Germans they continued a long while at table, waiting for the reverend father; and the commandant ſpoke to his dear Candid as follows:

CHAP. XV.

How Candid killed the brother of his dear Cunegund.

NEVER while I live ſhall I loſe the remembrance of that horrible day on which I ſaw my father and brother barbarouſly butchered before my eyes, and my ſiſter raviſhed. When the Bulgarians

ans retired we ſearched in vain for my dear ſiſter. She was no where to be found; but the bodies of my father, mother, and myſelf, with two ſervant maids and three little boys, all of whom had been murdered by the remorſeleſs enemy, were thrown into a cart to be buried in a chapel belonging to the Jeſuits, within two leagues of out family-ſeat. A Jeſuit ſprinkled us with ſome holy water, which was confounded ſalt, and a few drops of it went into my eyes; the father perceiving that my eyelids ſtirred a little: he put his hand upon my breaſt, and felt my heart beat; upon which he gave me proper aſſiſtance, and at the end of three weeks I was perfectly recovered. You know, my dear Candid, I was very handſome; I became ſtill more ſo, and the reverend father Crouſt, ſuperior of that houſe, took a great fancy to me; he gave me the habit of the order, and ſome years afterwards I was ſent to Rome. Our general ſtood in need of new levies of young German Jeſuits *. The ſovereigns of Paraguay admit of as few Spaniſh Jeſuits as poſſible; they prefer thoſe of other nations, as being more obedient to command. The reverend father general looked upon me as a proper perſon to work in that vineyard. I ſet out in company with a Polander and a Tyroleſe. Upon my arrival, I was honoured with a ſubdeaconſhip and a lieutenancy. Now I am a colonel and a prieſt. We ſhall give a warm reception to the king of Spain's troops; I can aſſure you they will be well excommunicated and beaten. Providence has ſent you hither to aſſiſt us. But is it true that my dear ſiſter Cunegund is in the neighbourhood with the governor of Buenos Ayres? Candid ſwore that nothing could be more true: and the tears began again to trinkle down their cheeks.

The baron knew no end of embracing Cnndid: he called him his brother, his deliverer. Perhaps, ſaid he, my dear Candid, we ſhall be fortunate enough to enter the town ſword in hand, and recover my ſiſter Cunegund. Ah! that would crown my wiſhes, replied Candid;

* This is an oblique ſhaft levelled at that infamous paſſion, which is ſuppoſed to prevail in this ſociety.

did; for I intended to marry her; and I hope I ſhall be able to effect it. Inſolent fellow! replied the on. You! you have the impudence to marry my r, who bears ſeventy-two quarterings! really I think have an inſufferable degree of aſſurance, to dare ſo ch as to mention ſuch an audacious deſign to me. ndid, thunder-ſtruck at the oddneſs of this ſpeech, wered, Reverend father, all the quarterings in the rld are of no ſignification. I have delivered your r from a Jew and an inquiſitor; ſhe is under many igations to me, and ſhe is reſolved to give me her nd. My maſter Pangloſs always told me that man- ds are by nature equal. Therefore you may depend on it, that I will marry your ſiſter. We ſhall ſee t, villain! ſaid the Jeſuit baron of Thunder-ten- nckh, and ſtruck him acroſs the face with the flat e of his ſword. Candid, in an inſtant, draws his ra- r, and plunges it up to the hilt in the Jeſuit's body; t, in pulling it out reeking hot, he burſt into tears, ood God! cried he, I have killed my old maſter, my end, my brother-in-law; I am the beſt man in the rld and yet I have already killed three men; and theſe three two were prieſts.

Cacambo, who was ſtanding ſentry near the door of e arbour, inſtantly ran up. Nothing remains, ſaid s maſter, but to ſell our lives as dear as poſſible; they ill undoubtedly look into the arbour; we muſt die ord in hand. Cacambo, who had ſeen many of theſe nd of adventures, was not diſcouraged; he ſtript the aron of his Jeſuit's habit, and put it upon Candid, then en gave him the dead man's three cornered cap, and d made him mount on horſe-back. All this was done quick as thought. Gallop, maſter; gallop, cried acambo; every body will take you for a Jeſuit going give orders; and we ſhall have paſſed the frontiers efore they will be able to overtake us. He flew as he oke theſe words, crying out aloud in Spaniſh, Make ay; make way for the reverend father colonel.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

What happened to our two travellers with two girls, two monkeys, and the ſavages, called Oreillons.

CANDID and his valet had already paſſed the frontiers before it was known that the German Jeſuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, ſome ham, ſome fruit, and a few bottles of wine. They penetrated with their Andaluſian horſes into a ſtrange country where they could diſcover no beaten path. At length a beautiful meadow interſected with purling rills opened to their view. Cacambo propoſed to his maſter to take ſome nouriſhment, and he ſet him an example. How can you aſk me to feaſt upon ham, when I have killed the baron's ſon, and am doomed never more to ſee the beautiful Cunegund? what will it avail me to prolong a wretched life that might be ſpent far from her in remorſe and deſpair? and then, and then what will the journal of Trevoux ſay*?

While he was making theſe reflections, he ſtill continued eating. The ſun was now on the point of ſetting, when the ears of our two wanderers were aſſailed with cries which ſeemed to be uttered by a female voice. They could not tell whether theſe were cries of grief or joy: however, they inſtantly ſtarted up, full of that inquietude and apprehenſion which a ſtrange place naturally inſpires. The cries proceeded from two young women who were tripping ſtark naked along the mead, while two monkeys followed cloſe at their heels biting their buttocks. Candid was touched with compaſſion; he had learned to ſhoot while he was among the Bulgarians, and he would hit a filbert in a hedge without

* A periodical *Critique* on the works of the learned, executed by Jeſuits.

hout touching a leaf. Accordingly he takes up his ble barrel Spaniſh fuſil, pulls the trigger, and lays two monkeys lifeleſs on the ground. God be praiſ- my dear Cacambo, I have reſcued two girls from noſt perilous ſiuation: if I have committed a ſin in ing an inquiſitor and a Jeſuit, I made ample a- nds by ſaving the lives of theſe two diſtreſſed dam- . Who knows but they may be young ladies of a d family, and that this aſſiſtance, I have been ſo ppy to give them, may procure us great advantage his country.

He was about to continue when he felt himſelf ſtruck echleſs at ſeeing the two girls embracing the dead dies of the monkeys in the tendereſt manner, bathing ir wounds with their tears, and rending the air with moſt doleful lamentations. Really, ſaid he to Ca- mbo, I ſhould not have expected to ſee ſuch a prodi- us ſhare of good nature. Maſter, maſter, replied the owing valet, you have made a precious piece of work it; do you know that you have killed the lovers of eſe two ladies! Their lovers! Cacambo? you are jeſt- g! it cannot be! I can never believe it. Dear ſir, plied Cacambo, you are ſurpriſed at every thing; y ſhould you think it ſo ſtrange that there ſhould be country where monkeys inſinuate themſelves into the od graces of the ladies; they are the fourth part of a n as I am the fourth part of a Spaniard? Alas! re- ied Candid, I remember to have heard my maſter Pan- oſs ſay, that ſuch accidents as theſe frequently came paſs in former times, and that theſe commixtures e productive of centaurs, fauns, and ſatyrs; and at many of the antients had ſeen ſuch monſters: but looked upon the whole as fabulous. Now you are nvinced, ſaid Cacambo, that it is very true, and you e what uſe is made of thoſe creatures by perſons at have not had a proper education: all I am afraid is, that theſe ſame ladies will play us ſome ugly ick.

Theſe judicious reflections operated ſo far on Candid to make him quit the meadow, and ſtrike into a icket. There he and Cacambo ſupped, and, after heartily

heartily curſing the grand inquiſitor, the governor
Buenos Ayres, and the baron, they fell aſleep on
ground. When they awoke, they were ſurpriſed
find that they could not move; the reaſon was, t
the *Oreillons* who inhabit that country, and to whom
ladies had given information of theſe two ſtrangers,
bound them with cords made of the bark of tr
They ſaw themſelves ſurrounded by fifty naked Oreill
armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets
flint; ſome were making a fire under a large cauldr
and others were preparing ſpits, crying out one and
A Jeſuit! a Jeſuit! we ſhall be revenged; we ſh
have excellent chear; let us eat this Jeſuit; let us
him up.

I told you maſter, cried Cacambo, mournfully, th
theſe two wenches would play us ſome ſcurvy tri
Candid ſeeing the cauldron and the ſpits, cried out,
ſuppoſe they are either going to boil or roaſt us. A
what would Pangloſs ſay if he was to ſee how pure n
ture is formed? Every thing is right: it may be ſ
but I muſt confeſs it is ſomething hard to be bereft
dear miſs Cunegund, and to be ſpitted like a rabbit
theſe barbarous Oreillons. Cacambo, who never l
his preſence of mind in diſtreſs, ſaid to the diſconſola
Candid, Do not deſpair; I underſtand a little of t
jargon of theſe people; I will ſpeak to them. A
pray do, ſaid Candid, and be ſure you make them ſe
ſible of the horrible barbarity of boiling and roaſti
human creatures, and how little of Chriſtianity there
in ſuch practices.

Gentlemen, ſaid Cacambo, you think perhaps yo
are going to feaſt upon a Jeſuit; if ſo, it is migh
well; nothing can be more agreeable to juſtice tha
thus to treat your enemies. Indeed the law of natur
teaches us to kill our neighbour, and accordingly we fin
this practiced all over the world; and if we do not in
dulge ourſelves in eating human fleſh, it is becauſe w
have much better fare; but for your parts, who have no
ſuch reſources as we, it is certainly much better judge
to feaſt upon your enemies than to throw their bodies t
the fowls of the air; and thus loſe all the fruits of you
victory.

victory. But ſurely, gentlemen, you would not chuſe to eat you friends. You imagine you are going to roaſt a Jeſuit, whereas my maſter is your friend, your defender, and you are going to ſpit the very man who has been deſtroying your enemies: as to myſelf, I am your your country man; this gentleman is my maſter, and ſo far from being a Jeſuit, give me leave to tell you he has very lately killed one of that order, whoſe ſpoils he now wears, and which have probably occaſioned your miſtake. To convince you of the truth of what I ſay, take the habit he has now on, and carry it to the firſt barrier of the Jeſuits kingdom, and enquire whether my maſter did not kill one of their officers. There will be little or no time loſt by this, and you may ſtill reſerve our bodies in your power to feaſt on, if you ſhould find what we have told you to be falſe. But, on the contrary, if you find it to be true, I am perſuaded you are too well acquainted with the principles of the laws of ſociety, humanity, and juſtice, not to uſe us courteouſly, and ſuffer us to depart unhurt.

This ſpeech appeared very reaſonable to the Oreillons; they deputed two of their people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of this affair, who acquitted themſelves of their commiſſion like men of ſenſe, and ſoon returned with good tidings for our diſtreſſed adventurers. Upon this, they were both looſed, and thoſe who were ſo lately going to roaſt and boil them, now ſhewed them all ſorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreſhments, and reconducted them to the confines of their country, crying before them all the way in token of joy, He is no Jeſuit, he is no Jeſuit.

Candid could not help admiring the cauſe of his deliverance. What men! what manners! cried he. if I had not fortunately run my ſword up to the hilt in the body of miſs Cunegund's brother, I ſhould have infallibly been eaten alive. But, after all, pure nature is an excellent thing; ſince theſe people, inſtead of eating me ſhewed me a thouſand civilities, as ſoon as they knew I was not a Jeſuit.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Candid and his valet arrive in the country of El Dorado. What they ſaw there.

WHEN they got to the frontiers of the Oreillons, You ſee, ſaid Cacambo to Candid, this hemiſphere is not better than the other: e'en take my advice, and let us return to Europe by the ſhorteſt way poſſible. But how can we get back? ſaid Candid; and whither ſhall we go? To my own country? the Bulgarians and the Abares are laying that waſte with fire and ſword; or ſhall we go to Portugal? there I ſhall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being ſpitted. But how can I bring myſelf to quit that part of the world where my dear miſs Cunegund has her reſidence?

Let us turn towards Cayenne, ſaid Cacambo; there we ſhall meet with ſome Frenchmen; for you know thoſe gentry ramble all over the world; perhaps they will aſſiſt us, and God will look with pity on our diſtreſs.

It was not ſo eaſy to get to Cayenne. They knew pretty nearly whereabouts it lay; but the mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, ſavages, were dreadful obſtacles in the way. Their horſes died with fatigue, and their proviſions were at an end. They ſubſiſted a whole month upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa trees; the ſight of which at once revived their drooping ſpirits, and furniſhed nouriſhment for their enfeebled bodies.

Cacambo, who was always giving as good advice as the old woman herſelf, ſaid to Candid, You ſee there is no holding out any longer; we have travelled enough on foot. I ſpy an empty canoe near the river ſide; let us fill it with cocoa nuts, get into it, and go down with the ſtream; a river always leads to ſome inhabited place.

place. If we do not meet with agreeable things, we ſhall at leaſt meet with ſomething new. Agreed, replied Candid; let us recommend ourſelves to providence.

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in ſome places covered with flowers; in others barren; in ſome parts ſmooth and level, and in others ſteep and rugged. The ſtream widened as they went further on, till at length it paſſed under one of the frightful rocks, whoſe ſummits ſeemed to reach the clouds. Here our two travellers had the courage to commit themſelves to the ſtream, which contracting in this part, hurried them along with a dreadful noiſe and rapidity. At the end of four and twenty hours they ſaw day-light again; but their canoe was daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks. They were obliged to creep along, from rock to rock, for the ſpace of a league, till at length a ſpacious plain preſented itſelf to their ſight. This place was bounded by a chain of inacceſſible hills. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleaſure, and to produce the neceſſaries of life. The *utile & dulce* were here equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages formed of glittering materials, in which were men and women of a ſurpriſing beauty, drawn with great rapidity by red ſheep of a very large ſize; which far ſurpaſſed the fineſt courſers of Andaluſia, Tetuan, or Mecquinez.

Here is a country, however, ſaid Candid, preferable to Weſtphalia. He and Cacambo landed near the firſt village they ſaw, at the entrance of which they perceived ſome children covered with tattered garments of the richeſt brocade, playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the other hemiſphere, amuſed themſelves greatly with what they ſaw. The quoits were large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which caſt a moſt glorious luſtre. Our travellers picked ſome of them up, and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; the leaſt of which would have been the greateſt ornament to the ſuperb throne of the great mogul. Without doubt, ſaid Cabambo, thoſe children

muſt be the king's ſons, that are playing at quoits. As he was uttering theſe words, the ſchool-maſter of the village appeared, who came to call them to ſchool. There, ſaid Candid, is the preceptor of the royal family.

The little raggamuffins immediately quitted their diverſion, leaving the quoits on the ground with all their other play-things. Candid gathers them up, runs to the ſchool-maſter, and, with a moſt reſpectful bow, preſents them to him, giving him to underſtand by ſigns, that their royal highneſſes had forgot their gold and precious ſtones. The ſchool-maſter, with a ſmile, flung them upon the ground, then examining Candid from head to foot, with an air of admiration, he turned his back and went on his way.

Our travellers took care, however, to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. Where are we, cried Candid. The king's children in this country muſt have an excellent education, ſince they are taught to ſhew ſuch a contempt for gold and precious ſtones. Cacambo was as much ſurpriſed as his maſter. They then drew near the firſt houſe in the village, which was built after the manner of an European Palace. There was a crowd of people about the door, and a ſtill greater number in the houſe. The ſound of the moſt delightful inſtruments of muſic were heard, and the moſt agreeable ſmell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard thoſe within talking in the Peruvian language, which was his mother tongue; for every one knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is ſpoken. I will be your interpreter here, ſaid he to Candid, let us go in; this is an eating houſe.

Immediately two waiters, and two ſervant girls, dreſſed in cloth of gold, and their hair braided with ribbands of tiſſue, accoſt the ſtrangers; and invite them to ſit down to the ordinary. Their dinner conſiſted of four diſhes of different ſoups, each garniſhed with two young paroquets, a large diſh of bouillé, that weighed two hundred weight, two roaſted monkeys of a delicious flavour, three hundred humming birds in one diſh, and

ſix hundred fly birds in another; ſome excellent ragouts, delicate tarts, and the whole ſerved up in diſhes of rock-cryſtal. Several ſorts of liquors, extracted from the ſugar-cane, were handed about by the ſervants who attended.

Moſt of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all extremely polite, they aſked Cacambo a few queſtions, with the utmoſt diſcretion and circumſpection; and replied to his in a moſt obliging and ſatisfactory manner.

As ſoon as dinner was over, both Candid and Cacambo thought they ſhould pay handſomely for their entertainment, by laying down two of thoſe large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burſt into a fit of laughing, and held their ſides for ſome time. When the fit was over: Gentlemen, ſaid the landlord, I plainly perceive you are ſtrangers, and ſuch we are not accuſtomed to ſee; pardon us therefore for laughing when you offered us the common pebbles of our highways for payment of your reckoning. To be ſure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but there is no neceſſity of having any money at all to dine in this houſe. All the inns which are eſtabliſhed for the conveniency of thoſe who carry on the trade of this nation, are maintained by the government. You have found but very indifferent entertainment here, becauſe this is only a poor village; but in almoſt every other of theſe public houſes you will meet with a reception worthy of perſons of your merit. Cacambo explained the whole of this ſpeech of the landlord to Candid, who liſtened to it with the ſame aſtoniſhment with which his friend communicated it. What ſort of a country is this, ſaid the one to the other, that is unknown to all the world; and in which Nature has every where ſo different an appearance to what ſhe has in ours? Poſſibly this is that part of the globe where every thing is right, for there muſt certainly be ſome ſuch place. And, for all that maſter Pangloſs could ſay, I often perceived that things went very ill in Weſtphalia.

CHAP. XVIII.

What they ſaw in the country of El Dorado.

CACAMBO vented all his curioſity upon his landlord by a thouſand different queſtions: the honeſt man anſwered him thus. I am very ignorant, ſir, but I am contented with my ignorance; however, we have in this neighbourhood an old man retired from court, who is the moſt learned and communicative perſon in the whole kingdom. He then carried Cacambo to the old man; Candid acted now only a ſecond character, and attended his valet. They entered a very plain houſe, for the door was nothing but ſilver, and the cieling was only of beaten gold, but wrought in ſo elegant a taſte as to vie with the richeſt. The anti-chamber, indeed, was only incruſted with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which every thing was diſpoſed, made amends for this great ſimplicity.

The old man received the ſtrangers on his ſopha, which was ſtuffed with humming bird's feathers; and ordered his ſervants to preſent them with liquors in golden goblets, after which he ſatisfied their curioſity in the following terms.

I am now one hundred and ſeventy-two years old; and I learnt of my late father, who was equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, to which he had been an eye-witneſs. This kingdom is the antient patrimony of the incas, who very imprudently quitted it to conquer another part of the world, and were at length conquered and deſtroyed themſelves by the Spaniards.

Thoſe princes of their family, who remained in their native country, acted more wiſely. They ordained, with the conſent of their whole nation, that none of the inhabitants of our little kingdom ſhould ever quit it;

it; and to this wise ordinance, we owe the preservation of our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had some confused notion of this country, to which they gave the name of *El Dorado*; and Sir Walter Raleigh *, an Englishman, actually came very near it, about three hundred years ago: but the inaccessible rocks and precipices, with which our country is surrounded on all sides, has hitherto secured us from the rapacious fury of the people of Europe, who have an unaccountable fondness for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us all to the very last man.

The conversation lasted some time, and turned chiefly on the form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length, Candid, who had always had a taste for metaphysics, asked whether the people of that country had any religion?

The old man reddened a little at this question: Can you doubt it? said he; do you take us for wretches lost to all sense of gratitude? Cacambo asked in a respectful manner what was the established religion of El Dorado? The old man blushed again, and said, Can there be two religions then? Ours, I apprehend, is the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night. Do you worship but one God; said Cacambo, who still acted as the interpreter of Candid's doubts. Certainly, said the old man; there are not two nor three nor four Gods. I must confess the people of your world ask very extraordinary questions. However, Candid could not refrain from making many more inquiries of the old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado. We do not pray to him at all, said the reverend sage; we have no-

* It is very certain that Sir Walter Raleigh, for the purposes of imposture in the account of his first voyage to Guiana, describes such an empire of the Inca, with the city called *El Dorado*, or *Manoa*, two days journey in length, shining with gold and silver —He adds many other circumstances of Peruvian prophecies in favour of the English; of the Amazons, or republic of women; and of immense riches, which he pretended to have seen on that continent: but the whole was an ill invented fable calculated to mislead mankind.

thing to aſk of him, he has given us all we want, and we give him thanks inceſſantly. Candid had a curioſity to ſee ſome of their prieſts, and deſired Cacambo to aſk the old man where they were? At which, he ſmiling ſaid, My friends, we are all of us prieſts; the king and all the heads of families ſing ſolemn hymns of thankſgiving every morning, accompanied by five or ſix thouſand muſicians. What! ſays Cacambo, have you no monks among you, to diſpute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people who are not of the ſame opinion with themſelves? Do you take us for fools? ſaid the old man, here we are all of one opinion, and know not what you mean by your monks. During the whole of this diſcourſe, Candid was in raptures, and he ſaid to himſelf, What a prodigious difference is there between this place and Weſtphalia; and this houſe and the baron's caſtle. Ah, Maſter Pangloſs! had you ever ſeen El-Dorado, you would no longer have maintained that the caſtle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the fineſt of all poſſible edifices: there is nothing like ſeeing the world, that's certain*.

This long converſation being ended, the old man ordered ſix ſheep to be harneſſed and put to the coach †, and ſent twelve of his ſervants to eſcort the travellers to court. Excuſe me, ſaid he, for not waiting on you in perſon, my age deprives me of that honour. The king will receive you in ſuch a manner, that you will have no reaſon to complain; and doubtleſs you will make a proper allowance for the cuſtoms of the country, if they ſhould not happen altogether to pleaſe you.

Candid and Cacambo got into the coach, the ſix ſheep flew, and, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, they arrived at the king's palace, which was ſituated at the further end of the capital. At the entrance was a portal two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but it is impoſſible for words to expreſs the materials

* The reader will plainly perceive that theſe are ſatirical hints thrown out againſt certain articles of faith common to all the profeſſors of Chriſtianity, and againſt particular rules and inſtitutions peculiar to the church of Rome.

† Meaning Peruvian ſheep, a kind of beaſts of burthen, native of Peru, very different from the ſheep of Europe.

materials of which it was built. The reader however will readily conceive they muſt have a prodigious ſuperiority over the pebbles and ſand, which we call gold and precious ſtones.

Twenty beautiful young virgins in waiting received Candid and Cacambo, at their alighting from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and clad them in robes wove of the down of humming birds; after which they were introduced by the great officers of the crown of both ſexes to the king's apartment, between two files of muſicians, each file conſiſting of a thouſand, agreeable to the cuſtom of the country. When they drew near to the preſence-chamber, Cacambo aſked one of the officers in what manner they were to pay their obeiſance to his majeſty; whether it was the cuſtom to fall upon their knees, or to proſtrate themſelves upon the ground? whether they were to put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs? whether they were to lick the duſt off the floor? in ſhort, what was the ceremony uſual on ſuch occaſions? The cuſtom, ſaid the great officer, is to embrace the king and kiſs him on each cheek. Candid and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms round his majeſty's neck, who received them in the moſt gracious manner imaginable, and very politely aſked them to ſup with him.

While ſupper was preparing, orders were given to ſhew them the city, where they ſaw public ſtructures, that reared their lofty heads to the clouds; the market-places decorated with a thouſand columns; fountains of ſpring water, beſides others of roſe water, and of liquors drawn from the ſugar-cane, inceſſantly flowing in the great ſquares; which were paved with a kind of precious ſtones that emitted an odour like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candid aſked to ſee the high court of juſtice, the parliament; but was anſwered, that they have none in that country, being utter ſtrangers to law-ſuits. He then inquired if they had any priſons; they replied none. But what gave him at once the greateſt ſurpriſe and pleaſure was, the Palace of Sciences, where he ſaw a gallery two thouſand feet long, filled with the

various apparatus in mathematics and natural philosophy.

After having ſpent the whole afternoon in ſeeing only about the thouſandth part of the city, they were brought back to the king's palace. Candid ſate down at the table with his maſter, his valet Cacambo, and ſeveral ladies of the court. Never was entertainment more elegant, nor could any one poſſibly ſhew more wit than his majeſty diſplayed while they were at ſupper. Cacambo explained all the king's *bons mots* to Candid, and, although they were tranſlated, they ſtill appeared to be *bons mots*. Of all the things that ſurpriſed Candid this was not the leaſt. They ſpent a whole month in this hoſpitable place, during which time Candid was continually ſaying to Cacambo, I own my friend once more that the caſtle where I was born is a mere nothing, in compariſon of the place where we now are; but ſtill miſs Cunegund is not here, and you yourſelf have doubtleſs ſome fair one for whom you ſigh in Europe. If we remain here, we ſhall only be as others are; whereas, if we return to our old world with only a dozen of Eldorado ſheep, loaded with the pebbles of this country, we ſhall be richer than all the kings in Europe; we ſhall no longer need to ſtand in awe of the inquiſitors; and we may eaſily recover Miſs Cunegund.

This ſpeech was perfectly agreeable to Cacambo. A fondneſs for roving, for making a figure in their own country, and for boaſting of what they had ſeen in their travels, was ſo prevalent in our two wanderers, that they reſolved to be no longer happy; and demanded permiſſion of the king to quit the country.

You are about to do a raſh and ſilly action, ſaid the king; I am ſenſible my kingdom is an inconſiderable ſpot; but when people are tolerably at their eaſe in any place, I ſhould think it would be their intereſt to remain there. Moſt aſſuredly, I have no right to detain you or any ſtrangers againſt your wills; this is an act of tyranny to which our manners and our laws are equally repugnant: all men are by nature free; you have therefore an undoubted liberty to depart whenever you pleaſe; but you will have many and great difficulties to

encounter

encounter in paſſing the frontiers. It is impoſſible to aſcend that rapid river which runs under high and vaulted rocks, and by which you were conveyed hither by a kind of miracle. The mountains by which my kingdom is hemmed in on all ſides, are ten thouſand feet high, and perfectly perpendicular; they are above ten leagues over each, and the deſcent from them is one continued precipice. However, ſince you are determined to leave us, I will immediately give orders to the ſuperintendent of my carriages to cauſe one to be made that will convey you very ſafe. When they have conducted you to the back of the mountains, no body can attend you farther; for my ſubjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too prudent to break it. Aſk me whatever elſe you pleaſe. All we ſhall aſk of your majeſty, ſaid Cacambo, is only a few ſheep laden with proviſions, pebbles, and the clay of your country. The king ſmiled at the requeſt, and ſaid, I cannot imagine what pleaſure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but take away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you.

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoiſt theſe two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thouſand good mathematicians went to work, and finiſhed it in about fifteen days; and it did not coſt more than twenty millions ſterling of that country money. Candid and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red ſheep, bridled and ſaddled, to ride upon when they got on the other ſide of the mountains: twenty others to ſerve as ſumpters for carrying proviſions; thirty laden with preſents of whatever was moſt curious in the country; and fifty with gold, diamonds, and other precious ſtones. The king, at parting with our two adventurers, embraced them with the greateſt cordiality.

It was a curious ſight to behold the manner of their ſetting off, and the ingenious method by which they and their ſheep were hoiſted to the top of the mountains. The mathematicians and engineers took leave of them as ſoon as they had conveyed them to a place of ſafety, and Candid was wholly occupied with the thoughts of

preſenting his ſheep to Miſs Cunegund. Now, ſays he, thanks to heaven, we have more than ſufficient to pay the governor of Buenos Ayres for Miſs Cunegund, if ſhe is redeemable. Let us make the beſt of our way to Cayenne, where we will take ſhipping, and then we may at leiſure think of what kingdom we ſhall purchaſe with our riches.

CHAP. XIX.

What happened to them at Surinam; and how Candid came acquainted with Martin.

OUR travellers firſt day's journey was very pleaſant; they were elated with the proſpect of poſſeſſing more riches than were to be found in Europe, Aſia, and Africa together. Candid, in amorous tranſports, cut the name of Miſs Cunegund on almoſt every tree he came to. The ſecond day, two of their ſheep ſunk in a moraſs, and were ſwallowed up with their lading; two more died of fatigue; ſome few days afterwards, ſeven or eight periſhed with hunger in a deſart; and others, at different times, tumbled down precipices, or were otherwiſe loſt; ſo that, after travelling about an hundred days, they had only two ſheep left of the hundred and two they brought with them from Eldorado. Said Candid to Cacambo, You ſee, my dear friend, how periſhable the riches of this world are; there is nothing ſolid but virtue. Very true, ſaid Cacambo; but we have ſtill two ſheep remaining, with more treaſure than ever the king of Spain will be poſſeſſed of; and I eſpy a town at a diſtance, which I take to be Surinam, a town belonging to the Dutch. We are now at the end of our troubles, and at the beginning of happineſs.

As they drew near the town, they ſaw a negro ſtretched on the ground, with only one half of his habit, which was a kind of linen frock; for the poor man had loſt his left leg and his right hand. Good God! ſaid Candid in Dutch, what doſt thou here, friend, in this deplorable

deplorable condition? I am waiting for my maſter Mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous trader, anſwered the negro. Was it Mynheer Vanderdendur that uſed you in this cruel manner? Yes, Sir, ſaid the negro; it is the cuſtom here. They give a linen-garment twice a year, and this is all our covering. When we labour in the ſugar-works, and the mill happens to ſnatch hold of a finger, they inſtantly chop off our hand; and when we attempt to run away, they cut off a leg. Both theſe caſes have happened to me, and it is at this expence that you eat ſugar in Europe; and yet when my mother ſold me for ten patacoons on the coaſt of Guinea, ſhe ſaid to me, My dear child, bleſs our fetiches; adore them for ever; they will make thee live happy; thou haſt the honour to be a ſlave to our lords the Whites, by which thou wilt make the fortune of us thy parents. Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortunes; but they have not made mine: dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thouſand times leſs wretched than me. The Dutch fetiches who converted me tell me every Sunday, that the blacks and whites are all children of one father, whom they call Adam. As for me, I do not underſtand any thing of genealogies; but if what theſe preachers ſay is true, we are all ſecond couſins; and you muſt allow that it is impoſſible to be worſe treated by our relations than we are.

O Pangloſs! cried out Candid, ſuch horrid doings never entered thy imagination. Here is an end of the matter; I find myſelf after all obliged to renounce thy Optimiſm. Optimiſm, ſaid Cacambo, what is that? Alas! replied Candid, it is the obſtinancy of maintaining that every thing is beſt when it is worſt; and ſo ſaying, he turned his eyes towards the poor negro and ſhed a flood of tears; and in this weeping mood he entered the town of Surinam.

Immediately upon their arrival, our travellers inquired if there was any veſſel in the harbour, which they might ſend to Buenos Ayres. The perſon they addreſſed themſelves to happened to be the maſter of a Spaniſh bark, who offered to agree with them on moderate terms, and appointed them a meeting at a public houſe. Thi-

ther

ther Candid and his faithful Cacambo went to wait for him, taking with them their two ſheep.

Candid, who was all frankneſs and ſincerity, made an ingenuous recital of his adventures to the Spaniard, declaring to him at the ſame time his reſolution of carrying off Miſs Cunegund from the governor of Buenos Ayres. O ho! ſaid the ſhip-maſter, if that is the caſe, get whom you pleaſe to carry you to Buenos Ayres; for my part, I waſh my hands of the affair. It would prove a hanging matter to us all. The fair Cunegund is the governor's favourite miſtreſs. Theſe words were like a clap of thunder to Candid; he wept bitterly for a long time, and, taking Cacambo aſide, he ſays to him, I'll tell you, my dear friend, what you muſt do. We have each of us in our pockets to the value of five or ſix millions in diamonds; you are cleverer at theſe matters than I; you muſt go to Buenos Ayres and bring off Miſs Cunegund. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million; if he holds out, give him two; as you have not killed an inquiſitor, they will have no ſuſpicion of you: I'll fit out another ſhip and go to Venice, where I will wait for you. Venice is a free country, where we ſhall have nothing to fear from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or Inquiſitors. Cacambo greatly applauded this wiſe reſolution. He was inconſolable at the thoughts of parting with ſo good a maſter, who treated him more like an intimate friend than a ſervant; but the pleaſure of being able to do him a ſervice ſoon got the better of his ſorrow. They embraced each other with a flood of tears. Candid charged him not to forget the old woman. Cacambo ſet out the ſame day. This Cacambo was a very honeſt fellow.

Candid continued ſome days longer at Surinam, waiting for any captain to carry him and his two remaining ſheep to Italy. He hired domeſtics, and purchaſed many things neceſſary for a long voyage; at length, one Mynheer Vanderdendur, ſkipper of a large Dutch veſſel, came and offered his ſervice. What will you have, ſaid Candid, to carry me, my ſervants, my baggage, and theſe two ſheep you ſee here, directly to Venice? The

ſkipper

ſkipper aſked ten thouſand piaſtres; and Candid agreed to his demand without heſitation.

Ho, ho! ſaid the cunning Vanderdendur to himſelf, this ſtranger muſt be very rich; he agrees to give me ten thouſand piaſters without heſitation. Returning a little while after, he tells Candid, that upon ſecond conſideration he could not undertake the voyage for leſs than twenty thouſand. Very well; you ſhall have them, ſaid Candid.

Zounds! ſaid the ſkipper to himſelf, this man agrees to pay twenty thouſand piaſters with as much eaſe as ten. Accordingly he goes back again, and tells him roundly that he will not carry him to Venice for leſs than thirty thouſand piaſters. Then you ſhall have thirty thouſand, ſaid Candid.

Odſo! ſaid the Dutchman once more to himſelf, thirty thouſand piaſters ſeem a trifle to this man. Thoſe ſheep muſt certainly be laden with an immenſe treaſure. I'll e'en ſtop here and aſk no more; but make him pay down the thirty thouſand piaſters, and then we may ſee what is to be done further. Candid ſold two ſmall diamonds, the leaſt of which was worth more than all the ſkipper aſked. He paid him before-hand, the two ſheep were put on board, and Candid followed in a ſmall boat to join the veſſel in the road. The ſkipper takes his opportunity, hoiſts ſail, and puts out to ſea with a favourable wind. Candid confounded and amazed, ſoon loſt ſight of the ſhip. Alas! ſaid he, this is a trick like thoſe in our old world! He returns back to the ſhore overwhelmed with grief; and, indeed, he had loſt what would have made the fortune of twenty monarchs.

Immediately upon his landing, he applied to the Dutch magiſtrate: being tranſported with paſſion, he thunders at the door, which being opened, he goes in, tells his caſe, and talks a little louder than was neceſſary. The magiſtrate began with fining him ten thouſand piaſters for his petulance, and then liſtened very patiently to what he had to ſay, promiſed to examine into the affair at the ſkipper's return, and ordered him

him to pay ten thouſand piaſters more for the fees of the court *.

This treatment put Candid out of all patience: it is true, he had ſuffered misfortunes a thouſand times more grievous; but the cool inſolence of the judge, and the villainy of the ſkipper, raiſed his choler and threw him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind preſented itſelf to his mind in all its deformity, and his ſoul was a prey to the moſt gloomy ideas. After ſome time, hearing that the captain of a French ſhip was ready to ſail for Bourdeaux, as he had no more ſheep loaded with diamonds to put on board, he hired the cabin at the uſual price; and made it known in the town that he would pay the paſſage and board of any honeſt man who would give him his company during the voyage; beſides making him a preſent of ten thouſand piaſters, on condition that ſuch perſon was the moſt diſſatisfied with his condition, and the moſt unfortunate in the whole province.

Upon this, there appeared ſuch a crowd of candidates, that a large fleet could not have contained them. Candid, willing to chuſe from amongſt thoſe who appeared moſt likely to anſwer his intention, ſelected twenty, who ſeemed to him the moſt ſociable, and who all pretended to merit the preference. He invited them to his inn, and promiſed to treat them with a ſupper, on condition that every man ſhould bind himſelf by an oath to relate his own hiſtory; declaring at the ſame time, that he would make choice of that perſon who ſhould appear to him the moſt deſerving of compaſſion, and the moſt juſtly diſſatisfied with his condition of life; and that he would make a preſent to the reſt.

This extraordinary aſſembly continued ſitting till four in the morning. Candid, while he was liſtening to their adventures,

* There is a ſpecies of probability or verifimilitude adapted for every ſort of narration, the neglect of which renders a performance diſagreeable and diſguſting to readers who have any juſtneſs of taſte or apprehenſion. Theſe accounts of *Eldorado*, of Candid's wealth and ſimplicity, of the ſkipper's villainy, and the magiſtrate's extortion, are, in our opinion, ſuch extravagancies as rather ſhock, than entertain the imagination.

adventures, called to mind what the old woman had ſaid to him in their voyage to Buenos Ayres, and the wager ſhe had laid, that there was not a perſon on board the ſhip but had met with ſome great misfortunes. Every ſtory he heard put him in mind of Pangloſs. My old maſter, ſaid he, would be confoundedly put to it to demonſtrate his favourite ſyſtem. Would he were here! Certainly if every thing is for the beſt, it is in Eldorado, and not in the other parts of the world. At length he determined in favour of a poor ſcholar, who had labour-ed ten years for the bookſellers at Amſterdam: being of opinion, that no employment could be more deteſt-able*.

This ſcholar, who was, in fact, a very honeſt man, had been robbed by his wife, beat by his ſon, and for-ſaken by his daughter, who had run away with a Por-tugueſe. He had been likewiſe deprived of a ſmall employment on which he ſubſiſted, and he was perſe-cuted by the clergy of Surinam, who took him for a Socinian. It muſt be acknowledged that the other competitors were, at leaſt, as wretched as he; but Candid was in hopes that the company of a man of let-ters would relieve the tedioufneſs of the voyage. All the other candidates complained that Candid had done them great injuſtice; but he ſtopped their mouths by a preſent of an hundred piaſtres to each.

CHAP. XX.

What befel Candid and Martin on their paſſage.

THE old philoſopher, whoſe name was Martin, took ſhipping with Candid for Bourdeaux. They both had ſeen and ſuffered a great deal; and had the ſhip been to go from Surinam to Japan round the cape of Good Hope, they could have found ſufficient enter-tainment

* Except that of drudging for the bookſellers of London.

tainment for each other during the whole voyage, in diſcourſing upon moral and natural evil.

Candid, however, had one advantage over Martin: he lived in the pleaſing hopes of ſeeing Miſs Cunegund once more; whereas the poor philoſopher had nothing to hope for: beſides, Candid had money and jewels, and, notwithſtanding he had loſt an hundred red ſheep laden with the greateſt treaſure on the earth, and tho' he ſtill ſmarted from the reflection of the Dutch ſkipper's knavery, yet when he conſidered what he had ſtill left, and repeated the name of Cunegund, eſpecially after meal-time, he inclined to Pangloſs's doctrine.

And pray, ſaid he to Martin, what is your opinion of the whole of this ſyſtem? what notion have you of moral and natural evil? Sir, replied Martin, our prieſt accuſed me of being a Socinian; but the real truth is, I am a Manichæan. Nay, now, you are jeſting, ſaid Candid; there are no Manichæans exiſting at preſent in the world. And yet I am one, ſaid Martin; but I cannot help it, I cannot for the ſoul of me think otherwiſe. Surely the devil muſt be in you, ſaid Candid. He concerns himſelf ſo much, replied Martin, in the affairs of this world, that it is very probable he may be in me as well as every where elſe; but I muſt confeſs, when I caſt my eye on this globe, or rather globule, I cannot help thinking that God has abandoned it to ſome malignant being. I always except Eldorado. I ſcarce ever knew a city that did not wiſh the deſtruction of its neighbouring city; nor a family that did not deſire to exterminate ſome other family. The poor in all parts of the world bear an inveterate hatred to the rich, even while they creep and cringe to them; and the rich treat the poor like ſheep, whoſe wool and fleſh they barter for money: a million of regimented aſſaſſins traverſe Europe from one end to the other, to get their bread by regular depredation and murder, becauſe it is the moſt gentleman-like profeſſion. Even in thoſe cities which ſeem to enjoy the bleſſings of peace, and where the arts flouriſh, the inhabitants are devoured with envy, care, and inquietudes, which are

greater

greater plagues than any experienced in a town beſieged. Private chagrins are ſtill more dreadful than public calamities. In a word, concluded the philoſopher, I have ſeen and ſuffered ſo much, that I am a Manichæan.

And yet there is ſome good in the world, replied Candid. May be ſo, ſaid Martin; but it has eſcaped my knowledge.

While they were deeply engaged in this diſpute, they heard the report of cannon, which redoubled every moment. Each takes out his glaſs, and they eſpy two ſhips warmly engaged, at the diſtance of about three miles. The wind brought them both ſo near the French ſhip, that thoſe on board her had the pleaſure of ſeeing the fight with great eaſe. After ſeveral ſmart broadſides the one gave the other a ſhot between wind and water, which ſunk her out-right. Then could Candid and Martain plainly perceive an hundred men on the deck of the veſſel which was ſinking, who, with hands up-lifted to heaven, ſent forth piercing cries, and were in a moment ſwallowed up by the waves.

Well, ſaid Martin, you now ſee in what manner mankind treat each other. It is certain, ſaid Candid, that there is ſomething diabolical in this affair. As he was ſpeaking thus, he eſpied ſomething of a ſhining red hue, which ſwam cloſe to the veſſel. The boat was hoiſted out to ſee what it might be, when it proved to be one of his ſheep. Candid felt more joy at the recovery of this one animal than he did grief, when he loſt the other hundred, tho' laden with large diamonds of Eldorado.

The French captain quickly perceived that the victorious ſhip belonged to the crown of Spain; that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very ſame captain who had robbed Candid. The immenſe riches, which this villain had amaſſed, were buried with him in the deep, and only this one ſheep ſaved out of the whole. You ſee, ſaid Candid to Martin, that vice is ſometimes puniſhed; this villain the Dutch ſkipper, has met with the fate he deſerved. Very true, ſaid Martin; but

why

why ſhould the paſſengers be doomed alſo to deſtruction? God has puniſhed the knave, and the devil has drowned the reſt.

The French and Spaniſh ſhips continued their courſe, and Candid and Martin their converſation. They diſputed fourteen days ſucceſſively, at the end of which they were juſt as far advanced as the firſt moment they began. However, they had the ſatisfaction of diſputing, of communicating their ideas, and of mutually comforting each other. Candid embraced his ſheep with tranſport: Since I have found thee again, ſaid he, I may poſſibly find my Cunegund once more.

CHAP. XXI.

Candid and Martin, while thus reaſoning with each other, draw near to the coaſt of France.

AT length they deſcried the coaſt of France. when Candid ſaid to Martin, Pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in France? Yes, Sir, ſaid Martin, I have been in ſeveral provinces of that kingdom. In ſome, one half of the people are fools and madmen; in ſome, they are too artful; in others, again, they are, in general, either very good-natured or very brutal; while in others, they affect to be witty, and in all, their ruling paſſion is love, the next is ſlander, and the laſt is to talk nonſenſe. But pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in Paris? Yes, Sir, I have been in that city, and it is a place that contains the ſeveral ſpecies juſt deſcribed; it is a chaos, a confuſed multitude, where every one ſeeks for pleaſure without being able to find it: at leaſt, as far as I have obſerved during my ſhort ſtay in that city. At my arrival I was robbed of all I had in the world by pick-pockets and ſharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myſelf for a robber, and confined in priſon a whole week; after which I hired myſelf as corrector to a preſs, in order to get

t a little money towards defraying my expences back Holland on foot. I knew the whole tribe of cribblers, malcontents, and fanatics. It is ſaid the eople of that city are very polite; I believe they ay.

For my part, I have no curioſity to ſee France, ſaid Candid; you may eaſily conceive, my friend, that af-er ſpending a month at Eldorado, I can deſire to behold othing upon earth but Miſs Cunegund; I am going to wait for her at Venice? I intend to paſs thro' France, n my way to Italy; will you not bear me company? With all my heart, ſaid Martin; they ſay Venice is a-reeable to none but noble Venetians; but that, leverthelefs, ſtrangers are well received there when hey have plenty of money; now I have none, but ou have, therefore I will attend you whither you leaſe. Now we are upon this ſubject, ſaid Candid, lo you think that the earth was originally ſea, as we ead in that great book which belongs to the captain of the ſhip? I believe nothing of it, replied Martin, ny more than I do of the many other chimeras which have been related to us for ſome time paſt. But then, to what nd, ſaid Candid, was the world formed? To make us mad, ſaid Martin. Are you not ſurpriſed, continued Candid, at the love which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for thoſe two monkeys?—You know I have told you the ſtory. Surpriſed! replied Martin, not in the leaſt; I ſee nothing ſtrange in this paſſion. I have ſeen ſo many extraordinary things, that there is nothing extraordinary to me now. Do you think, ſaid Candid, that mankind always maſſacred each other as they do now? were they always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconſtancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty? were they always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons, drunkards, miſers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites? Do you believe, ſaid Martin, that hawks have been always accuſtomed to eat pigeons when they came in their way? Doubtleſs, ſaid Candid. Well then, replied Martin, if hawks have always had the ſame nature, why ſhould

you

you pretend that mankind change theirs? Oh! ſaid Candid, there is a great deal of difference; for free will——and reaſoning thus they arrived at Bourdeaux.

CHAP. XXII.

What happened to Candid and Martin in France.

CANDID ſtaid no longer at Bourdeaux, than was neceſſary to diſpoſe of a few of the pebbles he had brought from from Eldorado, and to provide himſelf with a poſt-chaiſe for two perſons, for he could no longer ſtir a ſtep without his philoſopher Martin. The only thing that gave him concern, was the being obliged to leave his ſheep behind him, which he entruſted to the care of the academy of ſciences at Bourdeaux, who propoſed, as a prize-ſubject for the year, to prove why the wool of this ſheep was red; and the prize was adjudged to a northern ſage, who demonſtrated by A *plus* B, *minus* C, divided by Z, that the ſheep muſt neceſſarily be red, and die of the mange.

In the mean time, all the travellers whom Candid met with in the inns, or the road, told him to a man, that they were going to Paris. This general eagerneſs gave him likewiſe a great deſire to ſee this capital; and it was not much out of his way to Venice.

He entered the city by the ſuburbs of St. Marceau, and thought himſelf in one of the vileſt hamlets in all Weſtphalia.

Candid had not been long at his inn, before he was ſeized with a ſlight diſorder, owing to the fatigue he had undergone. As he wore a diamond of an enormous ſize on his finger, and had among the reſt of his equipage, a ſtrong box which ſeemed very weighty, he ſoon found himſelf between two phyſicians, whom he had not ſent for, a number of intimate friends whom he had never ſeen, and who would not quit his bedſide, and

d two female devotees, who were very careful in oviding him hot ſuppings.

I remember, ſaid Martin to him, that the firſt time came to Paris I was likewiſe taken ill; I was very oor, and accordingly I had neither friends, nurſes, nor hyſicians, and yet I did very well.

However, by dint of purging and bleeding, Candid's iſorder became very ſerious. The prieſt of the pariſh me with all imaginable politeneſs, to deſire a note of im, payable to the bearer in the other world *. Can- d refuſed to comply with his requeſt; but the two evotees aſſured him that it was a new faſhion. Candid plied, that he was not one that followed the faſhion. Martin was for throwing the prieſt out of the window. The clerk ſwore Candid ſhould not have Chriſtian burial. Martin ſwore in his turn, that he would bury the clerk live, if he continued to plague them any longer. The iſpute grew warm; Martin took him by the ſhoulders, nd turned him out of the room, which gave great candal, and occaſioned a verbal proceſs.

Candid recovered; and till he was in a condition to o abroad, had a great deal of very good company to aſs the evenings with him in his chamber. They layed deep. Candid was ſurpriſed to find he could ne- er turn a trick; and Martin was not at all ſurpriſed at he matter.

Among thoſe who did him the honours of the place, was a little ſpruce abbé of Perigord, one of thoſe in- nuating, buſy, fawning, impudent, neceſſary fellows, hat lay wait for ſtrangers at their arrival, tell them all he ſcandal of the town, and offer to miniſter to their leaſures at various prices. This man conducted Candid nd Martin to the play-houſe: they were acting a new ragedy. Candid found himſelf placed near a cluſter of wits; this, however, did not prevent him from ſhed- ing tears at ſome parts of the piece which were moſt ffecting, and beſt acted. One of theſe talkers ſaid to im between the acts, You are greatly to blame to ſhed tears;

* This probably alludes to the preſent diſputes in France about ubſcribing to the bull Unigenitus, without which ceremony a man is refuſed the ſacraments in *articulo mortis*.

tears; that actreſs plays horribly, and the man who plays with her ſtill worſe, and the piece itſelf is ſtill more execrable than the repreſentation. The author does not underſtand a word of Arabic, and yet he has laid his ſcene in Arabia; and, what is more, he is a fellow who does not believe in innate ideas. To-morrow I'll bring you a ſcore of pamphlets, that have been wrote againſt him. Pray, ſir, ſaid Candid to the abbé, how many theatrical pieces have you in France? Five or ſix thouſand, replied the other. Indeed! that is a great number, ſaid Candid; but how many good ones may there be? About fifteen or ſixteen. Oh! that is a great number, ſaid Martin.

Candid was greatly taken with an actreſs, who performed the part of queen Elizabeth in a dull kind of tragedy that is played ſometimes. That actreſs, ſaid he to Martin, pleaſes me greatly; ſhe has ſome ſort of reſemblace to miſs Cunegund. I ſhould be very glad to pay my reſpects to her. The abbé of Perigord offered his ſervice to introduce him to her at her own houſe. Candid, who was brought up in Germany, deſired to know what might be the ceremonial uſed on thoſe occaſions, and how a queen of England was treated in France. There is a neceſſary diſtinction to be obſerved in theſe matters, ſaid the abbé. In a country town we take then to a tavern; here in Paris, they are treated with great reſpect during their life-time, provided they are handſome, and when they die we throw their bodies upon a dunghill. How, ſaid Candid, throw a queen's body upon a dunghill! The gentleman is quite right, ſaid Martin, he tells you nothing but truth. I happened to be at Paris, when Miſs Monimia made her exit, as one may ſay, out of this world into another. She was refuſed what they call here the rights of ſepulture; that is to ſay, ſhe was denied the privilege of rotting in a church-yard, by the ſide of all the beggars in the pariſh. They buried her at the corner of Burgundy-ſtreet, which muſt certainly have ſhocked her extremely, as ſhe had very exalted notions of things. This is acting very unpolitely, ſaid Candid. Lord! ſaid Martin, what can be ſaid to it; it is the way of theſe people.

people. Figure to yourſelf all the contradictions, all the inconſiſtencies poſſible, and you may meet with them in the government, the courts of juſtice, the churches, and the public ſpectacles of this odd nation. Is it true, ſaid Candid, that the people of Paris are always laughing? Yes, replied the abbé, but it is with anger in their hearts; they expreſs all their complaints by loud burſts of laughter, and commit the moſt deteſtable crimes with a ſmile on their faces.

Who was that great overgrown beaſt, ſaid Candid, who ſpoke ſo ill to me of the piece with which I was ſo much affected? and of the players who gave me ſo much pleaſure? A very good for nothing ſort of a man I aſſure you, anſwered the abbé, one who gets his livelihood by abuſing every new book and play that is written or performed; he abominates to ſee any one meet with ſucceſs, like eunuchs, who deteſt every one that poſſeſſes thoſe powers they are deprived of; he is one of thoſe vipers in literature who nouriſh themſelves with their own venom; a pamphlet-monger, a——— A pamphlet-monger! ſaid Candid, what is that? Why a pamphlet-monger, replied the abbé, is a writer of pamplets, a f———.

Candid, Martin, and the abbé of Perigord, argued thus on the ſtair-caſe, while they ſtood to ſee the people go out of the play-houſe. Though I am very earneſt to ſee Miſs Cunegund again, ſaid Candid, yet I have a great inclination to ſup with Miſs Clairon, for I am really much taken with her———.

The abbé was not a perſon to ſhew his face at this lady's houſe, which was frequented by none but the beſt company. She is engaged this evening, ſaid he; but I will do myſelf the honour to introduce you to a young lady of quality of my acquaintance, at whoſe houſe you will ſee as much of the manners of Paris, as if you had lived here for forty years.

Candid, who was naturally curious, ſuffered himſelf to be conducted to this lady's houſe, which was in the ſuburbs of St. Honoré. The company were engaged at baſſet; twelve melancholy punters held each in his hand a ſmall pack of cards, the corners of which doubled

doubled down, were ſo many regiſters of their ill-fortune. A profound ſilence reigned through the aſſembly, a palid dread had taken poſſeſſion of the countenances of the punters, and reſtleſs inquietude ſtretched every muſcle of the face of him who kept the bank; and the lady of the houſe, who was ſeated next to him, obſerved with lynx's eyes every parole, and *ſept-le-va* as they were going, as likewiſe thoſe who tallied, and made them undouble their cards with a ſevere exactneſs, though mixed with politeneſs, which ſhe thought neceſſary not to frighten away her cuſtomers. This lady aſſumed the title of marchioneſs of Parolignac. Her daughter, a girl of about fifteen years of age, was one of the punters, and took care to give her mama an item, by ſigns, when any of them attempted to repair the rigour of their ill-fortune by a little innocent deception. The company were thus occupied, when Candid, Martin, and the abbé, made their entrance: not a creature roſe to ſalute them, or indeed took the leaſt notice of them, being wholly intent upon the buſineſs in hand. Ah! ſaid Candid, my lady baroneſs of Thunder-ten-tronckh, would have behaved more civilly.

However, the abbé whiſpered the marchioneſs in the ear, who half raiſing herſelf from her ſeat, honoured Candid with a gracious ſmile, and gave Martin a nod of her head, with an air of inexpreſſible dignity. She then ordered a ſeat for Candid, and deſired him to make one of their party of play: he did ſo, and in a few deals loſt near a thouſand pieces; after which they ſupped very elegantly, and every one was ſurpriſed at ſeeing Candid loſe ſo much money, without appearing to be the leaſt diſturbed at it. The ſervants in waiting ſaid to each other, This is certainly ſome Engliſh lord.

The ſupper was like moſt others of this kind at Paris. At firſt every one was ſilent; then followed a few confuſed murmurs, and afterwards ſeveral inſipid jokes paſſed and re-paſſed, with falſe reports, falſe reaſonings, a little politics, and a great deal of ſcandal. The converſation then turned upon the new productions

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in literature. Pray, ſaid the abbé, good folks, have you ſeen the romance wrote by the ſieur Gauchat, doctor of divinity? Yes, anſwered one of the company, but I had not patience to go through it. The town is peſtered with a ſwarm of impertinent productions, but this of Dr. Gauchat's outdoes them all. In ſhort, I was ſo curſedly tired of reading this vile ſtuff, that I even reſolved to come here, and make a party at baſſet.—But what ſay you to the archdeacon T———'s miſcellaneous collection, ſaid the abbé. Oh my God! cry'd the marchioneſs of Parolignac, never mention the tedious creature! Only think what pains he is at to tell one things that all the world knows, and how he labours an argument that is hardly worth the ſlighteſt conſideration! how abſurdly he makes uſe of other people's wit! how miſerably he mangles what he has pilfered from them! The man makes me quite ſick! A few pages of the good archdeacon is enough in conſcience to ſatisfy any one.

There was at the table a perſon of learning and taſte, who ſupported what the marchioneſs had advanced. They next began to talk of tragedies. The lady deſired to know, how it came about that there were ſeveral tragedies, which ſtill continued to be played, which there was no reading? The man of taſte explained very clearly, how a piece may be in ſome manner intereſting, without having a grain of merit. He ſhewed, in a few words, that it is not ſufficient to throw together a few incidents that are to be met with in every romance, and that dazzle the ſpectator; the thoughts ſhould be new, without being far-fetched; frequently ſublime, but always natural: the author ſhould have a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and make it ſpeak properly; he ſhould be a complete poet, without ſhewing an affectation of it in any of the characters of his piece; he ſhould be a perfect maſter of his language, ſpeak it with all its purity, and with the utmoſt harmony, and yet ſo as not to make the ſenſe a ſlave to the rhyme. Whoever, added he, neglects any one of theſe rules, though he may write two or three tragedies with tolerable ſucceſs, will never be reckoned

in the number of good authors. There are very few good tragedies; ſome are idylliums, in well written and harmonious dialogue; and others a chain of political reaſonings that ſet one aſleep, or elſe pompous and high-flown amplifications, that diſguſt rather than pleaſe. Others again are the ravings of a madman, in an uncouth ſtile, unmeaning flights, or long apoſtrophes to the deities, for want of knowing how to addreſs mankind: in a word, a collection of falſe maxims, and dull common-place.

Candid liſtened to this diſcourſe with great attention, and conceived an high opinion of the perſon who delivered it; and as the marchioneſs had taken care to place him near her ſide, he took the liberty to whiſper her ſoftly in the ear, and aſk who this perſon was that ſpoke ſo well. It is a man of letters, replied her ladyſhip, who never plays, and whom the abbé brings with him to my houſe ſometimes to ſpend an evening. He is a great judge of writing, eſpecially in tragedy: he has compoſed one himſelf, which was damned, and has written a book that was never ſeen out of his bookſeller's ſhop, excepting only one copy, which he ſent me with a dedication, to which he had prefixed my name. Oh the great man! cried Candid, he is a ſecond Pangloſs.

Then turning towards him, Sir, ſaid he, you are doubtleſs of opinion that every thing is for the beſt in the phyſical and moral world, and that nothing could be otherwiſe than it is? Me, ſir, replied the man of letters, I think no ſuch thing, I aſſure you; I find that all in this world is ſet the wrong end uppermoſt. No one knowns what is his rank, his office, nor what he does, nor what he ſhould do; and that except our evenings, which we generally paſs tolerably merrily, the reſt of our time is ſpent in idle diſputes and quarrels, Janſeniſts againſt Moliniſts, the parliament againſt the church, and one armed body of men againſt another; courtier againſt courtier, huſband againſt wife, and relations againſt relations. In ſhort, this world is nothing but one continued ſcene of civil war.

Yes,

Yes, ſaid Candid, and I have ſeen worſe than all that; and yet a learned man, who had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that every thing was marvelouſly well, and that theſe evils you are ſpeaking of, were only ſo many ſhades in a beautiful picture. Your hempen ſage, ſaid Martin, laughed at you; theſe ſhades, as you call them, are moſt horrible blemiſhes. It is men who make theſe blemiſhes, rejoined Candid, and they cannot do otherwiſe. Then it is not their fault, added Martin. The greateſt part of the gameſters, who did not underſtand a ſyllable of this diſcourſe, amuſed themſelves with drinking, while Martin reaſoned with the learned gentleman; and Candid entertained the lady of the houſe with a part of his adventures.

After ſupper the marchioneſs conducted Candid into her dreſſing-room, and made him ſit down under a canopy. Well, ſaid ſhe, are you ſtill ſo violently fond of miſs Cunegund of Thunder-ten-tronckh? Yes, madam, replied Candid. The marchioneſs ſays to him with a tender ſmile, you anſwer me like a young man born in Weſtphalia; a Frenchman would have ſaid, It is true, Madam, I had a great paſſion for Miſs Cunegund; but ſince I have ſeen you, I fear I can no longer love her as I did. Alas! madam, replied Candid, I'll make you what anſwer you pleaſe. You fell in love with her, I find, in ſtooping to pick up her handkerchief which ſhe had dropped; you ſhall pick up my garter. With all my heart, madam, ſaid Candid, and he picked it up. But you muſt tie it on again ſaid the lady. Candid tied it on again. Lookye young man, ſaid the marchioneſs, you are a ſtranger, I make ſome of my lovers here in Paris languiſh for me a whole fortnight; but I ſurrender to you the firſt night, becauſe I am willing to do the honours of my country to a young Weſtphalian. The fair one having caſt her eye on two very large diamonds that were upon the young ſtranger's finger, praiſed them in ſo earneſt a manner, thas they were in an inſtant transferred from his finger to hers.

As Candid was going home with the abbé he felt ſome qualms of conſcience, for having been guilty of infidelity to Miſs Cunegund. The abbé took part with him in his uneaſineſs; he had but an inconſiderable ſhare in the thouſand pieces Candid had loſt at play, and the two diamonds which had been in a manner extorted from him; and therefore very prudently deſigned to make the moſt that he could of his new acquaintance, which chance had thrown in his way. He talked much of Miſs Cunegund; and Candid aſſured him, that he would heartily aſk pardon of that fair-one for his infidelity to her, when he ſaw her at Venice.

The abbé redoubled his civilities, and ſeemed to intereſt himſelf warmly in every thing that Candid ſaid, did, or ſeemed inclined to do.

And ſo, Sir, you have an engagement at Venice? Yes, monſieur l'abbé, anſwered Candid, I muſt abſolutely wait upon Miſs Cunegund: and then the pleaſure he took in talking about the object he loved, led him inſenſibly to relate, according to cuſtom, part of his adventures with that illuſtrious Weſtphalian beauty.

I fancy, ſaid the abbé, Miſs Cunegund has a great deal of wit, and her letters muſt be very entertaining. I never received any from her, ſaid Candid; for you are to conſider, that being expelled the caſtle upon her account, I could not write to her, eſpecially as ſoon after my departure I heard ſhe was dead; but thank God I found afterwards ſhe was living. I left her again after this, and now I have ſent a meſſenger to her near two thouſand leagues from hence, and wait here for his return with an anſwer from her.

The artful abbé let not a word of all this eſcape him, though he ſeemed to be muſing upon ſomething elſe. He ſoon took his leave of the two adventurers, after having embraced them with the greateſt cordiality. The next morning almoſt as ſoon as his eyes were open, Candid received the following billet:

"My deareſt lover,—I have been ill in this city theſe eight days. I have heard of your arrival, and ſhould

ſhould fly to your arms, were I able to move a limb of me. I was informed of your being on the way hither at Bourdeaux, where I left the faithful Cacambo, and the old woman, who will ſoon follow me. The governor of Buenos-Ayres, has taken every thing from me but your heart, which I ſtill retain. Come to me immediately on the receipt of this. Your preſence will either give me new life, or kill me with pleaſure."

At the receipt of this charming, this unexpected letter, Candid felt the utmoſt tranſports of joy; though, on the other hand, the indiſpoſition of his beloved Miſs Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Diſtracted between theſe two paſſions, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and procured a perſon to conduct him and Martin to the houſe where Miſs Cunegund lodged. Upon entering the room he felt his limbs tremble, his heart flutter, his tongue faulter: he attempted to undraw the curtain, and calls for a light to the bedſide. Lord, Sir, cried a maid ſervant, who was waiting in the room, take care what you do, Miſs cannot bear the leaſt light; and ſo ſaying, ſhe pulls the curtain cloſe again. Cunegund! my dear Cunegund! cried Candid, bathed in tears, how do you do? If you cannot bear the light, ſpeak to me at leaſt. Alas! ſhe cannot ſpeak, ſaid the maid. The ſick lady then puts a plump hand out of the bed, and Candid firſt bathes it with his tears, then fills it with diamonds, leaving a purſe of gold upon the eaſy chair.

In the midſt of his tranſports comes an officer into the room, followed by the abbé, and a file of muſqueteers. There, ſaid he, are the two ſuſpected foreigners, at the ſame time he orders them to be ſeized, and carried to priſon. Travellers are not treated in this manner in the country of Eldorado, ſaid Candid. I am more of a Manichean now than ever, ſaid Martin. But pray, good Sir, where are you going to carry us? ſaid Candid. To a dungeon, my dear Sir, replied the officer.

When Martin had a little recovered himſelf, ſo as to form a cool judgment of what had paſſed, he plainly

perceived that the perſon who had acted the part of Miſs Cunegund, was a cheat; that the abbé of Perigord, was a ſharper, who had impoſed upon the honeſt ſimplicity of Candid, and that the officer was a knave, whom they might eaſily get rid of.

Candid, following the advice of his friend Martin, and burning with impatience to ſee the real Miſs Cunegund, rather than be obliged to appear at a court of juſtice, propoſes to the officer to make him a preſent of three ſmall diamonds, each of them worth three thouſand piſtoles. Ah, Sir! ſaid this underſtrapper of juſtice, had you committed ever ſo much villainy, this would render you the honeſteſt man living, in my eyes. Three diamonds, worth three thouſand piſtoles! why, my dear Sir, ſo far from carrying you to jail, I would loſe my life to ſerve you. There are orders for ſtopping all ſtrangers; but leave it to me, I have a brother at Dieppe, in Normandy; I myſelf will conduct you thither, and if you have a diamond left to give him, he will take as much care of you as I myſelf ſhould.

But why, ſaid Candid, do they ſtop all ſtrangers? The abbé of Perigord made anſwer, that it was becauſe a poor devil of the country of Atrebatra heard ſome body tell fooliſh ſtories, and this induced him to commit a parricide; not ſuch a one as that in the month of May, 1610; but ſuch as that in the month of December, in the year 1594, and ſuch as many that have been perpetrated in other months and years, by other poor devils, who had heard fooliſh ſtories.

The officer then explained to them what the abbé meant. Horrid monſters, exclaimed Candid, is it poſſible that ſuch ſcenes ſhould paſs amongſt a people who are perpetually ſinging and dancing? Is there no flying this abominable country immediately, this execrable kingdom, where monkeys provoke tygers? I have ſeen bears in my country, but men I have beheld no where but in Eldorado. In the name of God, Sir, ſaid he to the officer, do me the kindneſs to conduct me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miſs Cunegund. Really, Sir, replied the officer, I cannot poſſibly wait on you further than

than Lower Normandy. So ſaying, he ordered Candid's irons to be ſtruck off, acknowledged himſelf miſtaken, and ſent his followers about their buſineſs: after which he conducts Candid and Martin to Dieppe, and leaves them in the care of his brother. There happened juſt then to be a ſmall Dutch ſhip in the road. The Norman, whom the other three diamonds had converted into the moſt obliging ſerviceable being that ever breathed, took care to ſee Candid and his attendants ſafe on board this veſſel, that was juſt ready to ſail for Portſmouth in England. This was not the neareſt way to Venice indeed; but Candid thought himſelf eſcaped out of hell, and did not in the leaſt doubt but he ſhould quickly find an opportunity of reſuming his voyage to Venice.

CHAP. XXIII.

Candid and Martin touch upon the Engliſh coaſt; what they ſee there.

AH Pangloſs! Pangloſs! ah Martin! Martin! ah my dear Miſs Cunegund, what ſort of a world is this? Thus exclaimed Candid as ſoon as he got on board the Dutch ſhip. Why ſomething very fooliſh and very abominable, ſaid Martin. You are acquainted with England, ſaid Candid; are they as great fools in that country as in France? Yes, but in a different manner, anſwered Martin. You know that theſe two nations are at war about a few acres of barren land in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they have expended much greater ſums in the conteſt, than all Canada is worth. To ſay exactly whether there are a greater number fit to be inhabitants of a mad-houſe in the one country than the other, exceeds the limits of my imperfect capacity; I know in general, that the people we are going to viſit, are of a very dark and gloomy diſpoſition.

As they were chatting thus together, they arrived at Portſmouth. The ſhore on each ſide the harbour was lined with a multitude of people, whoſe eyes were ſtedfaſtly fixed on a luſty man, who was kneeling down on the deck of one of the men of war, with ſomething tied before his eyes. Oppoſite to this perſonage ſtood four ſoldiers, each of whom ſhot three bullets into his ſkull, with all the compoſure imaginable; and when it was done, the whole company went away perfectly well ſatisfied. What the devil is all this for? ſaid Candid; and what dæmon, or foe to mankind, lords it thus tyrannically over the world? He then aſked who was that luſty man who had been ſent out of the world with ſo much ceremony? when he received for anſwer, that it was an admiral. And pray why do you put your admiral to death? Becauſe he did not put a ſufficient number of his fellow creatures to death. You muſt know, he had an engagement with a French admiral, and it has been proved againſt him, that he was not near enough to his antagoniſt. But, replied Candid, the French admiral muſt have be as far from him. There is no doubt of that; but in this country it is found requiſite, now and then, to put one admiral to death, in order to ſpirit up the others to fight *.

Candid was ſo ſhocked at what he ſaw and heard, that he would not ſet foot on ſhore, but made a bargain with the Dutch ſkipper (were he even to rob him like the captain of Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice.

The ſkipper was ready in two days. They ſailed along the coaſt of France, and paſſed within ſight of Liſbon, at which Candid trembled. From thence they proceeded to the Straits, entered the Mediterranean, and at length arrived at Venice. God be praiſed, ſaid Candid,

* We need not inform the reader, that our author alludes to the fate of admiral Byng.——His remark upon it is preciſely what we have heard repeated in twenty different companies, and implies a ſevere reflection both upon the G——t, and the officers of G——t B——n.

Candid, embracing Martin, this is the place where am to behold my beloved Cunegund once again. I can confide in Cacambo like another ſelf. All is well, all very well; all as well as poſſible.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of Paquette and friar Ciroſlée.

UPON their arrival at Venice, he went in ſearch of Cacambo at every inn and coffee-houſe, and among all the ladies of pleaſure; but could hear nothing of him. He ſent every day to inquire what ſhips were come in, ſtill no news of Cacambo. It is ſtrange! ſaid he to Martin, very ſtrange! that I ſhould have had time to ſail from Surinam to Bourdeaux; to travel from thence to Paris, to Dieppe, to Portſmouth; to ſail along the coaſt of Portugal and Spain, and up the Mediterranean to ſpend ſome months at Venice; and that my lovely Cunegund ſhould not be arrived. Inſtead of her I only met with a Pariſian bite, and a raſcally abbé of Perigord. Cunegund is actually dead, and I have nothing to do but to follow her. Alas! how much better would it have been for me to have remained in the paradiſe of Eldorado, than to have returned to this curſed Europe! You are in the right, my dear Martin; you are certainly in the right; all is miſery and deceit.

He fell into a deep melancholy, and neither went to the opera in vogue, nor partook of any of the diverſions of the carnival: nay, he even ſlighted the fair ſex. Martin ſaid to him, Upon my word, I think you are very ſimple to imagine that a raſcally valet, with five or ſix millions in his pocket, would go in ſearch of your miſtreſs to the further end of the world, and bring her to Venice to meet you. If he finds her he will take her for himſelf; if he does not, he will take another. Let me adviſe you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your miſtreſs Cunegund. Martin's ſpeech was not the

moſt conſolatory to the dejected Candid. His melancholy encreaſed, and Martin never left proving to him that there is very little virtue or happineſs in this world; except, perhaps, in Eldorado, where hardly any body can gain admittance.

While they were diſputing on this important ſubject, and ſtill expecting Miſs Cunegund, Candid perceiving a young Theatin friar in St. Mark's place, with a girl under his arm. The Theatin looked freſh coloured, plump, and vigorous; his eyes ſparkled; his air and gait were bold and lofty. The girl was very pretty, and was ſinging a ſong; and every now and then gave her Theatin an amorous ogle, and wantonly pinched his ruddy cheeks. You will at leaſt allow, ſaid Candid to Martin, that theſe two are happy hitherto. I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in Eldorado; but, as to this couple, I would venture to lay a wager they are happy. Done! ſaid Martin; they are not for what you will. Well, we have only to aſk them to dine with us, ſaid Candid, and you will ſee whether I am miſtaken or not.

Thereupon he accoſts them, and with great politeneſs invites them to his inn to eat ſome macaroni, with Lombard partridges and caviare, and to drink a bottle of Montepulcia o, Lacryma-Chriſti, Cyprus or Samos wine. The girl bluſhed; the Theatin accepted the invitation, and ſhe followed him, eying Candid every now and then with a mixture of ſurprize and confuſion, while the tears ſtole down her cheeks. No ſooner did ſhe enter his apartment, than ſhe cried out, How Mr. Candid, have you quite forgot your Pacquette? do you not know her again? Candid, who had not regarded her with any degree of attention before, being wholly occupied with the thoughts of his dear Cunegund, Ah! is it you, child? was it you that reduced Doctor Pangloſs to that fine condition I ſaw him in?

Alas! Sir, anſwered Pacquette, it was I, indeed. I find you are acquainted with every thing; and I have been informed of all the misfortunes that happened to the whole family of my lady baroneſs and the fair Cunegund.

negund. But I can ſafely ſwear to you that my lot was no leſs deplorable; I was innocence itſelf when you ſaw me laſt. A Cordelier, who was my confeſſor, eaſily ſeduced me; the conſequences proved terrible. I was obliged to leave the caſtle ſome time after the baron kicked you out from thence; and if a famous ſurgeon had not taken compaſſion on me, I had been a dead woman. Gratitude obliged me to live with him for ſome time as a miſtreſs: his wife, who was a very devil for jealouſy, beat me unmercifully every day. Oh! ſhe was a perfect fury. The doctor himſelf was the moſt ugly of all mortals, and I the moſt wretched creature exiſting, to be continually beat for a man whom I did not love. You are ſenſible, Sir, how dangerous it was for an ill-natured woman to be married to a phyſician. Incenſed at the behaviour of his wife, he one day gave her ſo affectionate a remedy for a ſlight cold ſhe had caught, that ſhe died in leſs than two hours in the moſt dreadful convulſions. Her relations proſecuted the huſband, who was obliged to fly, and I was ſent to priſon. My innocence would not have ſaved me if I had not been tolerably handſome. The judge gave me my liberty, on condition he ſhould ſucceed the doctor. However, I was ſoon ſupplanted by a rival, turned off without a farthing, and obliged to continue the abominable trade which you men think ſo pleaſing; but which to us unhappy creatures, is the moſt dreadful of all ſufferings. At length I came to follow the buſineſs at Venice. Ah! Sir, did you but know what it is to be obliged to lie with every fellow; with old tradeſmen, with counſellors, with monks, watermen, and abbés; to be expoſed to all their inſolence and abuſe; to be often neceſſiated to borrow a petticoat only that it may be taken up by ſome diſagreeable wretch; to be robbed by one galant of what we get from another; to be ſubject to the extortions of civil magiſtrates; and to have for ever before one's eyes the proſpect of old age, an hoſpital or a dunghill, you would conclude that I am one of the moſt unhappy wretches breathing.

Thus

Thus did Pacquette unboſom herſelf to honeſt Candid in his cloſet, in the preſence of Martin, who took occaſion to ſay to him, You ſee I have half won the wager already.

Friar Giroflée was all this time in the parlour refreſhing himſelf with a glaſs or two of wine till dinner was ready. But, ſaid Candid to Pacquette, you looked ſo gay and content, when I met you, you ſung and careſſed the Theatin with ſo much fondneſs, that I abſolutely thought you as happy as you ſay you are now miſerable. Ah! dear Sir, ſaid Pacquette, this is one of the miſeries of the trade; yeſterday I was ſtript and beat by an officer; yet to-day I muſt appear good-humoured and gay to pleaſe a friar.

Candid was convinced, and acknowledged that Martin was in the right. They ſat down to table with Pacquette and the Theatin; the entertainment was very agreeable, and towards the end they began to converſe together with ſome freedom. Father, ſaid Candid to the friar, you ſeem to me to enjoy a ſtate of happineſs that even kings might envy; joy and health are painted in your countenance. You have a tight pretty wench to divert you; and you ſeem to be perfectly well contented with your condition, as a Theatin.

Faith, Sir, ſaid friar Giroflée, I wiſh with all my ſoul the Theatins were every one of them at the bottom of the ſea. I have been tempted a thouſand times to ſet fire to the convent, and go and turn Turk. My parents obliged me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this deteſtable habit only to encreaſe the fortune of an elder brother of mine, whom, God confound! Jealouſy, diſcord, and fury, reſide in our convent. It is true I have preached often paltry ſermons, by which I have got a little money, part of which the prior robs me of, and the remainder helps to pay my girls; but, at night, when I go hence to my convent, I am ready to daſh my brains againſt the walls of the dormitory; and this is the caſe with all the reſt of our fraternity.

Martin, turning towards Candid with his uſual indifference, ſaid, Well, what think you now; have I won the wager entirely? Candid gave two thouſand piaſtres

to

to Pacquette, and a thouſand to friar Giroflée, ſaying, I'll anſwer that this will make them happy. I am not of your opinion, ſaid Martin; perhaps this money will only make them wretched. Be that as it may, ſaid Candid, one thing comforts me; I ſee that one often meets with thoſe whom we expected never to ſee again; ſo that, perhaps, as I have found my red ſheep and Pacquette, I may be lucky enough to find Miſs Cunegund alſo. I wiſh, ſaid Martin, ſhe may one day make you happy; but I doubt it much. You are very hard of belief, ſaid Candid. It is becauſe, ſaid Martin, I have ſeen the world.

Obſerve thoſe gondoliers, ſaid Candid, are they not perpetually ſinging? You do not ſee them, anſwered Martin, at home with their wives and brats. The doge has his chagrin, gondoliers theirs. Nevertheleſs, in the main, I look upon the gondolier's life as preferable to that of the doge; but the difference is ſo trifling; that it is not worth the trouble of examining into.

I have heard great talk, ſaid Candid, of the ſenator Pococurante, who lives in that fine houſe at the Brenta, where they ſay he entertains foreigners, in the moſt polite manner. They pretend this man is a perfect ſtranger to uneaſineſs. I ſhould be glad to ſee ſo extraordinary a being, ſaid Martin. Candid thereupon ſent a meſſenger to ſeignior Pococurante, deſiring permiſſion to wait on him the next day.

CHAP. XXV.

Candid and Martin pay a viſit to ſeignior Pococurante, a noble Venetian.

CANDID and his friend Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the Palace of the noble Pococurante; the gardens were laid out in an elegant taſte, and adorned with fine marble ſtatues; his palace was built after the moſt approved rules in architecture. The maſter of the houſe, who was a man of ſixty,

ſixty, and very rich, received our two travellers with great politeneſs, but without much ceremony; which ſomewhat diſconcerted Candid, but was not at all diſpleaſing to Martin.

As ſoon as they were ſeated two very pretty girls, neatly dreſſed, brought in chocolate, which was extremely well frothed. Candid could not help making encomiums upon their beauty and graceful carriage. The creatures are well enough, ſaid the ſenator; I make them lie with me ſometimes, for I am heartily tired of the women of the town, their coquetry, their jealouſy, their quarrels, their humours, their meanneſſes, their pride, and their folly; I am weary of making ſonnets, or of paying for ſonnets, to be made on them; but, after all, theſe two girls begin to grow very indifferent to me.

After having refreſhed himſelf, Candid walked into a large gallery, where he was ſtruck with the ſight of a fine collection of paintings. Pray, ſaid Candid, by what maſter are the two firſt of theſe? They are Raphael's, anſwered the ſenator. I gave an horrid deal of money for them ſeven years ago, purely out of curioſity, as they were ſaid to be the fineſt pieces in Italy; but I cannot ſay they pleaſe me: the colouring is dark and heavy: the figures do not ſwell nor come out enough; and the drapery is very bad. In ſhort, notwithſtanding the encomiums laviſhed upon them, they are not, in my opinion, a true repreſentation of nature. I approve of no picture but where I think I behold nature herſelf; and there are very few, if any, of that kind to be met with. I have what is called a fine collection, but I take no manner of delight in them.

While dinner was getting ready, Pococurante ordered a concert. Candid praiſed the muſic to the ſkies. This noiſe, ſaid the noble Venetian, may amuſe one for a little time; but if it was to laſt above half an hour, it would grow tireſome to every body, tho' perhaps no one would care to own it. Muſic is become the art of executing what is difficult; now whatever is difficult cannot be long pleaſing.

I believe

I believe I might take more pleaſure in an opera, if they had not made ſuch a monſter of that ſpecies of dramatic entertainment as perfectly ſhocks me; and I am amazed how people can bear to ſee wretched tragedies ſet to muſic; where the ſcenes are contrived for no other purpoſe than to lug in, as it were by the ears, three or four ridiculous ſongs to give a favourite actreſs an opportunity of ſhewing her pipe. Let who will or can die away in raptures at the trills of an eunuch quavering the majeſtic part of Cæſar or Cato, and ſkippingly ſtruting along the ſtage. For my part, I have long ago renounced theſe paltry entertainments, which conſtitute the glory of modern Italy, and are ſo dearly purchaſed by crowned heads. Candid oppoſed theſe ſentiments; but he did it in a diſcreet manner: as for Martin, he was entirely of the old ſenator's opinion.

Dinner being ſerved up they ſat down to table, and, after a very hearty repaſt, returned to the library. Candid obſerving a Homer richly bound commended the noble Venetian's taſte. This, ſaid he, is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloſs, the beſt philoſopher in Germany. Homer is no favourite of mine, anſwered Pococurante, very cooly; I was made to believe once that I took a pleaſure in reading him; but his continual repetitions of battles muſt have all ſuch a reſemblance with each other; his gods that are for ever in a hurry and buſtle, without ever doing any thing; his Helen, that is the cauſe of the war; and yet hardly acts in the whole performance; his Troy, that holds out ſo long, without being taken: in ſhort, all theſe things together, make the poem very inſipid to me. I have aſked ſome learned men, whether they are not in reality as much tired as myſelf with reading this poet: thoſe who ſpoke ingeniouſly, aſſured me that he had made them fall aſleep; and yet, that they could not diſpenſe with giving him a place in their libraries; but that it was merely as they would do an antique, or thoſe ruſty medals which are kept only for curioſity, and are of no manner of uſe in commerce.

But your excellency does not ſurely form the ſame opinion of Virgil? ſaid Candid. Why, I grant, replied Pococurante,

Pococurante, that the ſecond, third, fourth and ſixth book of his Æneid are excellent; but, as for his pious Eneas, his ſtrong Cloanthus, his friendly Achates, his boy Aſcanius, his ſilly king Latinus, his ill bred Amata, his inſipid Lavinia; and ſome other characters much in the ſame ſtrain; I think there cannot in nature be any thing more flat and diſagreeable. I muſt confeſs I prefer Taſſo far beyond him; nay, even that ſleepy tale-teller Arioſto.

May I take the liberty to aſk if you do not receive great pleaſure from reading Horace? ſaid Candid. There are maxims in this writer, ſaid Pococurante, from whence a man of the world may reap ſome benefit; and the ſhort meaſure of the verſe makes them more eaſily to be retained in the memory. But I ſee nothing extraordinary in his journey to Brunduſium, and his account of his bad dinner; nor in his dirty low quarrel between one Rupilius, whoſe words, as he expreſſes it, were full of poiſonous filth; and another, whoſe language was dipped in vinegar. His indelicate verſes againſt old women and witches have frequently given me great offence; nor can I diſcover the great merit of his telling his friend Mæcenas, that if he will but rank him in the claſs of Lyric poets, his lofty head ſhall touch the ſtars. Ignorant readers are apt to advance every thing by the lump in a writer of reputation. For my part, I read only to pleaſe myſelf. I like nothing but what makes for my purpoſe. Candid, who had been brought up with a notion of never making uſe of his own judgment, was aſtoniſhed at what he heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reaſon in the ſenator's remarks.

O! here is a Tully, ſaid Candid: this great man, I fancy you are never tired of reading? Indeed I never read him at all, replied Pococurante. What a deuce is it to me whether he pleads for Raberius or Cluenthius? I try cauſes enough myſelf. I had once ſome liking to his philoſophical works; but when I found he doubted of every thing, I thought I knew as much as himſelf, and had no need of a guide to learn ignorance.

Ha!

Ha! cried Martin, here are fourſcore volumes of the Memoirs of the academy of ſciences; perhaps there may be ſomething curious and valuable in this collection. Yes, anſwered Pococurante; ſo there might if any one of theſe compilers of this rubbiſh had only invented the art of pen-making: but all theſe volumes are filled with mere chimerical ſyſtems, without one ſingle article conducive to real utility.

I ſee a prodigious number of plays, ſaid Candid in Italian, Spaniſh, and French. Yes, replied the Venetian; there are I think three thouſand, and not three dozen of them good for any thing. As to thoſe huge volumes of divinity, and thoſe enormous collections of ſermons, they are not altogether worth one ſingle page in Seneca; and I fancy you will readily believe that neither myſelf nor any one elſe ever looks into them.

Martin, perceiving ſome ſhelves filled with Engliſh books, ſaid to the ſenator, I fancy that a republican muſt be highly delighted with thoſe books, which are moſt of them written with a noble ſpirit of freedom. It is noble to write as we think, ſaid Pococurante: it is the privilege of humanity. Throughout Italy we write only what we do not think; and the preſent inhabitants of the country of the Cæſars and Antonius's dare not acquire a ſingle idea without the permiſſion of a father Dominican. I ſhould be enamoured of the ſpirit of the Engliſh nation, did it not utterly fruſtrate the good effects it would produce, by paſſion and the ſpirit of party.

Candid, ſeeing a Milton, aſked the ſenator if he did not think that author a great man? Who? ſaid Pococurante ſharply; that barbarian who writes a tedious commentary in ten books of rumbling verſe, on the firſt chapter of Geneſis? that ſlovenly imitator of the Greeks, who diſfigures the creation, by making the Meſſiah take a pair of compaſſes from heaven's armory to plan the world; whereas Moſes repreſented the Deity as producing the whole univerſe by his *fiat*? Can I think you have any eſteem for a writer who has ſpoiled Taſſo's Hell and the Devil; who transforms

Lucifer

Lucifer ſometimes into a toad, and, at others, into a pigmy; who makes him ſay the ſame thing over again an hundred times; who metamorphoſes him into a ſchool-divine; and who, by an abſurdly ſerious imitation of Arioſto's comic invention of fire-arms, repreſents the devils and angels, commanding each other in heaven? Neither I nor any other Italian can poſſibly take pleaſure in ſuch melancholy reveries; but the marriage of ſin and death, and ſnakes iſſuing from the womb of the former, are enough to make any perſon ſick that is not loſt to all ſenſe of delicacy. This obſcene, whimſical, and diſagreeable poem met with the neglect it deſerved at its firſt publication; and I only treat the author now as he was treated in his own country by his cotemporaries.

Candid was ſenſibly grieved at this ſpeech, as he had a great reſpect for Homer, and was very fond of Milton. Alas! ſaid he ſoftly to Martin, I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt. There would be no ſuch great harm in that, ſaid Martin. O what a ſurpriſing man! ſaid Candid ſtill to himſelf; what a prodigious genius is this Pococurante*! nothing can pleaſe him.

After finiſhing their ſurvey of the library, they went down into the garden, when Candid commended the ſeveral beauties that offered themſelves to his view. I know nothing upon earth laid out in ſuch bad taſte, ſaid

* Pococurante is a right modern Ariſtarchus. Prompted by ſpleen and envy to poach for faults, he has juſt perception enough to diſcover a few blemiſhes, or ſeeming blemiſhes, without having taſte to feel, or candour to acknowledge the numberleſs beauties which thoſe performances contain. With the ſame juſtice, a man being aſked his opinion of a celebrated beauty, enumerates a ſmall mole on one cheek, a little wart on the other, an inconſiderable ſcar on the chin, and an uneven tooth, and paſſing over a ſublime forehead, a pair of brilliant eyes, a delicious mouth with coral lips, a delicate complexion, an elegant contour of the face, and raviſhing harmony of features, exclaims with marks of diſguſt; "What a ſhocking creature it is!" A fair critic does not vindicate little imperfections, but excuſes them, in conſideration of the excellencies with which they are intermingled.

Verum ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis———

ſaid Pococurante; every thing about it is childiſh and trifling; but I ſhall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan.

As ſoon as our two travellers had taken leave of his excellency, Well, ſaid Candid to Martin, I hope you will own, that this man is the happieſt of all mortals, for he is above every thing he poſſeſſes. But do not you ſee, anſwered Martin, that he likewiſe diſlikes every thing he poſſeſſes? It was an obſervation of Plato, long ſince, that thoſe are not the beſt ſtomachs that reject, without diſtinction, all ſorts of aliments. True, ſaid Candid, but ſtill there muſt certainly be a pleaſure in criticiſing every thing, and in perceiving faults where others think they ſee beauties. That is, replied Martin, there is a pleaſure in having no pleaſure. Well, well, ſaid Candid, I find that I ſhall be the only happy man at laſt, when I am bleſſed with the ſight of my dear Cunegund. It is good to hope, ſaid Martin.

In the mean while, days and weeks paſſed away, and no news of Cacambo. Candid was ſo overwhelmed with grief, that he did not reflect on the behaviour of Pacquette and friar Giroflée, who never ſtaid to return him thanks for the preſents he had ſo generouſly made them.

CHAP. XXVI.

Candid and Martin ſup with ſix ſtrangers; who they were.

ONE evening that Candid, with his attendant Martin, were going to ſit down to ſupper with ſome foreigners, who lodged in the ſame inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the colour of ſoot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, ſaid, hold yourſelf in readineſs to go along with us, be ſure you do not fail. Upon this, turning about to ſee from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo.

Cacambo. Nothing but the ſight of Miſs Cunegund could have given greater joy and ſurprize. He was almoſt beſide himſelf. After embracing this dear friend, Miſs Cunegund! ſaid he, Miſs Cunegund is come with you doubtleſs! Where, where is ſhe? Carry me to her this inſtant, that I may die with joy in her preſence. Miſs Cunegund is not here, anſwered Cacambo; ſhe is at Conſtantinople. Good heaven, at Conſtantinople! But no matter if ſhe was in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone. Soft and fair, ſaid Cacambo, ſtay till you have ſupped. I cannot at preſent ſtay to ſay any thing more to you; I am a ſlave, and my maſter waits for me; I muſt go attend him at table: but mum! ſay not a word, only get your ſupper, and hold yourſelf in readineſs.

Candid, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and ſurpriſed to hear he was a ſlave, his heart palpitating, his ſenſes confuſed, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, ſat down to table with Martin, who beheld all theſe ſcenes with great unconcern, and with ſix ſtrangers, who were come to ſpend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of thoſe ſtrangers. When ſupper was nearly over, he drew near to his maſter, and whiſpered him in the ear, Sire, your majeſty may go when you pleaſe, the ſhip is ready; and ſo ſaying he left the room. The gueſts, ſurprized at what they had heard, looked at each other without ſpeaking a word; when another ſervant drawing near to his maſter, in like manner ſaid, Sire, your majeſty's poſt-chaiſe is at Padua, and the bark is ready. The maſter made him a ſign, and he inſtantly withdrew. The company all ſtared at each other again, and the general aſtoniſhment was increaſed. A third ſervant then reproached another of the ſtrangers, and ſaid, Sire, if your majeſty will be adviſed by me, you will not make any longer ſtay in this place. I will go and get every thing ready; and inſtantly diſappeared.

Candid and Martin then took it for granted, that this was ſome of the diverſions of the carnival, and that

theſe were characters in maſquerade. Then a fourth domeſtic ſaid to the fourth ſtranger, Your majeſty may ſet off when you pleaſe; ſaying this, he went away like the reſt. A fifth valet ſaid the ſame to a fifth maſter. But the ſixth domeſtic ſpoke in a different ſtyle to the perſon on whom he waited, and who ſat near to Candid. Troth, Sir, ſaid he, they will truſt your majeſty no longer, nor myſelf neither, and we may both of us be chance to be ſent to gaol this very night; and therefore I ſhall e'en take care of myſelf, and ſo good night to you. The ſervants being all gone, the ſix ſtrangers, with Candid and Martin, remained in a profound ſilence. At length Candid broke it, by ſaying, Gentlemen, this is a very ſingular joke upon my word, why how came you all to be kings? For my part I own frankly, that neither my friend Martin here, nor myſelf, have any claim to royalty.

Cacambo's maſter then began, with great gravity, to deliver himſelf thus in Italian. I am not joaking in the leaſt, my name is Achmet III. I was grand ſeignor for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers loſt their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old ſeraglio. My nephew, the grand ſultan Mahomet, gives me permiſſion to travel ſometimes for my health, and I am come to ſpend the carnival at Venice *.

A young man who ſate by Achmet, ſpoke next, and ſaid, My name is Ivan. I was once emperor of all the Ruſſias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a priſon, yet I am ſometimes allowed to travel, though always with perſons

* It is very extraordinary indeed, that the ſultan ſhould grant this indulgence to the prince whom he had dethroned. But to repreſent Achmet voluntarily returning from a free country to his priſon at Conſtantinople, where he knew he ſhould be very much expoſed to the bow-ſtring, is a moſt violent and unnatural outrage on probability. This accidental meeting of the other princes, is not ill imagined, excepting ſtill the emperor John of Ruſſia, a country where dethroned princes were never treated with ſuch tenderneſs and reſpect.

perſons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to ſpend the carnival at Venice.

The third ſaid, I am Charles-Edward, king of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favour. I have fought in defence of my rights, and near a thouſand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown into their faces. I have myſelf been confined in a priſon *. I am going to Rome to viſit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myſelf; and my grandfather and I am come to ſpend the carnival at Venice.

The fourth ſpoke thus, I am the king of Poland †; the fortune of war has ſtripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the ſame viciſſitudes of fate. I reſign myſelf to the will of providence, in the ſame manner as ſultan Achmet, the emperor Ivan, and king Charles-Edward, whom God long preſerve; and I am come to paſs the carnival at Venice.

The fifth ſaid, I am king of Poland alſo. I have twice loſt my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good, than all the Sarmatian kings put together were ever able to do on the banks of the Viſtula ‡. I reſign myſelf likewiſe to Providence; and am come to paſs the carnival at Venice.

It now came to the ſixth monarch's turn to ſpeak. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I am not ſo great a prince at the reſt of you, it is true, but I am however a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corſica. I have had the title of majeſty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a ſingle ducat. I have had two ſecretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once ſeated on a throne, and ſince that have lain upon a truſs of ſtraw,

* Alluding to his being arreſted by the French king at Paris, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, becauſe he would not quietly withdraw himſelf from the dominions of France.

† Auguſtus, king of Poland, elector of Saxony, driven from his hereditary dominions, by his neighbour the king of Pruſſia.

‡ Staniſlaus Lecinzki, formerly king of Poland, now poſſeſſor of Lorraine, and father to the queen of France.

ſtraw, in a common gaol in London *, and I very much fear I ſhall meet with the ſame fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majeſties, to divert myſelf at the carnival.

The other five kings liſtened to this ſpeech with great attention; it exited their compaſſion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a preſent of twenty ſequins, and Candid gave him a diamond, worth juſt an hundred times that ſum. Who can this private perſon be, ſaid the five princes to one another, who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?

Juſt as they roſe from table, in came four ſerene highneſſes †, who had alſo been ſtripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to ſpend the remainder of the carnival at Venice. Candid took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Conſtantinople, whither he intended to go in ſearch of his lovely Miſs Cunegund.

CHAP. XXVII.

Candid's Voyage to Conſtantinople.

THE truſty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkiſh ſhip, that was to carry ſultan Achmet back to Conſtantinople, to take Candid and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked,

* This remarkable perſonage, after having lain in the common priſon of the king's bench, for a paultry debt, was cleared by an act of parliament, paſſed for the relief of inſolvent debtors; and the ſchedule of his effects, delivered for the benefit of his creditors, contained his right and pretenſions to the crown of Corſica. He died a few years ago at London, in extreme miſery, to the reproach of the Engliſh nation, which had at one time acknowledged him as a ſovereign prince, and their ally.

† Probably he means the landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel, the dukes of Brunſwick, Saxe-Gotha, and Mecklembourg-Schwerin.

ed, after paying their obeiſance to his miſerable highneſs. As they were going on board, Candid ſaid to Martin, you ſee we ſupped in company with ſix dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes ſtill more unfortunate. For my part, I have loſt only an hundred ſheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miſs Cunegund.—My dear Martin, I muſt inſiſt on it, that Pangloſs was in the right. All is for the beſt. I wiſh it may, ſaid Martin.—But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an inſtance before, of ſix dethroned monarchs ſupping together at a public inn. This is not more extraordinary, ſaid Martin, than moſt of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for our having the honour to ſup with ſix of them, it is a mere accident, not deſerving our attention.

As ſoon as Candid ſet his foot on board the veſſel, he flew to his old friend and valet Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with tranſports of joy. Well, ſaid he, what news of Miſs Cunegund? Does ſhe ſtill continue the paragon of beauties? Does ſhe love me ſtill? How does ſhe do? You have, doubtleſs, purchaſed a ſuperb palace for her at Conſtantinople.

My dear maſter, replied Cacambo, Miſs Cunegund waſhes diſhes on the banks of the Propontis, in the houſe of a prince who has very few to waſh. She is at preſent a ſlave in the family of an ancient ſovereign named Ragotſky, whom the grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile; but the moſt melancholy circumſtance of all is, that ſhe is turned horribly ugly. Ugly or handſome, ſaid Candid, I am a man of honour; and, as ſuch, I am obliged to love her ſtill. But how could ſhe poſſibly have been reduced to ſo abject a condition, when I ſent five or ſix millions to her by you? Lord bleſs me, ſaid Cacambo, was not I obliged to give two millions to ſeignor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Maſcarenas, y Lampourdos, y Souſa, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, for

liberty

liberty to take Miſs Cunegund away with me? and then did not a brave fellow of a pyrate very gallantly ſtrip us of all the reſt? And then did not this ſame pyrate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miſs Cunegund and the old woman are now ſervants to the prince I have told you of; and I myſelf am ſlave to the dethroned ſultan. What a chain of ſhocking accidents! exclaimed Candid. But after all, I have ſtill ſome diamonds left, with which I can eaſily procure Miſs Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity though ſhe is grown ſo very ugly.

Then turning to Martin, What think you friend, ſaid he, whoſe condition is moſt to be pitied, the emperor Achmet's, the emperor Ivan's, king Charles-Edward's, or mine? Faith I cannot reſolve your queſtion, ſaid Martin, unleſs I had been in the breaſts of you all. Ah, cried Candid, was Pangloſs here now, he would have known and ſatisfied me at once. I know not, ſaid Martin, in what balance your Pangloſs could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have ſet a juſt eſtimation on their ſufferings. All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men upon the earth, whoſe conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than thoſe of king Charles-Edward, the emperor Ivan, or ſultan Achmet. Why that may be, anſwered Candid.

In a few days they reached the Boſphorus; and the firſt thing Candid did, was to pay a very high ranſom for Cacambo: then, without loſing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to ſearch for his Cunegund, on the banks of the Propontis, notwithſtanding ſhe was grown ſo ugly.

There were two ſlaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whoſe bare back the maſter of the veſſel frequently applied a bull's pizzle. Candid, from natural ſympathy, looked at theſe two ſlaves more attentively than at any of the reſt, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly diſfigured, appeared to him to bear a ſtrong reſemblance with thoſe of Pangloſs, and the unhappy

baron Jeſuit, Miſs Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compaſſion: he examined them more attentively than before. In truth, ſaid he, turning to Martin, if I had not ſeen my maſter Pangloſs fairly hanged, and had not myſelf been unlucky enough to run the baron through the body, I ſhould abſolutely think thoſe two rowers were they.

No ſooner had Candid uttered the name of the baron and Pangloſs, than the two ſlaves gave a great cry, ceaſed rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The maſter of the veſſel, ſeeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the diſcipline of the bull's pizzle. Hold, hold, cried Candid, I will give you what money you ſhall aſk for theſe two perſons. Good heavens! it is Candid, ſaid one of the men. Candid! cried the other. Do I dream, ſaid Candid, or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my lord baron whom I killed? and that my maſter Pangloſs, whom I ſaw hanged before my face?

It is I! it is I! cried they both together. What, is this your great philoſopher? ſaid Martin. My dear Sir, ſaid Candid to the maſter of the galley, how much do you aſk for the ranſom of the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, who is one of the firſt barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloſs, the moſt profound metaphyſician in Germany? Why then, Chriſtian cur, replied the Turkiſh captain, ſince theſe two dogs of Chriſtian ſlaves are barons and metaphyſicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou ſhalt give me fifty thouſand ſequins. You ſhall have them, Sir; carry me back as quick as thought to Conſtantinople, and you ſhall receive the money immediately. No! carry me firſt to Miſs Cunegund. The captain, upon Candid's firſt propoſal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars ſo effectually, that the veſſel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid beſtowed a thouſand embraces on the baron and Pangloſs. And ſo then, my dear baron, I did not kill you? and you, my dear Pangloſs, are come to life again

again after your hanging. But how came you ſlaves on board a Turkiſh galley? And is it true my dear ſiſter is in this country? ſaid the baron. Yes, ſaid Cacambo. And I do once again behold my dear Candid? ſaid Pangloſs. Candid preſented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all ſpoke together. The galley flew like lightning; and now they were got back to the port. Candid inſtantly ſent for a Jew, to whom he ſold for fifty thouſand ſequins a diamond, richly worth one hundred thouſand, though the fellow ſwore to him all the time by father Abraham, that he gave him the moſt he could poſſibly afford. He no ſooner got the money into his hands, than he paid it down for the ranſom of the baron and Pangloſs. The latter flung himſelf at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears: the former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promiſed to return the money the firſt opportunity. But is it poſſible, ſaid he, that my ſiſter ſhould be in Turkey? Nothing is more poſſible, anſwered Cacambo, for ſhe ſcours diſhes in the houſe of a Tranſylvanian prince. Candid ſent directly for two Jews, and ſold more diamonds to them; and then he ſet out with his companions in another galley to deliver Miſs Cunegund from ſlavery.

CHAP. XXVIII.

What befel Candid, Cunegund, Pangloſs, Martin, &c.

PARDON, ſaid Candid to the baron; once more let me intreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body. Say no more about it, replied the baron, I was a little too haſty I muſt own; but as you ſeem to be deſirous to know by what accident I came to be a ſlave on board the galley where you ſaw me, I will inform you. After I had been cured of the wound you gave me, by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spaniſh

troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office, when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome, and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to go bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Turk. A cadi ordered me to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the gallies. I do not believe that there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be scullion to a Transylvanian prince, who has taken refuge among the Turks?

But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss? said Candid. It is true, answered Pangloss, you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember, that it rained very hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent, that they found it impossible to light the fire; so they e'en hanged me, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the cruel incision made me scream to such a degree, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled down stairs. His wife hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had

had a little recovered themſelves, I heard her ſay to her huſband, My dear, how could you think of diſſecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a prieſt to come and drive the evil ſpirit out. I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little ſtrength I had left to cry out, Have mercy on me! At length the Portugueſe barber took courage, ſewed up my wound, and his wife nurſed me; and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lacquey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my maſter had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the ſervice of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Conſtantinople.

One day I happened to enter a moſque, where I ſaw no one but an old Iman and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her boſom ſhe had a beautiful noſegay of tulips, roſes, anemonies, ranunculuſes, hyacinths, and auriculas; ſhe let fall her noſegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and preſented it to her with a moſt reſpectful bow. I was ſo long in delivering it that the iman began to be angry; and perceiving I was a Chriſtian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred baſtinadoes, and ſent me to the gallies. I was chained in the very galley, and to the very ſame bench with the baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marſeilles, five Neapolitan prieſts, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The baron pretended he had been worſe uſed than myſelf; and I inſiſted that there was far leſs harm in taking up a noſegay and puting it into a woman's boſom, than to be found ſtark naked with a young Icoglan. We were continually whipt, and received twenty laſhes a day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of ſublunary events brought you on board our galley to ranſom us from ſlavery.

Well, my dear Pangloſs, ſaid Candid to them, when you was hanged, diſſected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think that every thing in this world happens for the beſt? I have always abided by my firſt opinion, anſwered Pangloſs; for, after all, I am a philoſopher, and it would not become me to retract my ſentiments; eſpecially, as Leibnitz could not be wrong; and that pre-eſtabliſhed harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as *plenum* and the *materia ſubtilis*.

CHAP. XXIX.

In what manner Candid found Miſs Cunegund and the old woman again.

WHILE Candid, the Baron, Pangloſs, Martin and Cacambo, were relating the ſeveral adventures, and reaſoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world; on cauſes and effects; on moral and phyſical evil; on free-will and neceſſity; and on the conſolation that may be felt by a perſon, when a ſlave and chained to an oar in a Turkiſh galley, they arrived at the houſe of the Tranſylvanian prince on the coaſts of the Propontis. The firſt objects they beheld there, was Miſs Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging ſome table-cloths on a line to dry.

The baron turned pale at the ſight. Even the tender Candid, that affectionate lover, upon ſeeing his fair Cunegund all ſun-burnt, with blear-eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face and arms, all covered with a red ſcurf, ſtarted back with horror; but, recovering himſelf, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candid and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candid ranſomed them both.

There

There was a ſmall farm in the neighbourhood which the old woman propoſed to Candid to make a ſhift with till the company ſhould meet with a more favourable deſtiny. Cunegund, not knowing that ſhe was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candid of his promiſe in ſo peremptory a manner, that the ſimple lad did not dare to refuſe her; he then acquainted the baron he was going to marry his ſiſter. I will never ſuffer, ſaid the baron, my ſiſter to be guilty of an action ſo derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this inſolence on your part: no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the firſt eccleſiaſtical dignities in Germany; nor ſhall a ſiſter of mine ever be the wife of any perſon below the rank of a baron of the empire. Cunegund flung herſelf at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears; but he ſtill continued inflexible. Thou fooliſh fellow, ſaid Candid, have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ranſom, and thy ſiſter's too, who was a ſcullion, and is very ugly, and yet condeſcended to marry her? and ſhalt thou pretend to oppoſe the match! If I were to liſten only to the dictates of my anger, I ſhould kill thee again. Thou mayeſt kill me, again, ſaid the baron; but thou ſhalt not marry my ſiſter while I am living *.

CHAP. XXX.

Concluſion.

CANDID had, in truth, no great inclination to marry Miſs Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund preſſed him ſo warmly, that he could not recant. He conſulted Pangloſs, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloſs compoſed a fine memorial, by which he proved that the baron had no right

* A very ludicrous illuſtration of German pride.

over his ſiſter; and that ſhe might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candid with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the baron into the ſea; Cacambo decided, that he muſt be delivered to the Turkiſh captain and ſent to the galleys; after which he ſhould be conveyed by the firſt ſhip to the father-general at Rome. The advice was found to be very good; the old woman approved of it, and not a ſyllable was ſaid to his ſiſter; the buſineſs was executed for a little money; and they had the pleaſure of tricking a Jeſuit, and puniſhing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine, that, after undergoing ſo many diſaſters, Candid married to his miſtreſs, and living with the philoſopher Pangloſs, the philoſopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having beſides brought home ſo many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the moſt agreeable life in the world. But he had been ſo much chouſed by the Jews, that he had nothing elſe left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headſtrong and inſupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill-natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to ſell at Conſtantinople, was paſt his labour, and curſed his fate. Pangloſs deſpaired of making a figure in any of the German univerſities. And as to Martin he was firmly perſuaded, that a perſon was equally ill ſituated every where. He took things with patience. Candid, Martin, and Pangloſs, diſputed ſometimes about metaphyſics and morality. Boats were often ſeen paſſing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, baſhaws, and cadis, that were going into baniſhment to Lemnos, Mitilene, and Erzerum. And other cadis, baſhaws, and effendis, were ſeen coming back to ſucceed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. Thy ſaw ſeveral heads very curiouſly ſtuck upon poles, and carrying as preſents to the ſublime porte. Such ſights gave occaſion to frequent diſſertations; and when no diſputes were carried on, the

irkſome-

irkſomeneſs was ſo exceſſive, that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, I would be glad to know, which is worſt, to be raviſhed an hundred times by negroe pyrates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipt and hanged at an *auto-da-fe*, to be diſſected, to be chained to an oar in a galley; and, in ſhort, to experience all the miſeries thro' which every one of us hath paſſed, or to remain here doing of nothing? This, ſaid Candid, is a grand queſtion?

This diſcourſe gave birth to new reflections, and Martin eſpecially concluded, that man was born to live in the convulſions of diſquiet, or in the lethargy of idleneſs. Tho' Candid did not abſolutely agree to this; yet he did not determine any thing on the head. Pangloſs avowed that he had undergone dreadful ſufferings; but having once maintained that every thing went on as well as poſſible, he ſtill maintained it, and at the ſame time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing, which more than ever confirmed Martin in his deteſtable principle, made Candid heſitate, and embaraſſed Pangloſs, which was the arrival of Pacquette and brother Giroflée one day to their farm. This couple had been in the utmoſt diſtreſs; they had very ſpeedily made away with their three hundred piaſtres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarrelled again, been thrown into priſon; had made their eſcape, and, at laſt brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette ſtill continued to follow her trade wherever ſhe came; but ſhe got little or nothing by it. I foreſaw very well, ſays Martin to Candid, that your preſents would ſoon be ſquandered, and only make them more miſerable. You and Cacambo have ſpent millions of piaſtres, and yet you are not more happy than brother Giroflée and Pacquette. Ah! ſays Pangloſs to Pacquette, It is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! Do you know that you have coſt me the tip of my noſe, one eye and one ear? What a handſome ſhape is here! and what is this world! This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philoſophical diſputations.

In the neighbourhood lived a very famous derviſe, who paſſed for the beſt philoſopher in Turkey; him they went to conſult; Pangloſs, who was their ſpokeſman, addreſſed him thus: Maſter Doctor, we come to intreat you to tell us, why ſo ſtrange an animal as man has been formed?

Why do you trouble your head about it? ſaid the derviſe; is it any buſineſs of yours? But my reverend father, ſays Candid, there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth. What ſignifies it, ſays the derviſe, whether there is evil or good. When his highneſs ſends a ſhip to Egypt, does he trouble his head, whether the rats in the veſſel are at their eaſe or not? What muſt then be done, ſays Pangloſs? Be ſilent, anſwered the derviſe. I flatter myſelf, replied Pangloſs, to have reaſoned a little with you on the cauſes and effects, on the beſt of poſſible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the ſoul, and a pre-eſtabliſhed harmony. At theſe words the derviſe ſhut the door in their faces.

During this converſation, news was ſpread abroad, that two vizirs of the bench of the mufti had been juſt ſtrangled at Conſtantinople, and ſeveral of their friends empaled. This cataſtrophe had made a great noiſe for ſome hours. Pangloſs, Candid, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange-trees. Pangloſs, who was as inquiſitive as he was diſputative, aſked him what was the name of the Mufti, who was lately ſtrangled. I cannot tell, anſwered the good old man; I never knew the name of any mufti or vizir breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you ſpeak of; I preſume, that in general, ſuch as are concerned in public affairs ſometimes come to a miſerable end; and that they deſerve it: but I never inquire what is doing at Conſtantinople; I am contented with ſending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. After ſaying theſe words, he made the ſtrangers come into his houſe. His two daughters and two ſons preſented them with diverſe ſorts of ſherbet of their own making; beſides caymac

caymac, heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, piſtachio-nuts, and Mocha-coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American iſlands. After which the two daughters of this good muſſulman perfumed the beards of Candid, Pangloſs, and Martin.

You muſt certainly have a vaſt eſtate, ſaid Candid to the Turk; who replied, I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myſelf with the help of my children; and our labour keeps off from us three great evils, idleneſs, vice, and want.

Candid, as he was returning home, made profound reflections on the Turk's diſcourſe. This good old man, ſaid Pangloſs and Martin, appears to me to have choſen himſelf a lot much preferable to that of the ſix kings with whom we had the honour to ſup. Human grandeur, ſaid Pangloſs, is very dangerous, if we believe the teſtimonies of almoſt all philoſophers; for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was aſſaſſinated by Aod; Abſalom was hanged by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; king Nadab, ſon of Jeroboam, was ſlain by Baaza; king Ela, by Zimri; Okoſias, by Jehu; Athalia, by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity: I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœſus, Aſtyages, Darius, Dionyſius of Syraçuſe, Pyrrhus, Perſeus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Arioviſtus, Cæſar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry IV. Richard III. Mary Stuart, Charles I. the three Henrys of France, and the emperor Henry IV. Neither need you tell me, ſaid Candid, that we muſt take care of our garden. You are in the right, ſays Pangloſs; for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dreſs it: and this proves that man was not born to be idle. Work then without diſputing, ſaid Martin; it is the only way to render life ſupportable.

The little ſociety, one and all, entered into this laudable deſign; and ſet themſelves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful

plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but ſhe became an excellent hand at paſtry-work; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none down to brother Giroflée but did ſome ſervice; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honeſt man. Pangloſs uſed now and then to ſay to Candid, There is a concatenation of all events in the beſt of poſſible worlds; for, in ſhort, had you not been kicked out of a fine caſtle for the love of Miſs Cunegund; had you not been put into the Inquiſition; had you not travelled over America on foot; had you not run the baron thro' the body; and had you not loſt all your ſheep, which you brought from the good country of Eldorado, you would not have been here to eat preſerved citrons and piſtachio-nuts. Excellently obſerved, anſwered Candid; but we muſt mind our garden *.

CANDID:

* The moral of this piece then ſeems to be, that nothing is more abſurd than to believe that Providence hath ordered every thing for the beſt; that nothing is more ridiculous than the exerciſe of reaſon; that nothing is more futile and frivolous than the cultivation of philoſophy: that mankind is a ſpecies of ſavages, who devour one another; and that true contentment is no where to be found, but in poſſeſſing and cultivating a few acres of ground in Turkey——where the moſt brutal deſpotiſm reigns, and where there is no ſort of ſecurity either for property or for life.

CANDID:

OR THE

OPTIMIST.

PART SECOND.

IT was thought that Dr. Ralph had no intention to carry on his treatiſe of Optimiſm any further; and therefore it was tranſlated and publiſhed as a complete piece; but Dr. Ralph, ſpirited up by the little cabals of the German univerſities, added a ſecond part, which we have cauſed to be tranſlated with all poſſible expedition, to ſatisfy the impatience of the public; and eſpecially of ſuch, who are diverted with the witicifms of Maſter Alibron, who know what a Merry Andrew is, and who never read the JOURNAL of TREVOUX.

CANDID:

OR THE

OPTIMIST.

PART II*.

CHAP. I.

How Candid quitted his companions, and what happened to him.

WE ſoon become tired of every thing in life: riches fatigue the poſſeſſor; ambition, when ſatisfied, leaves only remorſe behind it; the joys of love are joys but for a while; and Candid, made to experience all the viciſſitudes of fortune, was ſoon diſguſted with cultivating his garden. Mr. Pangloſs, ſaid he, if we are in the beſt of poſſible worlds, you will own to me, at leaſt, that this is not enjoying that portion of poſſible happineſs; but living obſcure in a little corner of the Propontis, having no other reſource than that of my own manual labour, which may fail me one day; no other pleaſures than what Miſs Cunegund gives me, who is

* In this ſecond part our author proceeds to ſhew, by a great variety of adventures, the folly of that philoſophy which is called *Optimiſm*, or a thorough perſuaſion that every thing is diſpoſed for the beſt. One would imagine that in the proſecution of this plan, he ſhould have ended the days of his hero in miſery and diſtreſs; whereas he leaves him in actual poſſeſſion of ſuch happineſs as could not fail to confirm him in the firſt principles he had imbibed under Pangloſs.

is very ugly; and, which is worſe, is my wife; no other company than yours, which is ſometimes irkſome to me; or that of Martin, which makes me melancholy; or that of Giroflée, who is but very lately become an honeſt man; or that of Pacquette, the danger of whoſe correſpondence you have ſo fully experienced; or that of the hag who has but one hip, and is conſtantly repeating old wives tales.

To this Pangloſs made the following reply: Philoſophy teaches us, that Monads * diviſible *in infinitum*, arrange themſelves with wonderful ſagacity in order to compoſe the different bodies which we obſerve in nature. The heavenly bodies are what they ought to be; they are placed where they ſhould be; they deſcribe the circles which they ought to do: man follows the bent he ought to follow; he is what he ought to be; he does what he ought to do. You bemoan yourſelf, O Candid, becauſe the Monad of your ſoul is diſguſted: but diſguſt is a modification of the ſoul; and this does not hinder, but every thing is for the beſt, both for you and others. When you beheld me covered with ſores, I did not maintain my opinion the leſs for that; for if Miſs Pacquette had not made me taſte the pleaſures of love and its poiſon, I ſhould not have met with you in Holland; I ſhould not have given the Anabaptiſt James an opportunity of performing a meritorious act; I ſhould not have been here to aſſiſt you with my advice, and make you live and die in Leibnitz's opinion. Yes, my dear Candid, every thing is linked in a chain, every thing is neceſſary in the beſt of poſſible worlds. There is a neceſſity that the burgher of Montauban ſhould inſtruct kings; that the worm of Quimper-Corentin ſhould carp, carp, carp; that the declaimer againſt philoſophers ſhould occaſion his own crucifixion in St. Denis-ſtreet; that a raſcally Recollet, and the archdeacon of St. Malo ſhould diffuſe their gall and calumny thro' their Chriſtian journals; that phyloſophy ſhould be accuſed at the tribunal of Melpomene; and that

* From the Greek word Μονὰς ἄδος, which ſignifies a point, unity, the beginning of number; and is ſometimes uſed to ſignify God himſelf.

that philoſophers ſhould continue to enlighten human nature, notwithſtanding the croakings of ridiculous animals that flounder in the marſhes of learning*; and ſhould you be once more driven by a hearty kicking from the fineſt of all caſtles, to learn again your exerciſe among the Bulgarians; ſhould you again ſuffer the dirty effects of a Dutchwoman's zeal; be half drowned again before Liſbon; be unmercifully whipped again by order of the moſt holy inquiſition; ſhould you run the ſame riſks again among Los Padres, the Oreillons, and the French; ſhould you in ſhort ſuffer every poſſible calamity, and never underſtand Leibnitz better than I myſelf do, you will ſtill maintain that all is well; that all is for the beſt; that a *plenum*, the *materia ſubtilis*, a pre-eſtabliſhed harmony, and Monads, are the fineſt things in the world; and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to thoſe who do not comprehend him.

To this fine ſpeech, Candid, the mildeſt being in nature, tho' he had killed three men, two of whom were prieſts, anſwered not a word: but weary of the doctor and his ſociety, next morning at break of day, taking a white ſtaff in his hand, he marched off, without knowing whither he was going, but in queſt of a place where one does not become diſguſted, and where men are not men, as in the good country of Eldorado.

Candid, ſo much the leſs unhappy as he had no longer a love for Miſs Cunegund, living upon the bounty of different people, who are not Chriſtians, but yet give alms†, arrived after a very long and very tireſome journey at Tauris‡ upon the frontiers of Perſia, a city noted

* This is by way of repriſal upon the authors of ſome French journals, in which our author's works have been ſeverely cenſured, and his principles maliciouſly miſrepreſented.

† The Turks are very charitable; and their charity is beſtowed, without diſtinction, upon Muſſulmans, Chriſtians, Jews, and all their fellow-creatures in general.

‡ Tauris, once the capital of Perſia, is ſituated in the province of Abirbeitzan, at the foot of a mountain, ſuppoſed by ſome to be mount Orontes, and watered by the little river of Spingicha. It was ſaid to contain ſix hundred thouſand inhabitants, and was formerly called *Cha-Haſſen*, which ſignifies *the royal Reſidence*. It has been often the theatre of war between the Turks and Perſians, who have ravaged it by turns, and even filled it with blood and deſolation.

noted for the cruelties which the Turks and Perſians have by turns exerciſed therein.

Half dead with fatigue, having hardly more cloaths than what were neceſſary to cover that part which conſtitutes the man, and which men call ſhameful, Candid could not well reliſh Pangloſs's opinion, when a Perſian accoſted him, in the moſt polite manner, beſeeching him to ennoble his houſe with his preſence. You make a jeſt of me, ſays Candid to him; I am a poor devil who have left a miſerable dwelling I had in Propontis, becauſe I had married Miſs Cunegund; becauſe ſhe is grown very ugly, and becauſe I was diſguſted: I am not, indeed, made to ennoble any body's houſe; I am not noble myſelf, thank God: If I had the honour of being ſo, baron Thunder-ten-tronckh ſhould have paid very dearly for the kicks on the backſide with which he favoured me, or I ſhould have died of ſhame for it, which would have been pretty philoſophical: beſides, I have been whipt very ignominiouſly by the executioners of the moſt holy inquiſition, and by two thouſand heroes at three pence halfpenny a day. Give me what you pleaſe, but do not inſult my diſtreſs with taunts which would deprive you of the whole value of your beneficence. My lord, replied the Perſian, you may be a beggar, and this appears pretty plainly; but my religion obliges me to uſe hoſpitality: it is ſufficient that you are a man and under misfortunes; that the apple of my eye ſhould be the path for your feet; vouchſafe to ennoble my houſe with your radient preſence *. I will, ſince you deſire it, anſwered Candid. Come then, enter, ſays the Perſian. They went in accordingly, and Candid could not forbear admiring the reſpectful treatment ſhewn him by his hoſt. The ſlaves prevented his deſires; the whole houſe ſeemed to be buſied in nothing but contributing to his ſatisfaction. Should this laſt, ſaid Candid to himſelf, all does not go ſo badly in this country. Three days were paſt, during which time the kind proceedings of the Perſian were all of a piece; and Candid

* The Perſians deal much in hyperbolical compliment and profeſſions of friendſhip, which are generally inſincere.

Candid already cried out, Maſter Pangloſs, I always imagined you were in the right; for you are a great philoſopher.

CHAP. II.

What befel Candid in this Houſe; and how he got out of it.

CANDID being well fed, well cloathed, and free from chagrin, ſoon became again as ruddy, as freſh, and as gay as he had been in Weſtphalia. His hoſt, Iſmael Raab, was pleaſed to ſee this change: he was a man ſix feet high, adorned with two ſmall eyes extremely red, and a large noſe full of pimples, which ſufficiently declared his infraction of Mahomet's law: his whiſkers were the moſt famous in the country, and mothers wiſhed their ſons nothing ſo much as a like pair. Raab had wives, becauſe he was rich; but he thought in a manner that is but too common in the eaſt, and in ſome of our colleges in Europe. Your excellence is brighter than the ſtars, ſays one day the cunning Perſian to the briſk Candid, half ſmiling and half ſuppreſſing his words: you muſt have captivated a great many hearts: you are formed to give and receive happineſs. Alas! anſwered our hero, I was happy only by halves, behind a ſcreen, where I was but ſo ſo at my eaſe. Mademoiſelle Cunegund was handſome then —— Mademoiſelle Cunegund; poor innocent thing! Follow me, my lord, ſays the Perſian. And Candid followed accordingly. They came to a very agreeable retreat, where ſilence and pleaſure reigned. There, Iſmael Raab tenderly embraced Candid, and in a few words made a declaration of love like that which the beautiful Alexis expreſſes with ſo much pleaſure in Virgil's Eclogues. Candid could not recover from his aſtoniſhment. No, cried he, I can never ſuffer ſuch infamy! what cauſe and what horrible effect! I had rather die. So you ſhall, ſays Iſmael enraged; how, thou

thou Chriſtian dog! becauſe I would politely give you pleaſure—— reſolve directly to ſatisfy me, or to ſuffer the moſt cruel death. Candid did not long heſitate. The cogent reaſon of the Perſian made him tremble; for he feared death like a philoſopher.

We accuſtom ourſelves to every thing in time. Candid, well-fed, well taken care of, but cloſely watched, was not abſolutely diſguſted with his condition. Good cheer, and the different diverſions performed by Iſmael's ſlaves gave ſome reſpite to his chagrin: he was unhappy only when he thought; and thus it is with the greateſt part of mankind.

At that time, one of the moſt ſtaunch ſupporters of the monkiſh crew in Perſia, the moſt learned of the Mahometan doctors, who underſtood Arabic perfectly, and even Greek, as ſpoken at this day in the country of Demoſthenes and Sophocles, the reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, returned from Conſtantinople, where he had converſed with the reverend Mamoud-Abram on a very delicate point of doctrine; namely, whether the prophet had plucked from the angel Gabriel's wing the pen which he uſed for the writing of the Alcoran; or, if Gabriel had made him a preſent of it. They had diſputed for three days and three nights with a warmth worthy of the nobleſt ages of controverſy: and the doctor returning home perſuaded, like all the diciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill; while Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the reſt of Omar's followers, that the prophet was incapable of committing any ſuch rudeneſs, and that the angel had very politely made him a preſent of this quill for his pen.

It is ſaid that there was at Conſtantinople a certain free-thinker who inſinuated, that it was neceſſary to examine firſt whether the Alcoran was really writ with a pen taken from the wing of the angel Gabriel; but he was ſtoned.

Candid's arrival had made a noiſe in Tauris: many who had heard him ſpeak of contingent and non-contingent effects, imagined he was a philoſopher. The reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk was told of him: he had the

curioſity

curioſity to come and ſee him; and Raab, who could hardly refuſe a perſon of ſuch conſequence, ſent for Candid to make his appearance. He ſeemed to be very well pleaſed with the manner in which Candid ſpoke of bad phyſics, bad morals*, of agent and actuated. I underſtand that you are a philoſopher and that's all. But 'tis enough, Candid, ſays the venerable recluſe: it is not right that ſo great a man as you are ſhould be treated with ſuch indignity, as I am told, in the world. You are a ſtranger, Iſmael Raab has no right over you. I propoſe to conduct you to court, there you ſhall meet with a favourable reception: the ſophi loves the ſciences. Iſmael, you muſt put this young philoſopher into my hands, or dread incurring the diſpleaſure of the prince, and drawing upon yourſelf the vengeance of heaven; but eſpecially of the monks. Theſe laſt words frighted the otherwiſe undaunted Perſian, and he conſented to every thing: Candid, bleſſing heaven and the monks, went the ſame day out of Tauris with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Iſpahan, where they arrived loaded with the bleſſings and favours of the people.

CHAP. III.

Candid's reception at court, and what followed.

THE reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in preſenting Candid to the king. His majeſty took a particular pleaſure in hearing him: he made him diſpute with ſeveral learned men of his court, and thoſe looked upon him as a fool, an ignoramus, and idiot; which very much contributed to perſuade his majeſty, that he was a great man. Becauſe, ſaid he to them, you do not comprehend Candid's reaſonings; you abuſe him;

* Nothing ſurely can be more ridiculous, or have leſs tendency to the improvement of real philoſophy, than the diſputes that have ariſen about natural and moral evil.

him; but I, who alſo comprehend nothing at all of them, aſſure you that he is a great philoſopher, and I ſwear to it by my whiſker. Upon theſe words, the literati were ſtruck dumb.

Candid had apartments aſſigned him in the palace; he had ſlaves to wait on him; he was dreſſed in magnificent cloaths, and the ſophi commanded that, whatever he ſhould ſay, no one ſhould dare to aſſert he was wrong. His majeſty did not * ſtop here. The venerable monk was continually ſoliciting him in favour of his gueſt, and his majeſty, at length, reſolved to rank him among the number of his moſt intimate favourites.

God be praiſed and our holy prophet, ſays the iman, addreſſing himſelf to Candid; I am come to tell you a very agreeable piece of news, that you are happy, my dear Candid; that you are going to raiſe the envy of the world: you ſhall ſwim in opulence; you may aſpire to the moſt ſplendid poſts in the empire. But do not forget me, my friend: think that it is I who have procured you the favour you are juſt upon the point of enjoying: let gaiety reign over the horizon of your countenance. The king grants you a favour which has been ſought by many, and you will ſoon exhibit a ſight which the court has not enjoyed theſe two years paſt. And what are theſe favours, demanded Candid, with which the prince intends to honour me? This very day, anſwered the monk quite overjoyed, this very day you are to receive fifty ſtrokes with a bull's-pizzle on the ſoles of your feet, in the preſence of his majeſty. The eunuchs, named for perfuming you for the occaſion, are to be here directly; prepare yourſelf to go chearfully thro' this little trial, and thereby render yourſelf worthy of the King of Kings. Let the King of Kings, cried Candid in a rage, keep his favour to himſelf, if I muſt receive fifty blows with a bull's-pizzle in order to merit them. It is thus, replied the doctor coldly, that he deals

* If this would induce philoſophers, who loſe their time in barking in Procopius's cottage, to take a ſhort trip into Perſia, this frivolous work would be of pretty great ſervice to meſſieurs the Pariſians. This note by Mr. Ralph.

deals with thoſe on whom he means to pour down his benefits. I love you too much to regard the little pet you ſhew on the occaſion, and I will make you happy in ſpite of yourſelf.

He had not done ſpeaking, when the eunuchs arrived, preceded by the executor of his majeſty's private pleaſures, who was one of the greateſt and moſt robuſt lords of the court. Candid in vain remonſtrated againſt their proceedings. They perfumed his legs and feet, according to cuſtom. Four eunuchs carried him to the place appointed for the ceremony thro' the midſt of a double file of ſoldiers, while the trumpets ſounded, the canon fired, and the bells of all the moſques * of Iſpahan jingled: the ſophi † was already there, accompanied with his principal officers and moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages of his court. In an inſtant they ſtretched out Candid upon a little form finely gilt, and the executor of the private pleaſures put himſelf in a poſture for entering upon his office. O! maſter Pangloſs, maſter Pangloſs, were you but here!—ſaid Candid weeping and roaring out with all his force; a circumſtance which would have been thought very indecent, if the monk had not given the people to underſtand, that his gueſt had put himſelf into ſuch violent agitations, only the better to divert his majeſty. This great king, it is true, laughed like a fool: he even took ſuch delight in the affair, that after the fifty blows had been given, he ordered fifty more to be added. But his firſt miniſter having repreſented to him with a firmneſs not very common, that ſuch an unheard of favour, with regard

* There never was a bell in any moſque ſince the beginning of the world.—This little impropriety puts us in mind of the puppet-ſhow in Don Quixote, in which the ſhewman having introduced bells on the city of Saragoſſa, while it was in poſſeſſion of the Moors, the knight very gravely aſſures maſter Peter he muſt be miſtaken: *porque entre Moros no ſe uſan campanas.* For bells are never uſed among the Moors.

† I make uſe of the word *Sophi*, becauſe it is more univerſally known by that of *Sefevy*, which is the proper name, according to Mr. Petit de la Croix, who ſays that *Sophi* ſignifies *Capuchin Emperor*; but this is of very little ſignification. A note of the tranſlator's.

regard to a ſtranger, might alienate the hearts of his ſubjects, he revoked that order, and Candid was carried back to his apartments.

They put him to bed, after having bathed his feet with vinegar. The grandees came round him in order to congratulate him on his good fortune. The ſophi then came to aſſiſt him in perſon, and not only gave him his hand to kiſs, according to the cuſtom, but likewiſe honoured him with a great blow of his fiſt on his mouth. From whence the politicians conjectured, that Candid would arrive at extraordinary preferment; and what is very uncommon, tho' politicians, they were not deceived.

CHAP. IV.

Freſh favours conferred on Candid; his great advancement.

AS ſoon as our hero was cured, he was introduced to the king, to return him his thanks. The monarch received him very graciouſly. He gave him two or three hearty boxes on the ear during their converſation, and conducted him back as far as the guard-room, with ſeveral ſound kicks on the poſteriors; at which the courtiers were ready to burſt for envy. Since his majeſty had been in a drubbing humour, no perſon had ever received ſuch ſignal marks of his majeſty's favour in this way as Candid.

Three days after this interview, our philoſopher, who was enraged at the favours he had received, and thought that every thing went very bad, was nominated governor of Chuſiſtan, with an abſolute power. He was decorated with a fur-cap, which is a grand mark of diſtinction in Perſia. He took his leave of the ſophi, and departed for Sus, the capital of his province. From the moment that Candid made his appearance at court, the grandees had conſpired his deſtruction. The exceſſive favours which the Sophi had heaped on him,

ſerved

ſerved but to increaſe the ſtorm ready to burſt upon his head. He however applauded himſelf on his good fortune; and, eſpecially his removal from court: he enjoyed in proſpect the pleaſures of ſupreme rank, and he ſaid from the bottom of his heart.

How bleſt the ſubject from his lord removed.

He had not gone quite twenty miles from Iſpahan, before five hundred horſemen, armed cap-a-pie, came up with him and his attendants, and diſcharged a volley of fire-arms upon them. Candid imagined at firſt, that this was intended to do him honour; but the ball which broke his leg, ſoon gave him to know what was going on. His people laid down their arms, and Candid, more dead than alive, was carried to a caſtle remote from any other dwelling. His baggage, camels, ſlaves, white and black eunuchs, with thirty-ſix women which the Sophi had given him for his uſe, all became the prey of the conqueror. Our hero's leg was cut off for fear of a mortification; and care was taken of his life, that a more cruel death might be inflicted on him.

O Pangloſs! Pangloſs! what would now become of your Optimiſm, if you ſaw me ſhort of one leg in the hands of my cruelleſt enemies; juſt as I was entering upon the path of happineſs, and was governor, or king, as one may ſay, of one of the moſt conſiderable provinces of the empire of ancient Media; when I had camels, ſlaves, black and white eunuchs, and thirty-ſix women for my own uſe, and of which I had not made any. Thus Candid ſpoke as ſoon as he was able to ſpeak.

But while he was thus bemoaning himſelf, every thing was going for the beſt for him. The miniſtry, informed of the outrages committed againſt him, had detached a body of well-diſciplined troops in purſuit of the mutineers, and the monk Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, took care to publiſh by means of others of his fraternity, that Candid being the work of the monks, was conſequently the work of God. Such as had any know-

ledge of this attrocious attempt were so much the more ready to discover it, as the ministers of religion gave assurance on the part of Mahomet, that every one who had eaten pork, drank wine, omitted bathing for any number of days, together; or had conversed with women at the time of their impurity, against the express prohibitions of the Alcoran, should be *ipso facto*, absolved, upon declaring what they knew concerning the conspiracy. They soon discovered the place of Candid's confinement, which they broke open; and, as it was a religious affair, the party worsted were exterminated to a man, agreeable to custom in that case. Candid, marching over a heap of dead bodies, made his escape, triumphed over the greatest peril he had hitherto encountered, and with his attendants resumed the road to his government. He was received there as a favourite who had been honoured with fifty blows of a bull's pizzle on the soles of his feet, in the presence of the king of kings.

CHAP. V.

How Candid becomes a very great man, and yet is not contented.

THE good of philosophy, is its inspiring us with a love for our fellow creatures. Paschal * is the almost only philosopher who seems desirous to make us hate our neighbours. Luckily Candid had not read Paschal, and he loved the poor human race cordially. This was soon perceived by the upright part of the people. They had always kept at a distance from the pretended legates of heaven, but made no scruple of visiting Candid, and assisting him with their counsels. He made

* This is not doing strict justice to Paschal; but if he had really been such a philosopher, our author would seem to have adopted his maxims in this performance; for it is impossible to love or regard humanity, such as it is represented in the adventures of Candid.

made ſeveral wiſe regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce, and the arts. He rewarded thoſe who had made any uſeful experiments; and even encouraged ſuch as had produced ſome eſſays on literature. When the people in my province are in general content, ſaid he, with a charming candor, poſſibly I ſhall be ſo myſelf. Candid was a ſtranger to mankind: he ſaw himſelf torn to pieces in ſeditious libels, and calumniated in a work entituled, *the Friend to Mankind* *. He found that while he was labouring to make people happy, he had only made them ungrateful. Ah, cried Candid, how hard is it to govern theſe beings without feathers, which vegetate on the earth! Why am I not ſtill in Propontis, in the company of maſter Pangloſs, miſs Cunegund, the daughter of pope Urban X. with only one buttock, brother Giroflée, and the moſt luſcious Pacquette.

CHAP. VI.

The pleaſures of Candid.

CANDID, in the bitterneſs of his grief, wrote a very pathetic letter to the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk. He painted to him in ſuch lively colours the preſent ſtate of his ſoul, that Ed-Ivan, greatly affected with it, obtained permiſſion of the Sophi, that Candid ſhould reſign his employments. His majeſty, in recompenſe of his ſervices, granted him a very conſiderable penſion. Eaſed him of the weight of grandeur, our philoſopher immediately ſought after Pangloſs's optimiſm, in the pleaſures of a private life. He till then had lived for the benefit of others, and ſeemed to have forgotten that he had a ſeraglio.

He now called it to remembrance with that emotion which the very name inſpires. Let every thing be got

* A performance which lately made its appearance in the French language.

ready, says he to his first eunuch, for my visiting my women. My lord, answered the shrill-piped slave, it is now that your excellency deserves the title of wise. The men for whom you have done so much, were not worthy of employing your thoughts; but the women —That may be, said Candid modestly.

At the bottom of a garden, where art had assisted nature to unfold her beauties, stood a little house, of simple and elegant structure; and by that means alone, very different from those which are to be seen in the suburbs of the finest city in Europe. Candid could not approach it without blushing: the air round this charming retreat diffused a delicious perfume; the flowers, amorously interlaced, seemed here to be guided by the instinct of pleasure, and preserved, for a long time, their various beauties. Here the rose never lost its lovely hue: the view of a rock, from which the waters precipitated themselves with a murmuring confused noise, invited the soul to that soft melancholy, which is ever the forerunner of pleasure. Candid enters trembling into a saloon, where taste and magnificence were united: his senses are drawn by a secret charm: he casts his eyes on young Telemachus, who breathes on the canvass in the midst of the nymphs of Calypso's court. He next turns to Diana, half naked, who flies into the arms of the tender Endymion: his agitation encreases at the sight of a Venus, faithfully copied from that of Medicis *: his ears on a sudden are struck with a divine harmony; a company of young Circassian females appear covered with their veils; they form round him a sort of dance, agreeably designed, and more just than those trifling jigs that are performed on as trifling stages, after the representation of the death of Cæsar and Pompey.

At a signal given them they throw off their veils, and discover faces full of expression, that lend new life to the diversion. These beauties studied the most seducing

* The author seems to have forgot, that there are as few pictures [illegible], in any place where the religion of Mahomet is pro-

ducing attitudes, without appearing to intend it: one expreſſed in her looks a paſſion without bounds; another a ſoft langour, which waits for pleaſures without ſeeking them: this fair ſtoops and riſes herſelf precipitately, to give leave to a curſory view of thoſe enchanting charms, which the fair ſex diſplay in ſuch full ſcope at Paris; and that other throws aſide a part of her ſimarre to ſhew a leg, which alone is capable of enflaming a mortal of any delicacy. The dance ceaſes, and they remain in profound ſilence.

This pauſe recals Candid to himſelf. The fire of love takes poſſeſſion of his breaſt: he darts the moſt ardent looks on all around him; imprints warm kiſſes on lips as warm, and eyes that ſwim in liquid fire: he paſſes his hand over globes whiter than alabaſter, whoſe palpitating motion repels the touch; admires their proportion: perceives little vermillion protuberances, like thoſe roſe buds which only wait the general rays of the ſun to unfold them: he kiſſes them with rapture, and his lips for ſome time remained glued thereon.

Our philoſopher next admires, for a while, a majeſtic figure, of a fine and delicate ſhape. Burning with deſires, he at length throws the handkerchief to a young perſon, whoſe eyes he had obſerved to be fixed upon him, and which ſeemed to ſay, Teach me the meaning of a trouble I am ignorant of; and who, bluſhing at the ſecret avowal, became a thouſand time more charming. The eunuch then opened the door of a private chamber, conſecreted to the myſteries of love, into which the lovers enter; and the eunuch addreſſing his maſter, ſaid, Here it is, my lord, you are going to be truly happy. Oh! anſwered Candid, I am in great hopes of it.

The cieling and walls of this little retreat, were covered with looking-glaſs: in the midſt was placed a couch of black ſattin, on which Candid threw the young Circaſſian, and undreſſed her with incredible haſte. The fair one gave him no other interruption, but to imprint kiſſes, full of fire, on his lips. My lord, ſaid ſhe to him in the Turkiſh language, which ſhe

ſpoke perfectly, how fortunate is your ſlave, to be thus honoured with your tranſports! An energy of ſentiment can be expreſſed in every language, by thoſe who truly feel it. Theſe few words enchanted our philoſopher: he was no longer himſelf; all he ſaw, all he heard, was new to him. What difference between Miſs Cunegund, grown ugly, and violated by Bulgarian freebooters, and a Circaſſian girl of eighteen, till then a ſtranger to man. This was the firſt time of the wife Candid's enjoying her. The objects which he devoured, were repeated in the glaſſes; on what ſide ſoever he caſt his eyes, he ſaw upon the black ſattin the moſt beautiful and fairest body poſſible, and the contraſt of colours lent it new luſtre, with round, firm, and plump thighs, an admirable fall of loins, a ——— but I am obliged to have a regard to the falſe delicacy of our language. It is ſufficient for me to ſay, that our philoſopher taſted, by frequent repetitions, of that portion of happineſs he was capable of receiving; and that the young Circaſſian in a little time proved his *ſufficing reaſon.*

O maſter, my dear maſter! cried Candid, almoſt beſide himſelf, every thing here is as well as in Eldorado; a fine woman can alone complete the wiſhes of a man. I am as happy as it is poſſible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philoſopher. For inſtance; I engage that you, my lovely girl, have always had a bias towards optimiſm, becauſe you have always been happy. Alas! No, anſwered ſhe, I do not know what optimiſm is; but I ſwear to you, that your ſlave has not known happineſs till to-day. If my lord is pleaſed to give me leave, I will convince him of it, by a ſuccinct recital of my adventures. I am very willing, ſaid Candid; I am in a pretty calm ſituation for hearing an hiſtorical detail. Upon which the fair ſlave began as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The hiſtory of Zirza.

MY father was a Chriſtian, and ſo likewiſe am I, as far as I have been told. He had a little hermitage near Cotatis, where, by ſervent devotion, and practiſing auſterities ſhocking to human nature, he acquired the veneration of the faithful. Crowds of women came to pay their homage, and took a particular ſatisfaction in bathing his poſteriors which he laſhed every day with ſeveral ſmart ſtrokes of a diſcipline: doubtleſs it was to one of the moſt devout of theſe viſitants, that I owe my being. I was brought up in a cave, in the neighbourhood of my father's little cell. I was twelve years of age, and had not yet left this kind of grave, when the earth ſhook with a dreadful noiſe; the arch of the vault fell in, and I was drawn out from under the rubbiſh half dead, when light ſtruck my eyes for the firſt time. My father took me into his hermitage as a predeſtinated child. The whole of this adventure appeared ſtrange to the people; my father cried it up as a miracle, and ſo did they.

I was called Zirza, which in Perſian, ſignifies *Child of Providence*. Notice was ſoon taken of my poor charms: the women already came but ſeldom to the hermitage, and the men much oftener. One of them tells me that he loved me. Villain, ſays my father to him, haſt thou ſubſtance ſufficient to love her? This is a depoſit which God has entruſted to me: he has made his appearance to me this night, under the ſhape of a venerable hermit, and forbid me to give up the poſſeſſion thereof out of my hands, for leſs than a thouſand ſequins. Get thee gone, poor devil, leſt thine impure breath ſhould blaſt her charms. I have, anſwered he, only a heart to offer her. But ſay, barbarian, doſt thou not bluſh to make ſport of the deity, for

the gratifying thine avarice? With what front, vile wretch, dareſt thou pretend that God hath ſpoken to thee? This is throwing the greateſt contempt upon the author of beings, to repreſent him converſing with ſuch men as thou art. O blaſphemy! cried my father in a rage, God himſelf has commanded to ſtone blaſphemers. As he ſpoke theſe words, he fell upon my lover, and with repeated blows laid him dead on the ground, and his blood flew in my face. Though I had not yet known what love is, this man had given me concern, and his death threw me into an affliction, ſo much the greater, as it rendered the ſight of my father inſupportable to me. I took a reſolution to leave him: he perceived it. Ungrateful, ſays he to me, it is to me, it is to me thou oweſt thy being. Thou art my daughter,—and thou hateſt me: but I am going to deſerve thy hatred, by the moſt rigorous treatment. He kept his word but too well with me, cruel man! During five years, which I ſpent in tears and groans, neither my youth, nor my clouded beauty, could in the leaſt abate his wrath. Sometimes he ſtuck a thouſand pins in all parts of my body: at other times, with his diſcipline, he made the blood trinkle down my thighs. —This, ſays Candid, gave you leſs pain than the pins. True, my lord, anſwers Zirza. At laſt, continued ſhe, I fled from my father's habitation; and not daring to truſt myſelf to any body, I flung myſelf into the thickeſt part of the woods, where I was three days without food, and ſhould have died, were it not for a tyger which I had the happineſs to pleaſe, and was willing to ſhare with me the prey he catched. But I had many horrors to encounter from this formidable beaſt; and the brute was very near depriving me of the flower, which you, my lord, have plucked from me, with ſo much pain and pleaſure. Bad food gave me the ſcurvy. Scarcely was I cured *, before I followed a merchant of ſlaves, who was going to Teflis; the plague was there then, and I took it. Theſe various misfortunes did not

* Was it the tyger that preſcribed and procured medicines for her? This epiſode does great violence to the imagination.

not abſolutely affect my features, nor hinder the Sophi's purveyor from buying me for your uſe. I have languiſhed in tears theſe three months, that I have been among the number of your women. My companions and I imagined ourſelves to be the objects of your contempt; and if you knew, my lord, how diſagreeable eunuchs are, and how little adapted to comforting young girls who are deſpiſed——In ſhort, I am not yet eighteen years of age; and of theſe I have ſpent twelve in a frightful cavern; undergone an earthquake; been covered with the blood of the firſt lovely man I had hitherto ſeen; endured, for the ſpace of four years, the moſt cruel tortures, and had the ſcurvy, and the plague. Conſumed with deſires, amidſt a crew of black and white monſters, ſtill preſerving that which I have ſaved from the fury of an awkward tyger; and, curſing my fate, I have paſſed three months in this ſeraglio; where I ſhould have died of the jaundice, had not your excellency honoured me at laſt with your embraces. O heavens! cried Candid, is it poſſible that you have experienced ſuch ſenſible misfortunes at ſo tender an age? What would Pangloſs ſay could he hear you? But your misfortunes are at an end, as well as mine. Every thing does not go badly now; is not this true? Upon that Candid reſumed his careſſes, and was more than ever confirmed in the belief of Pangloſs's ſyſtem.

CHAP. VIII.

Candid's diſguſts. An unexpected meeting.

OUR philoſopher in the midſt of his ſeraglio, diſpenſed his favours equally. He taſted the pleaſures of variety, and always returned to the *Child of Providence* with freſh ardour. But this did not laſt long; he ſoon felt violent pains in his loins, and excruciating colics. He dried up, as he grew happy. Then

Zirza's breaſt appeared no longer ſo white, or ſo well placed; her thighs not ſo hard, nor ſo plump; her eyes loſt all their vivacity in thoſe of Candid; her complexion its luſtre; and her lips that pure vermilion which had enchanted him at firſt ſight. He now perceived that ſhe walked badly, and had an offenſive ſmell: he ſaw, with the greateſt diſguſt, a ſpot upon the mouth of Venus, which he had never obſerved before to be tainted with any blemiſh: the vehement ardour of Zirza became burthenſome to him: he could ſee, with great coolneſs, the faults of his other women, which had eſcaped him in his firſt tranſports of paſſion: he ſaw nothing in them but a barefaced impudence: he was aſhamed to have walked in the ſteps of the wiſeſt of men; and *he found women more bitter than death.*

Candid, always cheriſhing theſe Chriſtian ſentiments, ſpent his leiſure time in walking over the ſtreets of Sus; where one day a cavalier, in a ſuperb dreſs, came up to him ſuddenly and called him by his name. Is it poſſible! cried Candid, my lord, that you are——it is not poſſible; otherwiſe you are ſo very like——the abbé of Perigord——— I am the very man, anſwered the abbé. Upon this Candid ſtarted back, and, with his uſual ingenuouſneſs, ſaid, Are you happy Mr. Abbé? A fine queſtion, replied the abbé; the little deceit which I have put upon you has contributed not a little to gain me credit. The police have employed me for ſome time; but, having fallen out with them, I quitted the eccleſiaſtical habit, which was no longer of any ſervice to me. I went over into England, where perſons of my profeſſion are better paid. I ſaid all I knew, and all I did not know, about the ſtrength and weakneſs of the country I had lately left. I eſpecially gave bold aſſurances, that the French were the dregs of the world, and that good ſenſe dwelt no where but in London. In ſhort, I made a ſplendid fortune, and have juſt concluded a treaty at the court of Perſia, which tends to exterminate all the Europeans, who come for cotton and ſilk into the Sophi's dominions, to the detriment of the

the Engliſh *. The object of your miſſion is very commendable, ſays our philoſopher; but, Mr. Abbé, you are a cheat; I don't like cheats, and have ſome credit at court. Tremble now your happineſs has arrived at its utmoſt limits; you are juſt upon the point of ſuffering the fate you deſerve. My lord Candid, cried the abbé, throwing himſelf on his knees, have pity on me: I feel myſelf drawn to evil by an irreſiſtible force, as you find yourſelf neceſſitated to the practice of virtue. This fatal propenſity I have perceived, from the moment I became acquainted with Mr. Waſp, and worked at the *Feuilles*. What do you call *Feuilles* †, ſays Candid? Feuilles, anſwered the abbé, are ſheets of ſeventy-two pages in print, in which the public are entertained in the ſtrain of calumny, ſatire, and dullneſs. An honeſt man who can read and write, and not being able to continue among the Jeſuits ſo long as he choſe, has ſet himſelf to compoſe this pretty little work, that he may have wherewithal to give his wife ſome lace, and bring up his children in the fear of God; and there are certain honeſt people, who for a few pence, and ſome bottles of bad wine, aſſiſt the man in carrying on his ſcheme. This Mr. Waſp is beſides a member of a curious club, who divert themſelves with making poor ignorant people drunk, and ſetting them to blaſpheme; or in bullying a poor ſimple devil, and breaking his furniture, and afterwards challenging him. Such little pretty amuſements theſe gentry call miſtifications, and richly deſerve the attention of the police. In fine, this very honeſt man, Mr. Waſp, who boaſts he never was in the galleys, is troubled with a lethargy, which renders him inſenſible to the cleareſt truths; and out of which

* This is a ſevere, though ſeaſonable ſarcaſm, upon an illiberal ſpirit of monopoly, and national prejudice, which ſeems to characterize the preſent times.

† *Feuilles* is one of the thirty or forty journals printed at Paris; and known only in France, where it is pretty current among the people of all ranks. Beſides, this detached piece of ſeventy-two pages muſt be confounded with others of the ſame number of pages, which the author himſelf reſpects, and which philoſophers highly value. *This is a note of Dr. Ralph's.*

which he can be drawn only by certain violent means, which he ſuſtains with reſignation and courage above conception. I have worked for ſome time under this celebrated genius; I am become an eminent writer in my turn, and I had but juſt quitted Mr. Waſp, to do a little for myſelf, when I had the honour of paying you a viſit at Paris. Though you are a very great cheat, Mr. Abbé, yet your ſincerity in this point makes ſome impreſſion upon me. Go to court; aſk for the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk; I ſhall write to him in your behalf, but upon expreſs condition, that you promiſe me to become an honeſt man; and that you will not be the occaſion of ſome thouſands having their throats cut, for the ſake of a little ſilk and cotton. The abbé promiſed all that Candid required, and they parted pretty good friends.

CHAP. IX.

Candid's diſgraces, travels, and adventures.

NO ſooner had the abbé gotten acceſs to court, than he employed all his ſkill in order to ingratiate himſelf with the miniſter, and ruin his benefactor. He ſpread a report, that Candid was a traitor, and that he had ſpoke diſreſpectfully of the hallowed whiſkers of the king of kings. All the courtiers condemned him to be burnt in a ſlow fire; but the Sophi, more favourable, only ſentenced him to perpetual baniſhment, after having previouſly kiſſed the ſole of his accuſer's foot, according to the uſage among the Perſians. The abbé went in perſon to put the ſentence in execution: he found our philoſopher in pretty good health, and diſpoſed to become again happy. My friend, ſays the Engliſh ambaſſador to him, I am come with regret to let you know, that you muſt quit this kingdom with all expedition, and kiſs my feet, with a true repentance for your horrid crimes.——Kiſs your feet, Mr. Abbé! certainly

tainly you are not in earneſt, and I do not underſtand joking. Upon which ſome mutes, who had attended the abbé, entered and took off his ſhoes, letting poor Candid know by ſigns, that he muſt ſubmit to this piece of humiliation, or elſe expect to be empaled. Candid, by virtue of his free-will, kiſſed the abbé's feet. They put him on a ſorry linen-robe, and the executioner drove him out of the town, crying all the time, Behold a traitor! who has ſpoken irreverently of the Sophi's whiſkers! irreverently of the imperial whiſkers!

What did the officious monk, whilſt his friend, whom he protected, was treated thus? I know nothing of that. It is probable, that he was tired of protecting Candid. Who can depend on the favour of kings, and eſpecially that of monks!

In the mean time our hero went melancholy on. I never ſpoke, ſaid he to himſelf, about the king of Perſia's whiſkers. I am caſt in an inſtant from the pinnacle of happineſs, into the abyſs of miſery; becauſe a wretch, who has violated all laws, accuſes me of a pretended crime which I have never committed; and this wretch, this monſter, this perſecutor of virtue—he is happy.

Candid, after travelling for ſome days, found himſelf upon the frontiers of Turky. He directed his courſe towards the Propontis, with a deſign to ſettle there again, and paſs the reſt of his days in the cultivation of his garden. He ſaw, as he entered a little village, a great multitude of people tumultuouſly aſſembled: he enquired into the cauſe of it. This, ſays an old man to him, is an accident pretty ſingular. 'Tis ſome time ago, ſince the wealthy Mahomet demanded in marriage the daughter of the Janiſſary Zamoud: he found her not to be a virgin; and in purſuance of a principle quite natural, and authorized by the laws, he ſent her home to her father, after having branded her in the face. Zamoud, exaſperated at the diſgrace brought on his family, in the firſt tranſports of a fury that is very natural, with one ſtroke of a ſcymetar clove the diſfigured viſage of his daughter. His eldeſt

ſon,

ſon, who loved his ſiſter paſſionately, and this is very frequent in nature, flew upon his father, and plunged, quite naturally too, a very ſharp poignard to his heart. Afterwards, like a lion who grows more enraged at ſeeing his own blood flow, the furious Zamoud ran to Mahomet's houſe; and after ſtriking to the ground ſome ſlaves who oppoſed his paſſage, murdered Mahomet, his wives, and two children then in the cradle; all which was very natural, conſidering the violent ſituation he then was in. At laſt, to crown all, he killed himſelf with the ſame poignard, reeking with the blood of his father, and his enemies, which is alſo very natural. What a ſcene of horrors! cried Candid. What would you have ſaid, maſter Pangloſs, had you found ſuch barbarities in nature? Would you not acknowledge that nature is corrupted, that all is not—No, ſays the old man, for the pre-eſtabliſhed harmony——O heavens! do ye not deceive me? Is this Pangloſs, ſays Candid, whom I ſee again? The very ſame, anſwered the old man: I knew you, but I was willing to find out your ſentiments, before I would diſcover myſelf. Come, let us diſcourſe a little on contingent effects, and ſee if you have made any progreſs in the art of wiſdom. Alas! ſays Candid, you chuſe your time improperly; rather let me know what is become of Miſs Cunegund; tell me where are brother Giroſlée, Pacquette, and pope Urban's daughter. I know nothing of them, ſays Pangloſs; it is now ten years ſince I left our habitation, in order to find you out. I have travelled almoſt over all Turky: I was upon the point of ſetting out for the court of Perſia, where I heard you had made a great figure, and I only tarried in this little village, among theſe good people, till I had gathered ſtrength for continuing my journey. What is this I ſee, anſwered Candid, quite ſurpriſed? You want an arm, my dear doctor. This is nothing, ſays the one-handed and the one-eyed doctor: nothing is more common in the beſt of worlds, than to ſee perſons who want one eye and one arm. This accident befel me in a journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs: our guard attempted to make reſiſtance; and,

accord-

according to the rules of war, the Arabs, who found themſelves to be the ſtrongeſt ſide, maſſacred us all without mercy. There periſhed about five hundred perſons in this attack, among whom was about a dozen of big-bellied women. For my part I had only my ſkull ſplit, and an arm cut off; and I did not die for all this, and I ſtill found that every thing went for the beſt. But as to yourſelf, my dear Candid, whence is it that you have a wooden leg? Upon this Candid began, and gave an account of his adventures. Our philoſophers turned together towards the Propontis, and enlivened their journey by diſcourſing on phyſical and moral evil, free-will and predeſtination, monads and pre-eſtabliſhed harmony.

CHAP. X.

Candid and Pangloſs arrive in the Propontis; what they ſaw there; and what became of them.

O Candid! ſaid Pangloſs, why was you tired of cultivating your garden? Why did we not ſtill continue to eat citrons and piſtachio-nuts? Why was you weary of your happineſs? Becauſe every thing is neceſſary in the beſt of worlds, there was a neceſſity that you ſhould undergo the baſtinado, in the preſence of the king of Perſia; have your leg cut off, in order to make Chuſiſtan happy; experience the ingratitude of men, and draw down upon the heads of ſome atrocious villains the puniſhment which they had deſerved. With ſuch talk as this, they arrived at their old habitation. The firſt objects that preſented themſelves, were Martin and Pacquette, in the habit of ſlaves. Whence, ſays Candid to them, is this metamorphoſis? after embracing them tenderly. Alas! anſwered they ſobbing, You have no more a habitation; another has undertaken the labour of cultivating your garden; he eats your preſerved citrons and piſtachios, and we are treated like negroes. Who, ſays Candid, is this other?

The

The high admiral, anſwered they, a mortal the leaſt humane of all mortals. The ſultan, willing to recompenſe his ſervices without putting himſelf to any expence, has confiſcated all your goods, under pretext that you had gone over to his enemies, and condemned us to ſlavery. Be adviſed by me, Candid, added Martin, and continue your journey. I always told you every thing is for the worſt; the ſum of evil exceeds by much that of good. Be gone, and I do not deſpair but you may become a Manichean, if you are not ſo already. Pangloſs would have begun an argument in form; but Candid interrupted him, to aſk about Miſs Cunegund, the old woman, brother Giroflée and Cacambo. Cacambo, anſwered Martin, is here; he is at preſent employed about emptying a houſe of office. The old woman is dead, from a kick given her by an eunuch in the breaſt. Brother Giroflée has entered among the Janiſſaries. Miſs Cunegund has recovered her plumpneſs, and former beauty; ſhe is in our maſter's ſeraglio *. What a chain of misfortunes, ſays Candid! Was there a neceſſity for Miſs Cunegund to become handſome, only to make me a cuckold? It matters little, ſays Pangloſs, whether Miſs Cunegund be beautiful or ugly in your arms or thoſe of another, that is nothing to the general ſyſtem: for my part, I wiſh her a numerous progeny. Philoſophers do not perplex themſelves by whom women have children, provided they have them. Population—Alas! ſays Martin, philoſophers ought much rather to employ themſelves in rendering a few individuals happy, than engaging them to multiply the number of ſufferers. Whilſt they were thus arguing, a great noiſe was heard on a ſudden; it was the admiral diverting himſelf, by cauſing a dozen ſlaves to be whipped. Pangloſs and Candid, both frighted, with tears in their eyes parted from their friends, and in all haſte took the road to Conſtantinople.

There

* This is one of the moſt ſurpriſing revolutions we meet with in the whole performance, that beauty once vaniſhed with youth ſhould return.

There they found all the people in a great ſtir. A fire had broke out in the ſuburb of Pera; five or ſix hundred houſes were already conſumed, and two or three thouſand perſons periſhed in the flames. What a horrible diſaſter, cried Candid! All is well, ſays Pangloſs, theſe little accidents happen every year. It is intirely natural for the fire to catch houſes built of wood, and for thoſe who are in them to be burnt. Beſides, this procures ſome reſources to honeſt people, who languiſh in miſery.—What is this I hear, ſays an officer of the ſublime porte? How, wretch, dareſt thou ſay that all is well, when half Conſtantinople is in flames. Dog, be curſed of our prophet, receive the puniſhment due to thy impudence! And as he uttered theſe words, he took Pangloſs by the middle, and flung him headlong into the flames. Candid, half dead with fright, crept on all fours, as well as he could, to a neighbouring quarter, where all was more quiet; and we ſhall ſee what became of him in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

Candid continues his travels, and in what quality.

I Have nothing left, ſaid our philoſopher, but to make myſelf either a ſlave or a Turk. Happineſs has forſaken me for ever. A turban would corrupt all my pleaſures. I ſhall be incapable of taſting tranquillity of ſoul, in a religion full of impoſture, into which I enter merely from a motive of vile intereſt. No, I ſhall never be content, if I ceaſe to be an honeſt man: let me make myſelf then a ſlave. Candid had no ſooner taken this reſolution than he ſet about putting it into execution. He choſe an Armenian merchant for his maſter, who was a man of a very good character, and paſſed for virtuous, as much as an Armenian can be. He gave Candid two hundred ſequins, as the price of his liberty. The Armenian was on the point of departing for

for Norway: he took Candid with him in hopes that a philoſopher would be of uſe to him in his traffic. They embarked, and the wind was ſo favourable for them, that they were not above half the uſual time in their paſſage. They even had no occaſion for buying a wind from the Lapland witches, and contented themſelves with giving them ſome ſtock-fiſh, that they might not diſturb their good fortune with their enchantments; which ſometimes happens, if we may believe Moreri's Dictionary on this head.

The Armenian, no ſooner landed than he provided a ſtock of whale-blubber, and ordered our philoſopher to go over all the country to buy him ſome dried ſalt-fiſh: he acquitted himſelf of his commiſſion in the beſt manner he could, returned with ſeveral rein-deers loaded with this merchandize, and made profound reflections on the aſtoniſhing difference which is to be found between the Laplanders and other men. A very diminutive female Laplander, whoſe head was a little bigger than her body; her eyes red and full of fire, a flat noſe, and mouth as wide as poſſible, wiſhed him a good day, with an infinite grace. My little lord, ſays this being (a foot and ten inches high) to him *, I think you very handſome; do me the favour to love me a little. So ſaying, ſhe flew to him and caught him round the neck. Candid puſhed her away with horror. She cries out, when in comes her huſband with ſeveral other Laplanders. What is the meaning of all this uproar, ſay they? It is anſwers the little being, that this ſtranger ——Alas! I am choaked with grief; he deſpiſes me. So then, ſays the Lapland huſband, thou unpolite, diſhoneſt, brutal, infamous, cowardly raſcal; thou bringeſt diſgrace upon my houſe; thou doſt me the moſt ſenſible injury; thou refuſeſt to lie with my wife. Lo! here's the good of our neighbour, cried our hero: what would you have ſaid then, if I had lain with her? I would have wiſhed thee all ſort of proſperity, ſays the Laplander to him in wrath; but thou only deſerveſt my indignation. At uttering this he diſcharged on Candid's back

* This muſt have been Lilliput, not Lapland.

back a volley of blows with a cudgel. The rein-deer were ſeized by relations of the offended huſband, and Candid, for fear of worſe, was forced to betake himſelf to flight, and renounce for ever his good maſter; for how dare he preſent himſelf before him without money, whale-blubber, or rein-deer?

CHAP. XII.

Candid ſtill continues his travels. New adventures.

CANDID travelled a long time without knowing whither he was going: at length he reſolved to go to Denmark, where he had heard that every thing went pretty well. He had few pieces of money about him, which the Armenian had made him a preſent of; and this ſum, tho' inconſiderable, he hoped would carry him to the end of his journey. Hope rendered his miſery ſupportable to him, and he ſtill paſſed ſome happy moments. He found himſelf one day in an inn with three travellers, who talked to him with great warmth about a *plenum* and the *materia ſubtilis*. Mighty well, ſays Candid to himſelf, theſe are philoſophers. Gentlemen, ſays he to them, a *plenum* is inconteſtible: there is no vacuum in nature, and the *materia ſubtilis* is a well-imagined hypotheſis. You are then a Carteſian, ſays the three travellers: yes, anſwers Candid, and a Leibnitzian, which is more. So much the worſe for you, replied the philoſophers. Des Cartes and Leibnitz had not common ſenſe. We are Newtonians, and we glory in it; if we diſpute, 'tis only the better to confirm ourſelves in our opinions, and we all think the ſame. We ſearch for truth in Newton's tracks, becauſe we are perſuaded that Newton is a great man—And Des Cartes too, and Leibnitz and Pangloſs likewiſe, ſays Candid: theſe great men are worth a thouſand of yours. You are a fool, friend, anſwered the

the philoſophers: do you know the laws of refraction, attraction, and motion? Have you read the truths which Dr. Clarke has publiſhed, in anſwer to the reveries of your Leibnitz? Do you know what centrifugal and centripetal force is? and that colours depend on their denſity? Have you any notion of the theory of light and gravitation? Do you know the period of twenty-five thouſand nine hundred and twenty years which unluckily does not agree with chronology? No, undoubtedly, you have but falſe ideas of all theſe things: peace then, thou contemptible Monad, and beware how you inſult giants, by comparing them to pygmies*. Gentlemen, anſwered Candid, were Pangloſs here, he would tell you very fine things; for he is a great philoſopher: he has a ſovereign contempt for your Newton; and, as I am his diſciple, I likewiſe make no great account of him. The philoſophers enraged beyond meaſure, fell upon poor Candid, and drubbed him moſt philoſophically.

Their wrath ſubſiding, they aſked our hero's pardon for their two great warmth. Upon this, one of them began a very fine harangue on mildneſs and moderation.

While they were talking, they ſaw a grand burial paſs by: our philoſophers from thence took occaſion to deſcant on the fooliſh vanity of man. Would it not be more reaſonable, ſays one of them, that the relations and friends of the deceaſed ſhould, without pomp and noiſe, carry the bier themſelves? would not this funeral act, by preſenting to them the idea of death, produce an effect the moſt ſalutary, the moſt philoſophical? This reflexion, which would offer of itſelf, namely, *the body I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more; and, like him, I muſt ceaſe to be in*

* If this ſatire is levelled only at a ſet of wrong-headed coxcombs and ignorant pretenders, who profeſs themſelves diſciples and partizans of certain great men, the merit of whoſe writings they have not ſenſe enough to know, the author's aim is laudable; but if he means it as ridicule on the character of Sir Iſaac Newton, the ſatire muſt retort upon himſelf, in the opinion of every candid and intelligent reader.

in this world: would not this, I ſay, be a means of leſſening the number of crimes in this vile world, and of bringing back to virtue beings who believe the immortality of the ſoul? Men are too much inclined to remove from them the thoughts of death, for fear of preſenting too ſtrong images of it. Whence is it that people keep at a diſtance from ſuch a ſpectacle as a mother and a wife in tears? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of deſpair, would do much greater honour to the aſhes of the dead, than all theſe individuals clad in black from head to foot, together with uſeleſs female mourners, and that crowd of miniſters, who ſing in a gay air funeral orations, which the deceaſed do not hear.

This is extremely well ſpoken, ſays Candid; and did you always ſpeak thus well, without thinking proper to threſh people, you would be a great philoſopher.

Our travellers parted with expreſſions of mutual confidence and friendſhip. Candid ſtill continued travelling towards Denmark. He plunged into the woods; where, muſing deeply on all the misfortunes which had happened to him in the beſt of worlds, he turned aſide from the road and loſt himſelf. The day began to draw towards the evening, when he perceived his miſtake; he was ſeized with diſmay, and raiſing in a melancholy manner his eyes towards heaven, and leaning againſt the trunk of a tree, our hero ſpoke in the following terms: I have gone over half the world; ſeen fraud and calumny triumphant; have only ſought to do ſervice to mankind, and I have been perſecuted. A great king honours me with his favour and fifty blows of a bull's pizzle. I arrive with a wooden-leg in a very fine province; there I taſte pleaſures after having drank deep mortifications. An abbé comes; I protect him: he inſinuates himſelf at court thro' my means, and I am obliged to kiſs his feet—I meet with my poor Pangloſs only to ſee him burnt. I find myſelf in company with philoſophers, the mildeſt and moſt ſociable of all the ſpecies of animals that are ſpread over the face of the earth, and they give me an unmerciful drubbing—All

muſt

muſt neceſſarily be for the beſt, ſince Pangloſs has ſaid it; but nevertheleſs I am the moſt wretched of all poſſible beings. Here Candid ſtopt ſhort to liſten to cries of diſtreſs, which ſeemed to come from a place near him. He ſtepped forward out of curioſity, when he beheld a young woman who was tearing her hair with all the ſigns of the greateſt deſpair. Whoever you are, ſays ſhe to him, if you have a heart, follow me. He went with her; but they had not gone many paces before Candid perceived a man and woman ſtretched out on the graſs: their faces declared the nobleneſs of their ſouls and origin; their features, tho' diſtorted by pain, had ſomething ſo intereſting, that Candid could not forbear bemoaning them, and informing himſelf with a lively eagerneſs about the cauſe which reduced them to ſo miſerable a ſituation. 'Tis my father and mother, whom you ſee, ſays the young woman: yes, theſe are the authors of my wretched being, continued ſhe, throwing herſelf into their arms. They fled to avoid the rigour of an unjuſt ſentence: I accompanied them in their flight, happy to ſhare in their misfortunes! from a thought that in the deſerts where we were going to hide ourſelves, my feeble hands might procure them a neceſſary ſubſiſtence. We have ſtopped here to take ſome reſt; I diſcovered that tree which you ſee, whoſe fruit has deceived me—Alas! Sir, I am a wretch to be deteſted by the world and myſelf. Arm your hand to avenge offended virtue and to puniſh the parricide! Strike—this fruit—I preſented it to my father and mother; they eat of it with pleaſure; I rejoiced to have found the means of quenching the thirſt with which they were tormented—Unhappy wretch! 'twas death I preſented to them: this fruit is poiſon.

This tale made Candid ſhudder; his hair ſtood on end, and a cold ſweat ran over all his body. He was eager, as much as his preſent condition could permit, to give ſome relief to this unfortunate family; but the poiſon had already made too much progreſs; and the moſt efficacious remedies would not have been able to ſtop its fatal effect.

Dear

Dear child, our only hope! cried the two unhappy parents, God pardon thee as we pardon thee; it was the exceſs of thy tenderneſs which has robbed us of our lives.—Generous ſtranger, vouchſafe to take care of her; her heart is noble and formed to virtue; ſhe is a depoſit which we leave in your hands, that is infinitely more precious to us than our paſt fortune—Dear Zenoida, receive our laſt embraces; mingle thy tears with ours. Heavens! how happy are theſe moments to us! Thou haſt opened to us the dreary cave in which we languiſhed for forty years paſt. Tender Zenoida, we bleſs thee; mayeſt thou never forget the leſſons which our prudence hath dictated to thee; and may they preſerve thee from the abyſs which we ſee ready to ſwallow thee.

They expired as they pronounced theſe words. Candid had great difficulty to bring Zenoida to herſelf. The moon enlightened the affecting ſcene; the day appeared, and Zenoida, plunged in ſad affliction, had not as yet recovered the uſe of her ſenſes. As ſoon as ſhe opened her eyes, ſhe intreated Candid to dig a hole in the ground in order to inter the bodies: ſhe aſſiſted in the work, with an aſtoniſhing courage. This duty fulfilled, ſhe gave free ſcope to her tears. Our philoſopher drew her from this fatal place: they travelled a long time without diſcovering any certain route. At length, they perceived a little cottage; two perſons in the decline of life dwelt in this deſert, who were always ready to give every aſſiſtance in their power to their fellow-creatures in diſtreſs. Theſe old people were ſuch as Philemon and Baucis are deſcribed to us. For fifty years they had taſted the ſoft endearments of marriage, without ever experiencing its bitterneſs; an unimpaired health, the fruit of temperance and tranquillity of mind; mild and ſimple manners; a fund of inexhauſtible candour in their character; all the virtues, which man owes to himſelf, formed the glorious, and only fortune which heaven had granted them. They were held in veneration in the neighbouring villages, the inhabitants of which, full of an happy ruſticity, might have paſſed for honeſt people, had they been catholics. They looked

looked upon it as a duty not to ſuffer Agaton and Suname (for ſo the old couple were called) to want for any thing. Their charity extended to the new-comers. Alas! ſaid Candid, 'tis a great loſs, my dear Pangloſs, that you were burnt: you was maſter of ſound reaſon; but yet in all the parts of Europe and Aſia, which I have travelled over in your company, every thing is not for the beſt: it is only in Eldorado, whither no one can go, and in a little cottage ſituated in the coldeſt, moſt barren, and frightful region in the world. What pleaſure ſhould I have to hear you harangue about the pre-eſtabliſhed harmony and monads! I ſhould be very willing to paſs my days among theſe honeſt Lutherans; but I muſt renounce going to maſs, and reſolve to be torn to pieces in the *Journal Chretien.*

Candid was very inquiſitive to learn the adventures of Zenoida, but complaiſance withheld him from ſpeaking to her about it; ſhe perceived the reſpectful conſtraint he put upon himſelf, and ſatisfied his impatience in the following terms.

CHAP. XIII.

The Hiſtory of Zenoida. How Candid fell in love with her; and what followed.

I Am come of one of the moſt ancient families in Denmark; one of my anceſtors periſhed in that horrid feaſt which the wicked Chriſtiern prepared for the deſtruction of ſo many ſenators. The riches and dignities with which our family has been diſtinguiſhed, have hitherto ſerved only to make them more eminently unfortunate. My father had the preſumption to diſpleaſe a great man in power by boldly telling him the truth; he was preſently accuſed by ſuborned witneſſes of a number of crimes which had no foundation. His judges were deceived. Alas! where is that judge who can always diſcover thoſe ſnares which envy and treachery

treachery lay for unguarded innocence? My father was ſentenced to be beheaded. He had no way left to avoid his fate but by flight: accordingly he withdrew to the houſe of an old friend, whom he thought deſerving of that truly noble appellation: we remained ſome time concealed in a caſtle belonging to him on the ſea-ſide; and we might have continued there to this day, had not the baſe wretch, with whom we had taken refuge, attempted to repay himſelf for the ſervices he did us, in a manner that gave us all reaſon to deteſt him. This infamous monſter had conceived a moſt unnatural paſſion for my mother and myſelf at the ſame time; he attempted our virtue by methods the moſt unworthy of a man of honour; and we were obliged to expoſe ourſelves to the moſt dreadful dangers to avoid the effects of his brutal paſſion. In a word, we took to flight a ſecond time, and you know the reſt.

In finiſhing this ſhort narrative, Zenoida burſt into tears afreſh. Candid wiped them from her eyes, and ſaid to her, by way of conſolation, Madam, every thing is for the beſt; if your father had not died by poiſon, he would infallibly have been diſcovered, and then his head would have been cut off. The good lady, your mother, would, in all probability have died of grief, and we ſhould not have been in this poor hut, where every thing is as well as in the fineſt of all poſſible caſtles. Alas! Sir, replied Zenoida, my father never told me that every thing was for the beſt; but he has often ſaid, We are all children of the ſame divine father, who loves us, but who has not exempted us from the moſt callous ſorrows, the moſt grievous maladies, and an innumerable tribe of miſeries that afflict the human race. Poiſon grows by the ſide of the ſalutiferous quinquina, in America. The happieſt of all mortals has ſome time or other ſhed tears. What we call life is a compound of pleaſure and pain; it is the paſſing away of a certain ſtated portion of time that always appears too long in the ſight of the wiſe man, and which every one ought to employ in doing good to the community in which he is placed; in the enjoyment of the works of Providence, without idly

ſeeking after hidden cauſes; in ſquaring his conduct by the rules of conſcience; and, above all, in ſhewing a due reſpect to religion. Happy is he who can follow this unerringly!

Theſe things my ever-reſpected father has frequently inculcated to me. Ill betide thoſe wretched ſcribblers, he would often ſay, who attempt to pry into the hidden ways of Providence. From the principle, that God will be honoured from thouſands of atoms, mankind have blended the moſt abſurd chimeras with reſpectable truths. The Turkiſh derviſe, the Perſian bramin, the Chineſe bonza, and the Indian talapoin, all worſhip the Deity in a different manner: but they enjoy a tranquillity of ſoul amidſt the darkneſs in which they are plunged; and he who would endeavour to enlighten them, does them but ill ſervice. It is not loving mankind to tear the bandage of prejudice from their eyes.

Why, you talk like a philoſopher, ſaid Candid; may I aſk you, my pretty young lady, of what religion you are? I was brought up in the Lutheran profeſſion, anſwered Zenoida. Every word you have ſpoke, ſaid Candid, has been like a ray of light that has penetrated to my heart, and I find a ſort of eſteem and admiration for you, that—But how, in the name of wonder, came ſo bright an underſtanding to be lodged in ſo beautiful a form? Upon my word, miſs, I eſteem and admire you, as I ſaid before, ſo much that—Candid ſtammered out a few words more, when Zenoida, perceiving his confuſion, quitted him, and from that moment carefully avoided all occaſions of being alone with him; and Candid, on his part, ſought every opportunity of being alone with her, or elſe being by himſelf. He was buried in a melancholy that to him had charms; he was deeply enamoured of Zenoida; but endeavoured to conceal his paſſion from himſelf: his looks, however, too plainly evinced the feelings of his heart. Alas! would he often ſay to himſelf, if maſter Pangloſs was here, he would give me good advice; for he was a great philoſopher.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Continuation of the loves of Candid.

THE only conſolation that Candid felt, was in converſing with Zenoida in the preſence of their hoſts. How happens it, ſaid he to her one day, that the monarch, to whom you have acceſs, has ſuffered ſuch injuſtice to be done to your family? Aſſuredly you have ſufficient reaſon to hate him? How! ſaid Zenoida, who can hate their king? who can do otherwiſe than love that perſon to whoſe hand is conſigned the keen-edged ſword of the laws? Kings are the living images of the Deity, and we ought never to arraign their conduct; obedience and reſpect is the duty of a ſubject. I admire you more and more, ſaid Candid; indeed, madam, I do: pray, do you know the great Leibnitz, and the great Pangloſs, who was burnt after having eſcaped an hanging bout? are you acquainted with the monads, the *materia ſubtilis*, and the *vortices*? No, Sir, replied Zenoida; I never heard my father mention any of theſe; he only gave me a ſlight tincture of experimental philoſophy, and taught me to hold in contempt all thoſe kinds of philoſophy that do not directly tend to make mankind happy; that give him falſe notions of his duty to himſelf and his neighbour; that do not teach him to regulate his conduct, and fill his mind only with uncouth terms, or ill-founded conjectures; that do not give him a clearer idea of the author of nature than what he may acquire from his works, and the wonders that are every day paſſing before our ſight. Once again, miſs, you enchant me; you raviſh me; you are an angel that heaven has ſent to remove from before my eyes the miſt of maſter Pangloſs's ſophiſtical arguments. Poor wretch that I was! After having been ſo heartily kicked, flogged, and baſtinadoed; after having been in an earthquake; having ſeen doctor

Pangloſs once hanged, and very lately burnt; after having been raviſhed by a villainous Perſian, who put me to the moſt excruciating torture; after having been robbed by a decree of the divan, and ſoundly drubbed by the philoſophers: after all theſe things, I ſay to think that every thing was for the beſt! but now, thank heaven! I am diſabuſed. But, truly ſpeaking, nature never appeared half ſo charming to me as ſince I have been bleſſed with the ſight of you. The melody of the rural choiriſters charms my ears with an harmony, to which they were till now utter ſtrangers; I breathe a new ſoul, and the glow of ſentiment that enchants me ſeems imprinted on every object; I do not feel that effeminate languor, which I did in the gardens of Sus; the ſenſation with which you inſpire me is wholly different. Let us ſtop here, ſaid Zenoida; you ſeem to be running to lengths that may, perhaps, offend my delicacy, which you ought to reſpect. I will be ſilent, then, ſaid Candid; but my paſſion will only burn with the more force. On ſaying theſe words, he looked ſtedfaſtly at Zenoida; he perceived her to bluſh, and, as a man who was taught by experience, conceived the moſt flattering hopes from thoſe appearances.

The beautiful Dane continued a long time to ſhun the purſuits of Candid. One day, as he was walking haſtily to and fro in the garden, he cried out in an amorous extaſy, Ah why have I not now my Eldorado ſheep! why have I it not in my power to purchaſe a ſmall kingdom! ah! was I but a king—What ſhould I be to you? ſaid a voice, which pierced the heart of our philoſopher. Is it you, lovely Zenoida, cried he, falling on his knees? I thought myſelf alone. The few words I heard you juſt now utter ſeem to promiſe me the felicity to which my ſoul aſpires. I ſhall, in all probability, never be a king, nor ever poſſeſſed of a fortune; but if you love me—Do not turn from me thoſe lovely eyes, but ſuffer me to read in them a declaration which is alone capable of confirming my happineſs. Beauteous Zenoida, I adore you; let your heart be open to compaſſion—what do I ſee! you weep! ah! my happineſs is too great. Yes, you are happy, ſaid Zenoida;

Zenoida; nothing can oblige me to diſguiſe my tenderneſs for a perſon I think deſerving of it: hitherto you have been attached to my deſtiny only by the bands of humanity; it is now time to ſtrengthen thoſe by ties more ſacred; I have conſulted my heart, reflect maturely in your turn; but remember, that if you marry me, you become obliged to be my protector; to ſhare with me thoſe misfortunes that fate may yet have in ſtore for me, and to ſooth my ſorrows. Marry you! ſaid Candid; thoſe words have ſhewn me all the folly of my conduct. Alas! dear idol of my ſoul, I am not deſerving of the goodneſs you ſhew towards me. Cunegund is ſtill living —Cunegund! who is that? It is my wife, anſwered Candid, with his uſual frankneſs.

Our two lovers remained ſome moments without uttering a word; they attempted to ſpeak, but the accents died away on their lips; their eyes were bathed in tears. Candid held the fair Zenoida's hands in his; he preſt them to his breaſt, and devoured them with kiſſes; he had even the boldneſs to carry his, to the boſom of his miſtreſs; he found her breath grew ſhort; his ſoul flew to his lips, and fixing his mouth with ardour to that of Zenoida, he brought the fair one back to thoſe ſenſes which ſhe had nearly loſt. Candid thought he read his pardon in her eyes. Deareſt lover, ſaid ſhe to him, anger would but ill ſuit with the liberty which I myſelf have given. Yet hold, you will ruin me in the opinion of the world; and you yourſelf would ſoon ceaſe to have an affection for me when once I was become the object of contempt. Forbear, therefore, and ſpare my weakneſs. How! cried Candid, becauſe the ill-judging vulgar ſay, that a woman loſes her honour, by beſtowing happineſs on a being whom ſhe loves, by following the tender bent of nature, that in the firſt happy ages of the world———But I will forbear to relate the whole of the intereſting converſation, and content myſelf with ſaying that the eloquence of Candid, heightened by the warmth of amorous expreſſion, had all the effect that may be imagined on a young ſenſible female philoſopher.

The lovers, who till then had paſſed their days in tedious melancholy, now counted every hour by a freſh ſucceſſion of amorous joys. Pleaſure flowed thro' their veins in an uninterrupted current. The gloomy woods, the barren mountains, ſurrounded by horrid precipices, the icy plains, and dreary fields, covered with ſnow on all ſides, were ſo many continual mementos to them of the neceſſity of loving*. They determined never to quit that dreadful ſolitude: but fate was not yet weary of perſecuting them, as we ſhall ſee in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. XV.

The arrival of Wolhall. A journey to Copenhagen.

CANDID and Zenoida amuſed themſelves with diſcourſing on the works of the Deity; the worſhip which mankind ought to pay him; the mutual duties they owe to each other, eſpecially that of charity, the moſt uſeful of all virtues. They did not confine themſelves to frivolous declamations. Candid taught the young men the reſpect due to the ſacred curb of the laws; Zenoida inſtructed the young women in the duties they owed their parents; both joined their endeavours to ſow the hopeful ſeeds of religion in their young hearts. One day, as they were buſied in thoſe pious offices, Sunama came to tell Zenoida that an old gentleman with ſeveral ſervants was juſt alighted at their houſe; and that, by the deſcription he had given her of a perſon

* We ſhould be glad to know what charms Candid poſſeſſed, that ſhould induce the ſenſible, the philoſophic, the virtuous, and the amiable Zenoida to trample upon the laws of chaſtity, and live in adultery with the huſband of another woman—Was it his philoſophy, which was truly ridiculous? was it his perſon adorned with a wooden leg? was it the importance of the parts he had acted in life, including that of a proſtituted pathic? or was his ſucceſs in this amour, intended to illuſtrate the caprice of the female ſex, conſpicuous even in the moſt reſpectable characters,

ſon of whom he was in ſearch, ſhe was certain it could be no other than Zenoida herſelf. This ſtranger had followed Sunama cloſe at her heels, and entered before ſhe had done ſpeaking, into the room where were Candid and Zenoida.

At ſight of him Zenoida inſtantly fainted away; but Wolhall, not in the leaſt affected with the ſituation he ſaw her in, took hold of her hand, and pulling her to him with violence, brought her to her ſenſes; which ſhe had no ſooner recovered, than ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. So, niece, ſaid he, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile, I find you in very good company. I do not wonder you prefer this habitation to the capital, to my houſe, and the company of your family. Yes, Sir, replied Zenoida, I do prefer this place, where dwell ſimplicity and truth, to the manſions of treaſon and impoſture. I can never behold but with horror that place where firſt began my misfortunes; where I have had ſo many proofs of your black actions, and where I have no other relations but yourſelf. Come, Madam, ſaid Wolhall, follow me, if you pleaſe; for you muſt along, even if you ſhould faint again. Saying this, he dragged her to the door of the houſe, and made her get into a poſt-chaiſe, which was waiting for him. She had only time to tell Candid to follow, and to beſtow her bleſſing on her hoſts, with promiſes of rewarding them amply for their generous cares.

A domeſtic of Wolhall was moved with pity at the grief in which he ſaw Candid plunged; he imagined that he felt no other concern for the fair Dane than what unfortunate virtue inſpires; he propoſed to him taking a journey to Copenhagen, and he facilitated the means for his doing it. He did more; he inſinuated to him that he might be admitted as one of Wolhall's domeſtics, if he had no other reſources than going to ſervice. Candid liked his propoſal; and no ſooner arrived than his future fellow-ſervant preſented him as one of his relations, for whom he would be anſwerable. Raſcal, ſays Wolhall to him, I conſent to grant you the honour of approaching a perſon of ſuch rank as I am: never forget the profound reſpect which you owe to my

commands; prevent them if you have ſufficient ſagacity for it: think that a man like me degrades himſelf in ſpeaking to a wretch ſuch as you. Our philoſopher anſwered with great humility to this impertinent diſcourſe; and from that day he was clad in his maſter's livery.

It is eaſy to imagine the joy and ſurprize that Zenoida felt when ſhe recollected her lover among her uncle's ſervants: ſhe threw ſeveral opportunities in the way of Candid, who knew how to profit by them: they ſwore eternal conſtancy. Zenoida had ſome unhappy moments; ſhe ſometimes reproached herſelf on account of her love for Candid; ſhe vexed him ſometimes by a few caprices: but Candid idolized her; he knew that perfection is not the portion of man, and ſtill leſs ſo of woman. Zenoida reſumed her good humour. The kind of conſtraint under which they lay, rendered their pleaſures the more lively: they were ſtill happy.

CHAP. XVI.

How Candid found his wife again, and loſt his miſtreſs.

OUR hero had only to bear with the haughty humours of his maſter, and that was purchaſing his miſtreſs's favours at no dear rate. Happy love is not ſo eaſily concealed, as many imagine. Our lovers betrayed themſelves. Their connexion was no longer a myſtery, but to the ſhort-ſighted eyes of Wolhall; all the domeſtics knew it. Candid received congratulations on that head which made him tremble; he expected the ſtorm ready to burſt upon his head, and did not doubt but a perſon who had been dear to him was upon the point of accelerating his misfortune. He had for ſome days before perceived a face reſembling Miſs Cunegund; he again ſaw the ſame face in Wolhall's court-yard: the object which ſtruck him was very poorly cloathed, and there was no likelihood that a favourite

favourite of a great Mahometan ſhould be found in the court-yard of a houſe at Copenhagen. This diſagreeable object, however, looked at Candid very attentively: when coming up to him, and ſeizing him by the hair, ſhe gave him the ſmarteſt blow on the face with her open hand that he had received for ſome time. I am not deceived, cried our philoſopher! O, heavens! who would have thought it? what do you do here, after having ſuffered yourſelf to be violated by a follower of Mahomet? Go, perfidious ſpouſe, I know you not. Thou ſhalt know me, replied Cunegund, by my outrageous fury: I know the life thou leadeſt, thy love for thy maſter's niece, and thy contempt for me. Alas! 'tis now three months ſince I quitted the ſeraglio, becauſe I was there good for nothing further. A merchant has bought me to mend his linen, he takes me along with him when he makes a voyage to this country*; Martin, Cacambo, and Pacquette, whom he has alſo bought, are with me; Doctor Pangloſs, thro' the greateſt chance in the world, is in the ſame veſſel as a paſſenger; we were ſhipwrecked ſome miles from hence; I eſcaped the danger with the faithful Cacambo, who, I ſwear to thee, has a ſkin as firm as thy own: I behold thee again, and find thee falſe. Tremble then, and fear every thing from a provoked wife.

Candid was quite ſtupified at this affecting ſcene; he had ſuffered Cunegund to depart, without thinking of the proper meaſures which are always to be kept with thoſe who know our ſecrets, when Cacambo preſented himſelf to his ſight: they embraced each other with tenderneſs. Candid informed him of the converſation he had juſt had; he was very much afflicted for the loſs of the great Pangloſs, who, after having been hanged and burnt, was at laſt unhappily drowned. They ſpoke with that free effuſion of heart which

* One would imagine there muſt be a great trade carried on between Conſtantinople and Norway, that theſe two perſons ſhould meet ſo ſeaſonably for the accompliſhment of the author's deſign—would it not have redounded more to the honour of his invention, if he had laid the ſcene in ſome part of the world where there was a real probability of their meeting?

friendſhip inſpires. A little billet thrown in at the window by Zenoida, put an end to the converſation. Candid opened it, and found in it theſe words:

" Fly, my dear lover, all is diſcovered. An innocent " propenſity which nature authorizes, and which hurts " no one, is a crime in the eyes of credulous and cruel " men. Wolhall has juſt left my chamber, and has " treated me with the utmoſt inhumanity: he is gone " to obtain an order for you to be clapt into a dun- " geon, there to periſh. Fly, my ever dear lover; " preſerve a life which thou canſt not paſs any longer " near me. Thoſe happy moments are no more, in " which we gave proofs of our reciprocal tenderneſs. " ——Ah! ſaid Zenoida, how haſt thou offended hea- " ven, to merit ſo rigorous a fate? But I wander from " the purpoſe: remember always thy precious dear " Zenoida, and you, my dear lover, ſhalt live eternally " within my heart—thou haſt never thoroughly under- " ſtood how much I loved thee—canſt thou receive " upon my enflamed lips my laſt adieu! I find myſelf " ready to join my unhappy father in the grave; " the light is hateful to me; it ſerves only to reveal " crimes."

Cacambo, always wiſe and prudent, drew Candid, who no longer was himſelf, along with him; they made the beſt of their way out of the city. Candid opened not his mouth, and they were already a good way from Copenhagen, before he was rouſed out of that lethargy in which he was buried. At laſt, he looked at his faithful Cacambo, and ſpoke in theſe terms.

CHAP. XVII.

How Candid had a mind to kill himſelf, and did not do it. What happened to him at an inn.

DEAR Cacambo, formerly my valet, now my equal, and always my friend, thou haſt borne a ſhare in my misfortunes; thou haſt given me ſalutary advice;

advice; and thou haſt been witneſs to my love for Miſs Cunegund—Alas! my old maſter, ſays Cacambo, 'tis ſhe who has ſerved you this ſcurvy trick; it is ſhe, who, after having learned from your fellow-ſervants, that your love for Zenoida as much as hers for you, revealed the whole to the barbarous Wolhall. If this is ſo, ſays Candid, I have nothing further to do but die. Our philoſopher pulled out of his pocket a little knife, and began whetting it with a coolneſs worthy of an ancient Roman or an Engliſhman. What do you mean to do? ſays Cacambo. To cut my throat, anſwers Candid. That's a very good thought, replied Cacambo; but the philoſopher ought not to take any reſolution but upon reflection: you will always have it in your power to kill yourſelf, if your mind does not alter. Be adviſed by me, my dear maſter; defer your reſolution till to-morrow; the longer you delay it, the more courageous will the action be. I perceive the ſtrength of thy reaſoning, ſays Candid: beſides, if I ſhould cut my throat immediately, the Gazatteer of Trevoux would inſult my memory: I am determined therefore, that I will not kill myſelf till two or three days hence. As they talked thus, they arrived at Elſeneur, a pretty conſiderable town, not far from Copenhagen; there they lay that night, and Cacambo hugged himſelf for the good effect which ſleep had produced upon Candid. They left the town at day-break. Candid ſtill the philoſopher, (for the prejudices of childhood are never effaced,) entertained his friend Cacambo on the ſubject of phyſical good and evil, the diſcourſes of the ſage Zenoida, and the ſtriking truths which he had learnt from her converſation. Had not Pangloſs been dead, ſaid he, I ſhould combat his ſyſtem in a victorious manner. God keep me from becoming a Manichean. My miſtreſs taught me to reſpect the impenetrable veil with which the Deity envelopes his manner of operating upon us. 'Tis perhaps man who precipitates himſelf into the abyſs of misfortunes under which he groans. Of a frugivorous animal he has made himſelf a carnivorous one. The ſavages which we have ſeen, eat only Jeſuits, and do not live upon bad terms among themſelves.

themſelves. Theſe ſavages, if there be one ſcattered here and there in the woods, only ſubſiſting by acorns and herbs, are without doubt, ſtill more happy. Society has given birth to the greateſt crimes. There are men in ſociety, who are neceſſitated by their condition to wiſh the death of others. The ſhipwreck of a veſſel, the burning of a houſe, and the loſs of a battle, cauſe ſadneſs in one part of ſociety, and give joy to another. All is very bad! my dear Cacambo, and there is nothing left for a philoſopher, but to cut his own throat with all imaginable calmneſs. You are in the right, ſays Cacambo: but I perceive an inn, you muſt be very dry. Come, my old maſter! let us drink one draught, and we will after that continue our philoſophical diſquiſitions.

When they entered the inn, they ſaw a company of country lads and laſſes dancing in the midſt of the yard, to the ſound of ſome wretched inſtruments. Gaiety and mirth ſate in every countenance; it was a ſcene worthy the pencil of Vatau. As ſoon as Candid appeared, a young woman took him by the hand, and intreated him to dance. My pretty maid, anſwered Candid, when a perſon has loſt his miſtreſs, found his wife again, and heard that the great Pangloſs is dead, he can have little or no inclination to cut capers. Moreover, I am to kill myſelf to-morrow morning; and you know that a man, who has but a few hours to live, ought not to loſe them in dancing. Cacambo, hearing Candid talk thus, addreſſed him in theſe terms: A thirſt for glory has always been the characteriſtic of great philoſophers. Cato of Utica, killed himſelf, after having taken a ſound nap. Socrates drank the hemlock potion, after diſcourſing familiarly with his friends. Many of the Engliſh have blown their brains out with a piſtol, after coming from an entertainment. But I never yet heard of a great man, who cut his own throat after a dancing bout. It is for you, my dear maſter, that this honour is reſerved. Take my advice, let us dance our fill, and we will kill ourſelves to-morrow. Have you not remarked, anſwered Candid, this young country girl? Is ſhe not a very pretty brunette? She has

has ſomewhat very taking in her countenance, ſays Cacambo. She has ſqueezed my hand, replied the philoſopher. Did you mind, ſays Cacambo, how that in the hurry of the dance, her handkerchief falling aſide, diſcovered two little admirable bubbies? I took particular notice of them. Look you, ſaid Candid, had I not my heart filled with Miſs Zenoida——The little brunette interrupted him, by begging him to go down with a dance with her. Our hero at length conſented, and danced with the beſt grace in the world*. The dance finiſhed, he kiſſed his ſmart country girl, and retired to his ſeat, without calling out the queen of the ring. Upon this a murmuring aroſe; every one, as well performers as ſpectators, appeared greatly incenſed at ſo flagrant a piece of diſreſpect. Candid never dreamed he had been guilty of any fault, and conſequently did not attempt to make any reparation. A rude clown came up to him, and gave him a blow with his fiſt upon the noſe. Cacambo returns it to the peaſant with a kick in the belly. In an inſtant the muſical inſtruments are all broken; the girls loſe their caps; Candid and Cacambo fight like heroes, but at length are obliged to take to their heels, after a very hearty drubbing.

Every thing is imbittered to me, ſaid Candid, giving his arm to his friend Cacambo; I have experienced a great many misfortunes, but I did not expect to be thus bruiſed to a mummy, for my dancing with a country girl at her own requeſt.

CHAP. XVIII.

Candid and Cacambo go into an hoſpital; and whom they meet with there.

CACAMBO, and his old maſter, were quite diſpirited. They began to fall into that ſort of malady of the mind, which extinguiſhes all the faculties:

* With his wooden leg.

ties: they fell into a depreſſion of ſpirits and deſpair, when they perceived an hoſpital, which was built for ſtrangers. Cacambo propoſed going into it; Candid followed him. There they met with the moſt obliging reception, and charitable treatment. In a little time they were cured of their wounds, but they catched the itch. The cure of this malady did not appear to be the work of a day, the idea of which filled the eyes of our philoſopher with tears; and he ſaid, ſcratching himſelf, Thou wouldſt not let me cut my throat, my dear Cacambo; thy miſplaced counſels have brought me again into diſgrace and misfortune; and yet, ſhould I cut my throat now, it will be publiſhed in the journal of Trevoux *, and it will be ſaid this man was a poltroon, who killed himſelf only for having the itch. See what thou haſt expoſed me to, by the miſtaken compaſſion thou hadſt for my fate. Our diſaſters are not without remedy, anſwered Cacambo. If you will but pleaſe to liſten to me, let us ſettle here as friars, I underſtand a little ſurgery, and I promiſe you to alleviate and render ſupportable our wretched condition.—Ah! ſays Candid, may all aſſes periſh, and eſpecially aſſes of ſurgeons, who are ſo dangerous to mankind. I will never ſuffer that thou ſhouldſt give out thyſelf to be what thou art not: this is a treachery, the conſequences of which I dread. Beſides, if thou didſt but conceive how hard it is, after having been viceroy of a fine province, after having ſeen one's ſelf rich enough to purchaſe kingdoms, and after having been the favourite lover of Miſs Zenoida, to reſolve to ſerve in quality of friar in an hoſpital †——I conceive all that you ſay, replied Cacambo; but I alſo conceive, that it is very hard to die of hunger. Think, moreover, that the expedient which I propoſe to you, is perhaps the only one which you

* This harping continually on the ſtring of *le Journal de Trevoux*, denotes our author's being hurt by the criticiſms of thoſe journaliſts; a circumſtance that will too much flatter their ſelf-conceit. It is a triumph, which a writer of his merit ſhould not have allowed them to enjoy.

† But there are none ſuch in Denmark, or any other Proteſtant country.

you can take, to elude the inquiries of the bloody minded Wolhall, and avoid the puniſhment which he is preparing for you.

One of the friars was paſſing along as they talked in this manner; they put ſome queſtions to him, to which he gave ſatisfactory anſwers: he aſſured them that the brothers wanted for nothing, and enjoyed a reaſonable liberty. Candid thereupon determined to acquieſce with Cacambo's counſels. They took the habit together, which was granted them upon the firſt application; and our two poor adventurers now became underlings to thoſe whoſe duty it was to perform the moſt ſervile offices.

One day as Candid was ſerving the patients with ſome wretched broth, an old man fixed his eye earneſtly upon him. The viſage of this poor wretch was livid, his lips were covered with froth, his eyes half turned in his head, and the image of death ſtrongly imprinted on his lean and fallen cheeks. Poor man, ſays Candid to him, I pity you, your ſufferings muſt be horrible. They are very great indeed, anſwered the old man, with a hollow voice like a ghoſt; I am told that I am hectical, phthiſicky, aſthamtic, and poxed to the bone. If that be the caſe, I am indeed very ill; yet all does not go ſo badly, and this gives me comfort. Ah! ſays Candid, none but Dr. Pangloſs, in a caſe ſo deplorable, can maintain the doctrine of *optimiſm*, when all others beſides would preach up *peſſimiſm*—Don't pronounce that abominable word, cried the poor man; I am the Pangloſs you ſpeak of. Wretch that I am, let me die in peace.—All is well, all is for the beſt. The effort which he made in pronouncing theſe words, coſt him the laſt tooth, which he ſpitted out with a great quantity of corrupted matter, and expired a very few moments after.

Candid lamented him greatly, for he had a good heart. His obſtinate perſeverance was a ſource of reflexion to our philoſopher; he often called to mind all his adventures. Cunegund remained at Copenhagen; he learned that ſhe exerciſed there the occupation of a mender of old cloaths, with all poſſible diſtinction. The humour

humour of travelling had quite left him. The faithful Cacambo ſupported him with his counſels and friendſhip. Candid did not murmur againſt providence; I know, ſaid he at times, that happineſs is not the portion of man: happineſs dwells only in the good country of Eldorado, where it is impoſſible for any one to go.

CHAP. XIX.

New diſcoveries.

CANDID was not ſo unhappy, as he had a true friend. He found in a mongrel valet what the world vainly look for in our quarter of the globe. Perhaps nature which gives origin to herbs in America, that are proper for the maladies of bodies on our continent, has alſo placed remedies there for the maladies of our hearts and minds. Poſſibly there are men in the new world of a quite different conformation from us, who are not ſlaves to perſonal intereſts, and are worthy to burn with the noble fire of friendſhip. How deſireable would it be, that inſtead of bales of indigo and cochineal, all covered with blood, ſome of theſe men were imported among us! This ſort of traffick would be of vaſt advantage to mankind. Cacambo was of greater value to Candid, than a dozen of red ſheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado. Our philoſopher began again to taſte the pleaſure of life. It was a comfort to him to watch for the conſervation of the human ſpecies, and not to be an uſeleſs member of ſociety. God bleſſes ſuch pure intentions, by giving him as well as Cacambo, the enjoyment of health. They had got rid of the itch, and fulfilled with cheerfulneſs the painful functions of their ſtation; but fortune ſoon deprived them of the ſecurity which they enjoyed. Cunegund, who had ſet her heart upon tormenting her huſband, left Copenhagen to follow his footſteps. Chance brought her to the hoſpital; ſhe was accompanied by a man, whom Candid knew to be baron Thunder-ton-tronckh.

fronckh. One may eaſily imagine what muſt have been his ſurpriſe. The baron, who ſaw him, addreſſed him thus; I did not tug long at the oar in the Turkiſh gallies; the Jeſuits heard of my misfortune and redeemed me for the honour of their ſociety. I have made a journey into Germany, where I received ſome favours from my father's heirs. I omitted nothing to find my ſiſter; and having learned at Conſtantinople, that ſhe had ſailed from thence in a veſſel, which was ſhipwrecked on the coaſts of Denmark, I diſguiſed myſelf. I took letters of recommendation to Daniſh merchants, who have correſpondence with the ſociety: and in fine, I found my ſiſter, who ſtill loves you, baſe and unworthy as you are of her regard; and ſince you have had the impudence to lie with her, I conſent to the ratification of the marriage, or rather a new celebration of it, with this expreſs proviſo, that my ſiſter ſhall give you only her left hand; which is very reaſonable, ſince ſhe has ſeventy-one quarters, and you have never a one. Alas! ſaid Candid, all the quarters of the world without beauty——Miſs Cunegund was very ugly, when I had the imprudence to marry her; ſhe afterwards became handſome again, and another has enjoyed her charms. She is once more grown ugly, and you would have me give her my hand a ſecond time. No, upon my word, my reverend father, ſend her back to her ſeraglio at Conſtantinople; ſhe has done me too much injury in this country. Ungrateful man, ſays Cunegund, with the moſt frightful contorſions; be perſuaded, and relent in time; do not provoke the baron, who is a prieſt, to kill us both, to work out his diſgrace with our blood. Doſt thou believe me capable of having failed in intention, to the fidelity which I owed thee? What wouldſt thou have had me done againſt a man who found me handſome? Neither my tears nor my cries, could have ſoftened his brutal inſenſibility. Seeing there was nothing to be done, I diſpoſed myſelf in ſuch a manner, as to be violated with the leaſt inconveniency poſſible, and every other woman would have done the ſame. This is all the crime I have committed, and does not merit thy diſpleaſure. But I know my greateſt crime

crime with thee, is having deprived thee of thy miſtreſs; and yet this action ought to convince thee of my love. Come, my dear ſpouſy, if ever I ſhould again become handſome; if ever my breaſts, now lank and withered, ſhould recover their roundneſs and elaſticity; if—— it it will be only for thee, my dear Candid. We are no longer in Turkey, and I ſwear faithfully to thee, never to ſuffer any violation for the future.

This diſcourſe did not make much impreſſion upon Candid; he deſired a few hours to take his reſolution how to proceed. The baron granted him two hours; during which time, he conſulted his friend Cacambo. After having weighed the reaſons, *pro* and *contra*, they determined to follow the jeſuit and his ſiſter into Germany. They accordingly leave the hoſpital, and ſet out together on their travels, not on foot, but on good horſes hired by the baron. They arrive on the frontiers of the kingdom. A huge man, of a very villainous aſpect, ſurveys our hero with cloſe attention: it is the very man, ſays he, caſting his eyes at the ſame time upon a little bit of paper he had in his hand. Sir, if I am not too inquiſitive, is not your name Candid? Yes, Sir, ſo I have always been called. Sir, I flatter myſelf you are the very ſame; you have black eye-brows, eyes level with your head, ears not prominent, of a middling ſize, and a round fleſh-coloured viſage; to me you plainly appear to be five feet five inches high. Yes, Sir, that is my ſtature; but what have you to do with my ears and ſtature? Sir, we cannot uſe too much circumſpection in our office. Permit me further to put one ſingle queſtion more to you: Have not you formerly been a ſervant to lord Wolhall? Sir, upon my word, anſwered Candid, quite diſconcerted, I know nothing of what you mean. May be ſo, Sir, but I know for certain, that you are the perſon whoſe deſcription has been ſent me. Take the trouble then to go walk into the guard-houſe, if you pleaſe.—Here, ſoldiers, take care of this gentleman; get the black-hole ready, and let the armourer be ſent for, to make him a pretty little ſet of fetters of about thirty or forty pounds weight. Mr. Candid, you have a good horſe there; I am in want

want of juſt ſuch a one; and I fancy he will anſwer my purpoſe.—I ſhall make free with him.

The baron was afraid to ſay the horſe was his. They carried off poor Candid, and Miſs Cunegund, wept for a whole quarter of an hour. The Jeſuit ſeemed perfectly unconcerned at this accident. I ſhould have been obliged to have killed him, or to have made him marry you over again, ſays he to his ſiſter; and all things conſidered, what has juſt happened, is much the beſt for the honour of our family. Cunegund departed with her brother, and only the faithful Cacambo remained, who would not forſake his friend.

CHAP. XX.

Conſequence of Candid's misfortune. How he found his miſtreſs again; and the fortune that happened to him.

O Pangloſs, ſaid Candid, what a pity it is you periſhed ſo miſerably! You have been witneſs only to a part of my misfortunes; and I hoped to have prevailed on you, to forſake the ill founded opinion which you maintained to your laſt breath. No man ever ſuffered greater calamities than I have done; but there is not a ſingle individual who has not curſed his exiſtence, as the daughter of pope Urban warmly expreſſed herſelf. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo? Faith, I cannot tell, ſaid Cacambo; all I know is, that I will not forſake you. But Miſs Cunegund has forſaken me, ſays Candid. Alas! a wife is of far leſs value than a menial ſervant who is a true friend.

Candid and Cacambo diſcourſed thus in the black-hole. From thence they were taken out to be carried back to Copenhagen. It was there that our philoſopher was to know his doom: he expected it to be dreadful, and our readers, doubtleſs, expect ſo to; but Candid was miſtaken, as our readers will be likewiſe. It was at Copenhagen that happineſs waited to crown all his ſufferings:

ferings: he was hardly arrived, when he underſtoo
that Wolhall was dead. This barbarian had no one
regret him, while every body intereſted themſelves fo
Candid. His irons were knocked off, and his enlarg
ment gave him ſo much the more joy, as it was imme
diately followed by the ſight of his dear Zenoida. H
flew to her with the utmoſt tranſport; they were
long time without ſpeaking a word; but their ſilenc
was infinitely more expreſſive than words. They wept
they embraced each other; they attempted to ſpeak
but tears ſtopt their utterance. Cacambo was a pleaſe
ſpectator of this ſcene ſo truly intereſting to a ſenſibl
being; he ſhared in the happineſs of his friend, and wa
almoſt as much affected as himſelf. Dear Cacambo
adorable Zenoida! cried Candid; you efface from m
heart the deep traces of my misfortunes. Love an
friendſhip prepare for me future days of ſerenity an
uninterrupted delight. Through what a number o
trials have I paſſed to arrive at this unexpected happi
neſs! But they are all forgot: dear Zenoida; I behol
you once more! you love me; every thing is for th
beſt, in regard to me; all is good in nature.

By Wolhall's death, Zenoida was left at her own
diſpoſal. The court had given her a penſion out of he
father's fortune, which had been confiſcated; ſhe ſhare
it with Candid and Cacambo; ſhe appointed them
apartments in her own houſe, and gave out that ſhe had
received ſeveral conſiderable ſervices from theſe two
ſtrangers, which obliged her to procure them all the
comforts and pleaſures of life, and to repair the injuſtice
which fortune had done them. There were ſome who
ſaw thro' the motive of her beneficence; which was
no very hard matter to do, conſidering the great talk
her connexion with Candid had formerly occaſioned.
The greater part blamed her, and her conduct was
only approved of by ſome few who knew how to reflect.
Zenoida, who ſet a proper value on the good opinion
even of fools, was nevertheleſs too happy to repent the
loſs of it. The news of the death of Miſs Cunegund,
which was brought by the correſpondents of the Jeſuit
merchants in Copenhagen, procured Zenoida the means
of

conciliating the minds of people; ſhe ordered a genealogy to be drawn up for Candid. The author, who was a man of abilities in his way, derived his pedigree from one of the moſt ancient families in Europe; he even pretended his true name was Canute, which was that of one of the former kings of Denmark; which appeared very probable, as *did* into *ute* is not ſuch a great metamorphoſis: and Candid by means of this little change, became a very great lord. He married Zenoida in public; they lived with as much tranquillity as it is poſſible to do. Cacambo was their common friend; and Candid ſaid often, All is not ſo well as in Eldorado; but all does not go ſo badly *.

* Our author, in diſtributing poetical juſtice among all the perſonages of his performance, ſeems to have forgot Martin, one of the moſt important characters of the whole, whom he had introduced on purpoſe as a contraſt to the character of Pangloſs; and in order to profeſs and inculcate ſuch maxims in philoſophy, as the author himſelf appears to approve.

END of CANDID.

MICELLANEOUS PIECES.

MISCELLANIES.

PLATO's DREAM.

PLATO was a great dreamer, as many others have been ſince his time. He dreamt that mankind were formerly double; and, that as a puniſhment for their crimes, they were divided into male and female.

He undertook to prove that there can be no more than five perfect worlds, becauſe there are but five regular mathematical bodies. His Republic was one of his principal dreams. He dreamt, moreover, that watching ariſes from ſleep, and ſleep from watching; and that a perſon who ſhould attempt to look at an eclipſe, otherwiſe than in a pail of water, would infallibly loſe his ſight. Dreams were, at that time, in great reputation.

Here follows one of his dreams, which is not one of the leaſt intereſting. He thought that the great Demiurgos, the eternal geometer, having peopled the immenſity of ſpace with innumerable globes, was willing to make a tryal of the knowledge of the genii, who had been witneſſes of his works. He gave to each of them a ſmall portion of matter to arrange, nearly in the ſame manner as Phidias and Zeuxis would have given their ſcholars a ſtatue or a picture to make, if we may be allowed to compare ſmall things to great.

Demogorgon had for his lot the lump of mould, which we call the earth, and having formed it, ſuch as

it now appears, he thought he had executed a maſterpiece. He imagined he had ſilenced envy herſelf, and expected to receive the higheſt panegyrics, even from his brethren; but how great was his ſurpriſe, when, at his next appearing among them, they received him with a general hiſs.

One amongſt them, more ſatirical than the reſt, accoſted him thus; "Truly you have performed mighty feats! you have divided your world into two parts; and, leſt the one ſhould have any communication with the other, you have carefully placed a vaſt collection of waters between the two hemiſpheres. The inhabitants muſt periſh with cold under both your poles, and be ſcorched to death under the line. You have, in your great prudence, formed immenſe deſerts of ſands, for all who travel over them to die with hunger and thirſt. I have no fault to find with your cows, your ſheep, your cocks, and your hens; but can never be reconciled to your ſerpents, and your ſpiders. Your onions and your artichokes are very good things, but I cannot conceive what whim took you in the head to ſcatter ſuch an heap of poiſonous plants over the face of your earth, unleſs it was to poiſon its inhabitants. Moreover, if I am not miſtaken, you have created above thirty different kinds of monkeys, a ſtill greater number of dogs, and only four or five ſpecies of the human race. It is true indeed you have beſtowed on the latter of theſe animals, a ſomewhat, by you called Reaſon; but, in truth, this ſame reaſon is a very ridiculous thing, and borders very near upon folly. Beſides, you do not ſeem to have ſhewn any very great regard to this two-legged creature, ſeeing you have made him with ſo few means of defence; ſubjected him to ſo many diſorders, and provided him with ſo few remedies; and formed him with ſuch a multitude of paſſions, and ſo ſmall a portion of wiſdom or prudence to reſiſt them. You certainly was not willing that there ſhould remain any great number of theſe animals on the earth at once; for, without reckoning the dangers to which you have expoſed them, you have ſo ordered matters, that, taking every day through the year, the ſmall-pox will regularly

gularly carry off the tenth part of the ſpecies, and its ſiſter malady will taint the ſprings of life in the nine remaining parts; and then, as if this was not ſufficient, you have ſo diſpoſed things, that one-half of thoſe who ſurvive will be occupied in going to law with each other, or cutting one another's throats. Now, they muſt doubtleſs have infinite obligations to you, and it muſt be owned you have executed a maſter-piece."

Demogorgon bluſhed: he was ſenſible there was much moral and phyſical evil in this affair; but ſtill he inſiſted there was more good than ill in it. "It is an eaſy matter to find fault, good folks!" ſaid the genie; "but do you imagine it is ſo eaſy to form an animal, who, having the gift of reaſon and free-will, ſhall not ſometimes abuſe his liberty? Do you think, that, in rearing between nine and ten thouſand different plants, it is ſo eaſy to prevent ſome few from having noxious qualities? Do you ſuppoſe, that with a certain quantity of water, ſand, and mud, you could make a globe that ſhould have neither ſeas or deſerts? As to you, my ſneering friend, I think you have juſt finiſhed the planet Mars. Let us ſee now what figure you make with your two great belts and your long nights without a moon to enlighten them. Let us examine your world, and ſee whether the inhabitants you have made are exempt from follies or diſeaſes."

Accordingly the genii fell to examining the planet Mars, when the laugh went ſtrongly againſt the laugher. The ſerious genie who had made the planet Saturn, did not eſcape without his ſhare of cenſures; and his brother operators, the makers of Jupiter, Mercury, and Venus, had each in their turn ſome reproaches to undergo.

Several large volumes, and a great number of pamphlets, were wrote on this occaſion; ſmart ſayings and witty repartees flew about on all ſides; they railed againſt and ridiculed each other; and, in ſhort, the diſputes were carried on with all the warmth of party heat, when the eternal Demiurgos thus impoſed ſilence on them all: "In your ſeveral performances there is both good and bad, becauſe you have a great ſhare of

underſtanding, but at the ſame time fall ſhort of perfection. Your works will not endure above an hundred millions of years, after which you will acquire more knowledge, and perform better. It belongs to me alone to create things perfect and immortal."

This was the doctrine Plato taught his diſciples. One of them, when he had finiſhed his harangue, cried out, *and ſo then you awoke.*

A LETTER from the AUTHOR to Mr. S. GRAVESAND, Profeſſor of Mathematics.

I RETURN you thanks, Sir, for the figure you have been ſo obliging to ſend me of the inſtrument which you make uſe of to fix the image of the ſun. I intend to have one made upon your plan, which will ſave me much difficulty and trouble, as I am but aukward, and find a great inconvenience in making uſe of my glaſſes in my dark apartment. As the ſun advances, the colours vaniſh, and reſemble the affairs of this world, which are not an inſtant together in the ſame ſituation. I have given the name of *Sta Sol* to your inſtrument, You are the only perſon ſince Joſhua who has been able to fix the ſun.

The ſame packet brought me the book which I deſired of you, in which my adverſary and that of all philoſophers employs about three hundred pages on the ſubject of ſome of Paſcal's thoughts, that I examined in the compaſs of little more than a ſheet. I ſtill abide by what I there ſaid, viz. that the fault of moſt books is their being too long. A writer, who has reaſon on his ſide, will always be conciſe; but very little reaſon, and a great deal of abuſe, have ſwelled his book to above three hundred pages.

I was always of opinion that Paſcal threw his thoughts upon paper with an intention to reviſe them, and reject ſuch as he thought unneceſſary. Our critic will not believe any thing of the matter. He inſiſts that

that Paſcal was fond of all his notions, and that he would not have retrenched a ſingle one. But he would be greatly ſurpriſed, did he know that the editors themſelves ſuppreſſed at leaſt half of them; and ſtill more ſo, was he to ſee thoſe which father des Mollets recovered a few years ſince, written in Paſcal's own hand, and which are to be found in a work entitled *Recueil de Litterature*.

Men of forcible imaginations, like Mr. Paſcal, pronounced with a kind of deſpotic authority; the weak and ignorant liſten with a ſervile admiration, while thoſe of a ſound underſtanding carefully examine.

Mr. Paſcal, ſome time before his death, conſtantly thought he ſaw a horrible abyſs yawning by the ſide of his chair. Are we for that reaſon to imagine the ſame! As for me, I behold an abyſs likewiſe; but it is in thoſe things which he thought he had explained. You may find in Leibnitz's miſcellaneous works, that Paſcal's reaſon was at length totally impaired by a ſettled melancholy; and this he relates in ſomewhat too harſh a manner. However, it is nothing extraordinary that a man of ſo delicate a conſtitution and ſerious turn of thinking as Paſcal was, ſhould by an improper way of living diſorder the organs of reaſon. This malady is neither more ſurpriſing nor more humiliating than the ſmall-pox or fever. When the great Paſcal ſtooped beneath its attack, he might be compared to Sampſon, who had loſt his ſtrength. I do not know what name to give to the diſeaſe with which our doctor was attacked, who argued againſt me with ſo much bitterneſs; but he is miſerably miſtaken in all points, and more eſpecially in relation to the ſtate of the queſtion.

My trifling remarks on Mr. Paſcal's thoughts are all founded on this maxim, that we ought fully to believe in original ſin, becauſe faith ordains it; but ſtill more, becauſe our reaſon is abſolutely incapable of demonſtrating to us the fall of human nature, revelation alone being able to teach it to us. Plato loſt himſelf in the ſubject. How could he know that mankind were formerly handſomer, bigger, ſtronger, or more happy, than at preſent; that they had a pair of beautiful

wings, or that they got children without the help of women?

All those who have had recourse to natural philosophy, to prove the decay of this little globe of ours, have had as bad success as Plato. Observe those deformed mountains, cried they, those vast seas, which break in upon the earth in so many parts, and those lakes which have no vent for their waters. These are the ruins of a world accursed. But, upon a nearer examination, it has been found that these mountains were necessary to furnish us with rivers and mines, and are the perfections of a world blessed by its Creator. In like manner does my censor assert, that our lives are very short in comparison of those of crows and stags; for he has heard his nurse say that stags live three hundred years, and a crow nine hundred. Hesiod's nurse, in all probability, had told him the same story; but Mr. Doctor has only to inquire of the first sportsman he meets, and he will tell him that a stag rarely lives above twenty years. He may harangue as long and as learnedly as he pleases; man is the animal of all others to which the Creator has given the longest life, and I should be very glad if he could shew me a crow an hundred and two years old, as were Mr. St. Aulaire and Mademoiselle de Chaucloy, when they died.

It is an unaccountable whim in those gentlemen, who are for having mankind miserable, right or wrong. I do not like those quack-doctors, who go about to persuade me I am ill, on purpose to make me buy their pills. Keep your drugs, friend, I should say, and leave me my health; but, prithee, do not abuse me, because I am in good health, and will not take your medicines. This man, however, has abused me in the grossest manner, according to the laudable custom of those people who have not the laugh on their side. He has found out in some journal certain letters on the nature of the soul, which I never wrote, and which were published under my name by the bookseller, as many other things have been that I never read. But as this gentleman does, he might have easily perceived that these letters could never have been mine, and that there are whole pages borrowed word for word from

from what I formerly wrote upon Locke. It is very plain that ſome one has robbed me; for my part, I never commit ſuch thefts, poor and indigent as I may be.

The doctor takes infinite pains to prove, that the ſoul is a ſpirit. May be ſo, but really the arguments he brings to prove it are very doubtful. He wants to abuſe Locke under my name, becauſe that great writer has ſaid, that God is ſufficiently powerful to give matter the power of thinking. The more I read Mr. Locke, the more I wiſh thoſe gentlemen would ſtudy him. He ſeems to me to have acted like Auguſtus, who iſſued an edict *de coercendo intra fines imperio*. "He has confined the empire of knowledge, to give it the greater ſtrength." What is the ſoul? I do not know? What is matter? I do not know. But he will tell me that Joſeph Godfrey Leibnitz has lately diſcovered that matter is an aſſemblage of monadical particles. Be it ſo. I underſtand nothing of the matter, nor he neither. Or, ſuppoſing my ſoul to be a monadical particle, have I gained ſurpriſing knowledge? Ay! but I'll prove to you that you are immortal, quoth my friend the doctor. Upon my word, I ſhall be very much obliged to you, doctor; for I have as great a deſire of immortality as yourſelf. It was to attain it that I wrote the Henriade. But the good man thinks himſelf much more ſure of immorality by his arguments, than I by my Henriade.

Vanitas vanitatum metaphyſica vanitas.

We are formed to count, meaſure, and weigh. This Newton has done, and this you and Mr. Muſchembroeck do; but as to the firſt principles of things, we know no more of them than Epiſtomon, or Maſter Edituus.

Thoſe philoſophers, who form ſyſtems on the hidden conſtruction of the univerſe, are like our travellers, who, when they have been at Conſtantinople, pretend to give a deſcription of the ſeraglio, and how the ſultan and his favourites paſs their time there; when, the

truth is, they never ſaw any thing more than the outſide of its walls.

Permit me, Sir, to take my leave; if any one has a little inſight into theſe matters, it is yourſelf; as for the gentleman who has paſſed cenſure on me, he is abſolutely blind. I have the honour of ſo being myſelf; but then it is not in quite ſo groſs a manner: however, I am not ſo void of ſight but I can perceive all your merit; and you know how truly ſenſible I am of the pleaſure of your friendſhip.

At Cirey, June 1, 1741. I am, &c.

ANSWER to Mr. MARTIN KAHLE, Profeſſor and Dean of the Philoſophers of Gottingen, in relation to the above metaphyſical Queſtions.

Mr. DEAN,

IT is with pleaſure I take this opportunity of informing the public, that you have wrote a ſmall book againſt me; in the ſeventeenth page of which you condemn the proof of the exiſtence of a God drawn from final cauſes. If you had reaſoned in this manner at Rome, the reverend father Jacobin, maſter of the ſacred palace, would have ſent you to the inquiſition. Had you written againſt a divine at Paris, he would have cauſed your propoſition to have been cenſured by the Sacred Faculty; or if againſt an enthuſiaſt, he would have abuſed you, &c. &c. But I, who have not the honour to be either Jacobin, divine, or enthuſiaſt, ſhall leave you to enjoy your opinion, and abide by my own. I ſhall always be of opinion, that a clock proves the exiſtence of a clock-maker, and the univerſe that of a God. I could wiſh you rightly underſtood yourſelf what you ſay concerning ſpace and duration, the neceſſity of matter, monadical particles, and pre-eſtabliſhed harmony; and beg leave to refer you to what

what I have written on this ſubject in the laſt new edition of my works, where I have endeavoured to underſtand myſelf what I was writing, which, I aſſure you, is no ſmall matter in metaphyſics.

By way of illuſtrating the doctrine of ſpace and infinity, you quote the Medea of Sophocles, Cicero's Philippics, Ovid's Metamorphoſes, ſome verſes of the duke of Buckingham, and of Gombaud, Regnier, Rapin, and others. Now, Sir, you muſt give me leave to tell you, I know as much of poetry as yourſelf, am as fond of it as you can poſſibly be, and that, if the buſineſs was to cap verſes, there would be fine ſport between us; but I think they are of very little uſe in explaining a queſtion in metaphyſics, even though written by Lucretius, or the cardinal de Polignac. However, if you can really comprehend any thing of monadicle particles, pre-eſtabliſhed harmony, and the quoting of verſes,

Si Monſieur le Doyen peut jamais concevoir,
Comment tout étant plein a pû ſe mouvoir *.

If you can alſo diſcover how abſolute neceſſity admits of free will in man, you will do me infinite pleaſure to communicate it to me: likewiſe if you will inform me when you ſhall have demonſtrated, either in verſe or proſe, the reaſon why mankind cut one another's throats in the beſt of all poſſible worlds, I ſhall be greatly obliged to you.

I impatiently expect your arguments, your verſes, and your invectives, and in the mean time proteſt to you, from the bottom of my ſoul, that neither you nor I know any thing concerning the matter in queſtion. Nevertheleſs, I have the honour to be, &c.

* "If Mr. Dean can or conceive or prove,
"How in a plenum aught has power to move."

A SHORT ANSWER to the LONG DISCOURSES of a GERMAN DOCTOR.

I BETOOK myſelf to the ſtudy of philoſophy, in hopes of finding that repoſe which Sir Iſaac Newton calls *rem prorſus ſubſtantialem*: but I found that the ſquare root of the cube of the revolutions of the planets, and the ſquares of their diſtances, ſtill made me enemies; I perceived that I had drawn upon me the indignation of certain German Doctors, for daring to meaſure the force of bodies in motion by $m + v$, and having had the inſolence to doubt not only monadical particles, and pre-eſtabliſhed harmony, but even of the great principle of the indiſcernabilia. How then could I hope for reſt, notwithſtanding the ſincere reſpect I have for the fine genius of Leibnitz, after having thus attempted to ſhake the foundations of nature? My antagoniſts have, in order to convince me, employed an abundance of ſophiſtry, and a ſtill greater abundance of groſs abuſe, agreeable to the laudable cuſtom long introduced into that ſcience, which we call *Philoſophy*; that is to ſay, *the Love of Wiſdom*.

It is true that a certain perſon, infinitely reputable on all accounts, and who has many different kinds of underſtanding, has been pleaſed to employ one of them in explaining and embelliſhing the ſyſtem of Mr. Leibnitz, and raiſing a beautiful portico before this vaſt and confuſed pile of building. I was ſurpriſed to find, that, while I admired, I could not believe him; but at length I diſcovered the reaſon: it was becauſe he did not believe it himſelf; and this frequently happens among thoſe who think they have an intention to perſuade, and thoſe who ſtrive to be perſuaded.

The

The further I proceed in this matter, the more I am confirmed in my notion that metaphyſical ſyſtems are, with regard to philoſophers, what romances are to women. They have all their day, and afterwards ſink into utter oblivion. A mathematical truth will remain to eternity, while metaphyſical phantoms vaniſh like the dreams of a ſick man.

When I was in England, I could not have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing the great Newton, who was then drawing to near his end. The famous Samuel Clark, rector of St. Jaſnes, who was the friend, the pupil, and the commentator of Newton, did me the favour to give me ſome inſtructions in that part of philoſophy, which aims at heights above calculation and the ſenſes. I did not indeed find that circumſpect diſſection of the human underſtanding, that blind man's ſtaff, with which the modeſt Locke felt out his way, and found it; in a word, that learned timidity which ſtopped him on the brink of the abyſs. Clark boldly leaped into this abyſs, and I had the preſumption to think of following him. One day that we were buſied in theſe deep reſearches, that delight the ſoul by their immenſity, I ſaid to a very worthy and learned member of the Royal Society, then preſent, Mr. Clark is a much greater metaphyſician than Sir Iſaac Newton. May be ſo, replied he cooly, but you might as well ſay, one plays better at foot-ball than the other. This anſwer made me enter into myſelf. I have ſince ventured to pierce one of theſe metaphyſical balls, and I found that nothing came out but wind. And Mr. S. Graveſand, in anſwer to my letter, wherein I had this expreſſion, *Vanitas vanitatum, metaphyſica vanitas*; obſerves that he was ſorry to own I was in the right.

Father Mallebranche, in his *Recherche de la Verité*, conceiving that nothing could be more beautiful or uſeful than his ſyſtem, expreſſes himſelf thus. "Man was not made to employ his time in examining gnats and flies, and we cannot approve of the pains that ſome perſons are at to inform us of the make of certain inſects, the transformation of worms, &c. It is allowable to amuſe ourſelves in this manner when we have nothing

thing elſe to do, and purely as a paſtime." And yet, this *amuſement, purely for the ſake of amuſing ourſelves*, hath laid open to us the inexhauſtible ſtores of Nature, by which ſhe can reſtore to ſome animals the members they have loſt; can produce new heads, after the former have been cut off; give to this inſect the power of joining itſelf, the inſtant after its head has been ſeparated from its body, and permit others to multiply their ſpecies without the commerce of the ſexes. This *kind of amuſement* has diſcovered a new world in miniature, and an infinite variety of wiſdom and power; while father Malbranche, after forty years painful ſtudy, has been only able to find out, that "light is a vibration of preſſure on the little ſoft vortices; and that we ſee every thing in God."

I have ſaid that Sir Iſaac Newton had his doubts; upon which my antagoniſts cry out, Oh! we have no doubts, we know for certain that the ſoul is a certain ſomething, deſtined of neceſſity to receive ſome certain ideas; at the ſame time, that the body neceſſarily performs ſome certain motions, while neither of them have the leaſt influence over each other; in the ſame manner, as when one man preaches, and another makes geſtures to him, and this is called pre-eſtabliſhed harmony. We know that matter is compoſed of beings, which are not matter, and that the foot of a mite contains an infinite number of ſubſtances, which have no extent, every one of which has confuſed ideas; which altogether compoſe a concentric mirror of the whole univerſe, and this is called the ſyſtem of monadical particles. We alſo have a perfect and clear conception of the agreement of free-will and abſolute neceſſity; we alſo very well underſtand how all the parts of a plenum can be in motion. Happy geniuſes, who can thus comprehend things ſo little comprehenſible, and who perceive a different univerſe from that which we inhabit.

I am highly delighted to hear a doctor ſaying with a magiſterial and ironical tone of voice, "You are all miſtaken, you do not know that it has been lately diſcovered, that, 'what is poſſible to be, and that every

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'thing that is poſſible to be, does not actually exiſt; 'and that every thing that does actually exiſt is poſſible, 'and that the eſſence of things never changes.' Would to God the eſſence of doctors would change! And ſo then you inform us that there are eſſences; well, and I inform you that neither you nor I have the honour of knowing them: I alſo inform you that there never was, nor never will be, a man upon earth, who either has known or will know what matter is, what is the principle of life and ſenſation, what the ſoul of man is; whether there are ſouls, whoſe nature it is to feel only without reaſoning, or to reaſon only without feeling, or to do neither the one nor the other; whether what is called matter has ſenſation, in the ſame manner as it has gravitation, with a multitude of other *ifs* and *whethers*.

As to the controverſy about meaſuring the impetus of moving bodies, it appears to me to be only a diſpute about words, and I am ſorry there ſhould be ſuch things in the ſcience of mathematics. Whether we reckon by $m \times v$, or by $m \times v^2$, it will make no alteration in the mechanical part, the ſame number of horſes will always be neceſſary for ſuch weight, the ſame charge of powder for guns of ſuch a caliber, ſo that this diſpute is in fact the opprobrium of geometry.

And yet would to heaven there were no other diſputes amongſt mankind, we ſhould be angels upon earth. But do we not ſomewhat reſemble the devils in Milton, who, though tormented with rage, envy, hatred, yet employ themſelves in reaſoning upon metaphyſical ſubjects in the midſt of their torments.

—— —— — and reaſon'd high
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge abſolute,
And found no end—

A LET-

A LETTER,

CONCERNING

ROGER BACON.

YOU are of opinion, Sir, that Roger Bacon, (or, as he is commonly called, friar Bacon) the famous monk, who lived in the 13th century, was a very great man, and was poſſeſſed of the true knowledge, becauſe he was perſecuted and impriſoned at Rome, by a ſet of ignorant people. This is a great preſumption in his favour, I muſt allow. But do we not every day ſee one quack gravely condemned by his brother quack; and one fool impoſing fines and puniſhments on another? This world of ours, my friend, has long been a kind of mad-houſe, in which one, who thinks himſelf God the Father, anathematizes him who thinks himſelf God the Holy Ghoſt, and theſe inſtances are far from being very ſcarce now-a-days.

Amongſt other things, which rendered him juſtly eſtimable, we muſt firſt reckon his ſufferings, and then the noble boldneſs with which he declared, that all Ariſtotle's writings were fit only to be burnt, and this at a time when the ſcholiaſts reverenced Ariſtotle more than even the Janſeniſts do St. Auguſtin. Yet after all Bacon has in none of his performances excelled the Art of Poetry, the Rhetoric, and the Logic of Ariſtotle. Theſe three immortal works prove beyond contradiction that Ariſtotle had a very noble and extenſive, penetrating and methodical genius; and that he was a bad natural philoſopher from no other reaſon, but that it was impoſſible to dive into the depths of natural philoſophy without the aſſiſtance of inſtruments.

Does Bacon in his beſt work, wherein he treats of light and viſion, expreſs himſelf in a much clearer manner,

ner, than Ariſtotle, where he ſays, "Light generates its luminous ſpecies by way of multiplication; and this action is called repercuſſion, and conformable to the acting force, there is another multiplication, which is equivocal, and by which light begets heat, and heat putrefaction."

In another place, he tells you that a man may prolong his life by the uſe of ſperma-ceti, aloes, and the fleſh of a dragon; but he can give himſelf immortality, by means of the philoſopher's ſtone. You may eaſily imagine, that he, who was poſſeſſed of theſe curious ſecrets, could not but be well acquainted with every arcana in judicial aſtrology, without exception. Accordingly, we find him poſitively aſſerting in his Opus Majus, that the head is under the influence of the ram, the neck is governed by the bull, and the arms are under the power of the twins, &c. He even pretends to prove theſe curious matters from experience, and beſtows many encomiums on a great and learned aſtrologer of Paris, who, as he ſays, hindered a phyſician from applying a plaiſter to the leg of his patient, becauſe the ſun was then in the ſign Aquarius, and that ſign is particularly fatal to the legs, when plaiſters are put upon them.

It is a common received opinion that this Bacon was the inventor of gun-powder. It is certain, that, in his time, they had made large ſteps towards this horrible diſcovery; for I have made it my conſtant obſervation that the ſpirit of invention is of all ages, and that, however ſtupid or ignorant thoſe doctors may be who have the direction of our minds and bodies, however induſtriouſly they may labour to eſtabliſh the moſt ſenſeleſs prejudices, or to baniſh common ſenſe from amongſt them, there will always be found ſome obſcure perſonages, ſome artiſts endued with a ſuperior degree of inſtinct, who invent admirable things, on which the learned afterwards reaſon.

Here follows word for word the famous paſſage in Bacon touching gunpowder: it is in the London edition of his Opus Majus, page 474. "Wild-fire cannot without great difficulty be extinguiſhed; for water will not do it, &c.

Here

Here it plainly appears that Bacon was acquainted only with this common experiment of putting a hollow globe filled with ſaltpetre on the fire. But there is a great diſtance between that and gunpowder, of which Bacon never makes the leaſt mention in any of his works, but which was invented ſoon after his time.

I am however more ſurpriſed, that he did not know the direction of the compaſs-needle, which in his time began to be known in Italy: but to make amends he was well acquainted with the nature of the hazel-wand, and other matters of the ſame ſtamp, of which he treats in his Dignity of Experimental Philoſophy.

But, notwithſtanding the aſtoniſhing number of abſurdities and chimeras, with which his writings abound, it muſt be confeſſed that Bacon was a wonderful genius for the age he lived in. The age he lived in! you will ſay, why was it not that of the feudal government, and of ſcholiaſts? Figure to yourſelf a ſet of ſavages reading Ariſtotle and Avicen: ſuch were we at that time.

Bacon knew ſomething of geometry and optics, and this made him paſs for a necromancer at Rome and at Paris. And yet his knowledge went no farther than what was found in the Arabian writer Alazer; for, in thoſe days, we knew nothing but what we were learnt from thoſe people. They were phyſicians and aſtrologers to all the crowned heads in Chriſtendom. The king's fool was always of his own nation; but his doctor muſt neceſſarily be an Arabian or a Jew.

Was Bacon to appear amongſt us, even in this enlightened age, he would ſtill be a great man. He was a lump of gold, defiled with all the droſs of the times he lived in, and this gold is now cleanſed and purified.

Poor mortals that we are! how many ages have we taken to acquire a little knowledge and reaſon!

ON THE

ANTI-LUCRETIUS

OF

CARDINAL de POLIGNAC.

AFTER reading the whole of the late cardinal de Polignac's poem, I was confirmed in the opinion I had entertained of it, when his excellency did me the honour to read me the firſt canto. It is matter of great ſurpriſe how any one, in the midſt of ſo many and ſo troubleſome avocations, ſhould have had either leiſure or inclination to compoſe ſo long a work in verſe, and in a foreign language, when, at the ſame time, he was not capable of writing four good lines of poetry in his own tongue. He appears to me to have united the fire of Lucretius with the elegance of Virgil; I eſpecially admire in him that extreme eaſe, with which he always expreſſes the moſt difficult things.

His Anti-Lucretius may perhaps be ſomewhat too looſe, and want that variety which generally pleaſes; but in this place I examine it as a philoſopher not as a poet. I cannot but think that ſo noble a ſoul as his ought to have done more juſtice to the morals of Epicurus, who, though undoubtedly a very bad natural philoſopher, was nevertheleſs a good man, and carefully taught the principles of benignity, temperance, and moderation; virtues which he rendered ſtill more amiable by his example than his precepts.

And yet we find this great man thus called upon in the Anti-Lucretius,

Si virtutis eras avidus, &c.

But Epicurus might, with great juſtice, have made the cardinal the following reply: Had it been my happy lot,

lot, as it was yours, to have known the true God; had I, like you, been born in a pure and holy faith; I ſhould certainly never have rejected the revelation of this God, to whoſe doctrine, though my underſtanding was a ſtranger, my heart avowed its moral principles. I never could admit a belief of the deities, ſuch as they were revealed to me by the pagan religion. I had too enlightened a reaſon to adore deities, who were born of a father and mother, like mortals, and made war againſt each other. I was too much a lover of virtue, not to deteſt a religion, that, at one time, encouraged the commiſſion of ſin by the example of the gods themſelves, and at another ſold for money the remiſſion of the moſt flagrant and unnatural crimes. On the one hand, I beheld mankind in general deformed with vice, and endeavouring to render themſelves pure in the ſight of deities as impure as themſelves; while, on the other, I beheld a deſigning ſet of men, who boaſted in juſtifying the moſt wicked actions, either by initiating thoſe who committed them into the holy myſteries, or by dropping on them the blood of heifers, or by plunging them in the waters of the Ganges. I ſaw the moſt unjuſt wars undertaken with a ſhew of religion. If the liver of a victim happened to be without a blemiſh, or that a woman, with diſhevelled hair and a diſtracted countenance, uttered certain words which neither herſelf nor any of the bye-ſtanders underſtood. In a word, I ſaw the whole earth ſtained with the blood of human victims, that the inhuman high-prieſts poured out in ſacrifices to their inhuman deities. I glory in the abhorrence I ſhewed to ſuch a religion. Mine was that of virtue: I invited my diſciples to withdraw themſelves from any commerce with a world that was ſo badly governed. A true Epicurean was a mild, moderate, juſt, and amiable being, who gave offence to no community of people, and who never kept executioners in pay to murder, in the face of the world, thoſe who did not happen to think as he did. How inconſiderable then is the difference between your religion and mine? I overturned the worſhip of falſe gods; and, had I lived when you did, I ſhould have acknowledged the true one."

Nearly

Nearly in this manner might Epicurus have endeavoured to juſtify his errors: he might even claim a right to pardon for having oppoſed the immortality of the ſoul, by ſaying, I am to be pitied, rather than condemned, for having oppoſed a truth which God did not think proper to reveal till five hundred years after my death. I thought in the ſame manner with all the lawgivers of the heathen world, who were equally ignorant of the truth with myſelf.

I could therefore have wiſhed that cardinal de Polignac had lamented Epicurus for his errors, at the ſame time that he condemned him; and ſuch a turn of thought was by no means incompatible with the beauties of poetry.

With regard to natural philoſophy, I think the author has waſted much time, and many good verſes, in refuting the declenſion of atoms, and other abſurdities with which Lucretius's poem ſwarms. This is like levelling a cannon againſt an ant-hill. Beſides, what reaſon could he have for combating the dreams of Lucretius, only to ſubſtitute thoſe of Deſcartes in their place?

Cardinal de Polignac has, in the courſe of his poem, introduced ſome very beautiful verſes upon the diſcoveries of the great Newton; but, unhappily for him, he there oppoſes demonſtrated truths. The Newtonian philoſophy is not to be diſcuſſed in verſe; we can hardly inveſtigate it in proſe. It is founded wholly on geometry, which eludes the graſp of a poetical genius. Poetry may, indeed, embelliſh the outſide of the ſyſtem; but thoſe who mean to dive into the truths it contains, muſt have recourſe to calculations, and not to verſe.

A DIS-

A DISSERTATION

On the Changes that have happened in our Globe, and on the Petrifications which are alledged as Proofs thereof; written originally in Italian, and ſent by the Author to the Academy of Bologna, and ſince tranſlated by him into French.

THERE are certain errors which belong alone to the common people; there are others which are confined to philoſophers. In this latter claſs we may perhaps rank the notion which prevails amongſt the generality of natural philoſophers, that the earth almoſt every-where affords proofs of a once total ſubverſion. In the mountains of Heſſe, there has been found a ſtone which had the impreſſion of a turbot, and a petrified pike-fiſh was found in one of the Alps. From hence it has been taken for granted, that the mountains we now ſee have been formerly covered with ſeas and rivers; whereas it is much more natural to ſuppoſe, that theſe fiſh had been brought thither by ſome traveller, who, finding them ſpoiled, threw them away, and, in proceſs of time, they became petrified; but this notion would have been too ſimple, and not have left ſufficient room for hypotheſis. Ay! but a ſhip's anchor has been found upon one of the mountains of Switzerland! Indeed! and might it not have been brought thither like many other heavy burdens, and even as canon have been, by hand; and afterwards uſed to ſtop ſome very weighty load from ſliding down the declivity of the rock; or might not this very anchor have been brought from the little ſea-port in the lake of Geneva? or, after all, may not the ſtory itſelf of the anchor be falſe? Undoubtedly; but then it has been thought more proper to affirm, that this was the anchor of ſome veſſel that had been moored in Switzerland before the Deluge.

There

There is ſome reſemblance between the tongue of a ſea-dog and a ſtone called *Gloſſopetra*. This is enough to perſuade a naturaliſt that theſe ſtones have been all tongues of ſea-dogs left in the Apennines in Noah's time. Why do they not, at the ſame time, affirm, that the ſhells called *Conchæ Veneris* are the very thing whoſe name they bear?

Almoſt all reptiles are of a ſpiral form when not in motion; and it is nothing wonderful, that, when they are petrified, they ſhould retain the ſame uncooth figure; and it is altogether natural for ſtones themſelves to be formed in this ſhape: the Alps and the Vorgian mountains are full of ſuch. Now, it has pleaſed naturaliſts to give the name of *Cornu Ammonis*, or Ammon Horn, to theſe ſtones; and they pretend to diſcover therein the fiſh called *Nautilus*, which they never ſaw, and which is ſaid to be bred in the Indian ſeas; and, without the trouble of examining whether this petrified body is a *Nautilus* or an eel, they conclude that the Indian ſea has formerly overflowed the mountains of Europe.

There have been alſo found, in ſome of the provinces of France and Italy, certain ſmall ſhells that are poſitively ſaid to be natives of the Syrian ſea. I am in no diſpoſition to conteſt their origin; but why may it not be remembered, that the innumerable crouds of pilgrims and cruſaders, who carried money into the Holy Land, brought back with them a number of ſhells? or is it more eligible to believe, that the ſeas of Joppa and Sidon came and covered the whole country of Burgundy and the Milaneſe?

We might, indeed, chuſe whether we would credit either of theſe hypotheſes; and rather think, with many naturaliſts, that theſe ſhells, that are ſuppoſed to have been transferred from ſuch a diſtance, are foſſils, which are produced by the earth in theſe climates. Again; we might, with an equal degree of probability, conjecture, that the places where theſe ſhells are found were formerly covered with lakes or collections of water: but whichever opinion or error we may adopt, theſe

theſe ſhells are by no means a proof that the whole univerſe has been turned upſide down.

The hills about Calais and Dover are rocks of chalk; therefore theſe hills have been formerly undivided by water. The ſoil about Gibralter and Tangiers is nearly of the ſame nature; therefore Afric and Europe were formerly joined, and there was no Mediterranean Sea. The Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Apennines, have been thought by ſeveral philoſophers to be the ruins of a world that has undergone a number of changes. This opinion was ſtrongly maintained by the whole Pythagorean ſchool, as well as by many others. They likewiſe affirm, that the earth we at preſent inhabit was formerly a ſea, and that the ſea was for a long time dry land.

Ovid is well known to have ſpoke the opinions of the naturaliſts of the Eaſt, in the lines he puts into the mouth of Pythagoras.

This was in fact the opinion of Pythagoras and the Indians, and it is doing him no injuſtice to relate it in verſe. This opinion has gained particular credit by thoſe heaps or beds of ſhells that are found underground in Calabria, Touraine, and other places at a conſiderable diſtance from the ſea; and there is ſome reaſon to believe that they have been depoſited there in a long ſucceſſion of years.

The ſea, which has retired ſeveral leagues from its antient ſhores in ſome places, has in others made conſiderable encroachments upon the land. But from this almoſt inperceptible loſs, many have thought they have a right to conclude that the ſea did for a long time cover the reſt of the globe. Frejus, Narbonne, Ferrara, and ſome others, are no longer ſea-ports; one half of the country of Eaſt-Frieſland was over-flowed by the ocean; therefore it follows, that for ſeveral ages whales have ſported upon Mount Taurus and the Alps, and man inhabited the bed of the ocean.

The hypotheſis of the natural revolutions that have happened in this world, has been ſtrengthened in the minds of ſome philoſophers by the diſcovery made by the chevalier de Louville, a famous aſtronomer, who,

as

as is well known, in the year 1714, ſet out from Marſeilles on purpoſe to diſcover by obſervations whether an angle of the ecliptic with the equator was the ſame as it had been fixed by Pitheas about two thouſand years before. He found it leſs by twenty minutes; that is to ſay, the ecliptic had, according to his obſervations, in the ſpace of two thouſand years, approached nearer to the equator by one third of a degree; which proves, that in ſix thouſand years it will be nearer by a whole degree.

This ſuppoſed, it is evident that the earth, beſides its known motions, muſt have another, by which it is made to revolve round itſelf from one pole to another. It will be found, that, in the ſpace of 23,000 years, the ſun will continue for a great length of time on the equator; and, in a period of two millions of years, all the climates in the world will have been in their turns under the torrid and the frigid zones. But what occaſion, you will ſay, to alarm one's-ſelf about what is to happen two millions of years hence? There is probably a much longer period between the poſitions of the planets, with regard to each other. We already know the earth has a motion which is completed in 25,000 years, called the preceſſion of the equinoxes. Revolutions of thouſands of millions of years are infinitely leſs in the ſight of the Great Architect of Nature, than to us that of a wheel which completes its round in the twinkling of an eye. This new period, invented by the chevalier de Louville, which has been corrected and ſupported by ſeveral aſtronomers, has occaſioned ſearch to be made after the antient Babyloniſh obſervations tranſmitted to the Greeks by Alexander, and preſerved to poſterity by Ptolomy in his *Almageſtes*.

The Babylonians in Alexander's time pretended to have aſtronomical obſervations for upwards of 400,300 years. It was endeavoured to reconcile theſe Babyloniſh calculations with the hypotheſis of the revolution of two millions of years. At length, ſome philoſophers concluded, that, all the climates having been each in their turn the Pole, and the Equinoctial Line, all the ſeas muſt likewiſe have changed places.

Extraor-

Extraordinary and great changes in nature are objects, which will always pleaſe the imaginations of the wiſeſt men. Philoſophers are as fond of a change of ſcene in the univerſe, as the common people are of thoſe on the ſtage. Our imagination, taking its flight from the point of exiſtence and duration, launches into millions of ages, to contemplate with a ſecret pleaſure Canada under the Equator, and the ſeas of Nova Zembla covering the top of mount Atlas.

A certain author in his theory of the earth, a work more famous than inſtructive, pretends that the deluge ſubverted our whole globe, and from its ruins made the rocks and mountains we now ſee, and threw every thing into a ſtate of irreparable confuſion; in ſhort, he looks upon the univerſe as one great heap of ruins. The author of another theory, no leſs famous, ſees nothing therein but the utmoſt order, and affirms, that, without the deluge, ſuch noble harmony could never have ſubſiſted: both writers allow the mountains to be the conſequences of an univerſal inundation.

Burnet, the firſt of theſe authors, tells us for certain in his fifth chapter, that before the deluge the earth was compact, regular, uniform, and without hills, vallies, or ſeas. According to him, the deluge cauſed all theſe; and this is a reaſon why we find the Cornua Ammonis in the Appennine mountains.

Woodward, the other theoriſt, condeſcends to allow that there were mountains before the deluge; but it is very certain that it diſſolved all the different metals, and formed others, and that this is the reaſon, why in this new earth of ours, we ſo frequently find flints, that were ſoftened by the water, and appear now full of petrified animals. Woodward might have been convinced, if he pleaſed, that water will not diſſolve marble, flint, or the like ſubſtances; and that the rocks, which are conſtantly waſhed by the ſea, ſtill retain their hardneſs; but no matter. His hypotheſis required that the water ſhould have a power of diſſolving, in the ſpace of one hundred and fifty days, all the ſtones and minerals in the world, to lodge a few oyſters and perriwinkles in them.

It

It would require more time than the waters continued upon the face of the earth to read all the authors who have formed hypotheſes on this ſubject. Every one of them deſtroys and new-moulds the earth, in the ſame manner as Deſcartes has created his after his own fancy; for the greateſt part of your philoſophers put themſelves without any ceremony in the place of the deity, and imagine they can create a world by their bidding.

Far be it from me to think of copying their example; I have not the vanity to think I ſhall ever be able to diſcover the means made uſe of by the creator to form the world, to drown, or to preſerve it. I confine myſelf to the ſcripture-word, without attempting to explain it, or admitting of what it does not ſay. I only deſire to be permitted to examine, according to the rules of probability, whether this globe either has been, or will one day be, entirely different from what it now is. And here we have nothing more to do, than make uſe of our eye-ſight.

In the firſt place, I ſhall examine thoſe mountains, which doctor Burnet, and many others, look upon as the ruins of the old world ſcattered up and down, without order or deſign, like thoſe ruins of a city bombarded by an enemy. And here I, on the contrary, perceive them to be diſpoſed with infinite regularity, from one end of the world to the other. They are in fact a chain of high inexhauſtible aqueducts, which, by dividing in ſeveral places, make room for the entrance of rivers, and arms of the ſea to moiſten the earth.

From the Cape of Good-Hope there runs a continued chain of rocks, which ſtoop to give paſſage to the Niger and the Zair, and then riſe again under the name of Mount Atlas, whilſt the Nile falls down from another branch of thoſe mountains. A narrow arm of the ſea ſeparates Mount Atlas from the promontory of Gibraltar, and it is afterwards joined to the Sierra Morena; this latter joins to the Pyrenees, theſe to the Cevennes, the Cevennes to the Alps, and the Alps to the Apennines, which run as far as the kingdom of Naples; over

againſt them are the mountains of Epirus and Theſſaly. As ſoon as you have paſſed the ſtraits of Gallipoli, you meet with Mount Taurus, whoſe branches, under the names of Caucauſus, Immaus, &c. ſtretch to the extremities of the globe. Thus the earth is crowned, in every ſenſe of the word, with theſe reſervoirs of water, which furniſh, with exception, all the rivers, that bedew and fertilize it; nor does the ſea furniſh a ſingle brook of its ſalt fluid to any one of its ſhores.

Burnet cauſed a map of the earth to be engraved, divided into mountains, inſtead of provinces. By this, and his repreſentations, he endeavours all he can to give us an idea of the moſt terrible confuſion; but, both his own map and his own words, do, in ſpite of himſelf, give us to underſtand the utmoſt harmony and utility. "The Andes, ſays he, in America are a thouſand leagues, (3000 miles) the Taurus divides Aſia into two parts, &c. could any man take in theſe at one view, he would be perfectly convinced that the globe of the earth is more deformed than can be imagined." On the contrary, it is certain, that could any reaſonable man at one view behold both hemiſpheres croſſed by a regular chain of mountains, ſerving as reſervoirs to the rains, and ſources to the rivers; he muſt acknowledge, in all this pretended confuſion, the wiſdom and paternal care of a divine Being.

There is not one climate on the earth, without a mountain and a river ſpringing from it. This chain of hills is an eſſential part in the great machine of the world. Without them no terreſtrial animal could live, for want of the water they furniſh, which is drawn up out of the ſea, and purified by a perpetual exhalation; this vapour is carried by the wind to the tops of the hills, from whence it falls down again in rivers, and it is demonſtrable that this exhalation is ſo great as to ſuffice both for forming rivers, and furniſhing rain.

Another hypotheſis, which ſuppoſes that in the before-mentioned period of two millions of years, the axis of the earth, by continually riſing upwards, and revolving round itſelf, has forced the ocean out of its bed; this hypotheſis, I ſay, is equally contrary to natural

natural philoſophy with the others. A motion by which the axis of the earth is elevated only ten minutes in a thouſand years, does not appear ſufficiently violent to deſtroy the globe. This motion, ſuppoſing it really to exiſt, would certainly leave the mountains in their places; and, to ſay the truth, I do not ſee any appearance of the Alps or Mount Caucaſus having been brought to the places where they now are, either by degrees, or inſtantly from the coaſts of Cafraria.

But if, leaving the examination of the mountains, we conſider the ocean alone, it will equally overturn this ſyſtem. The bed of the ocean is hollow, and this vaſt baſon grows deeper, in proportion to its diſtance from the ſhores. There is not a ſingle rock in the main ſea, if we except a few iſlands; now, if there was a time, when the ocean covered our mountains, and man and beaſt inhabited the bed of the ſea, how was it poſſible for them to have ſubſiſted? What mountains had they then to furniſh them with rivers? This requires a globe of quite a different nature from ours. And again, how could this globe have, at that time, revolved round itſelf, ſeeing that it was one half hollow, and the other prominent; and this prominence loaded over and above with the whole weight of the ocean? How could the laws of gravity and hydroſtatics be accompliſhed? or how could the ocean keep itſelf upon the mountains without ſliding into that immenſe bed, which nature had formed for it? A world of a philoſophical creation is generally a very ridiculous one.

I will ſuppoſe for an inſtant with thoſe who admit the period of two millions of years, that we arrived at the point of time, when the ecliptic falls in with the equator. I then ſuppoſe Italy, France and Germany, to form the torrid zone; but we muſt not imagine that either then, or at any other time, the ocean can change its place: no motion of the earth can ever reſiſt the laws of gravity, and in whatever manner our globe may turn, every thing will preſs equally upon the centre. The univerſal ſyſtem of mechanics is invariably the ſame.

No ſyſtem, no hypotheſis, then can give the leaſt degree of probability to the general received notion, that

our globe has changed its appearance; that the ocean did for a long time cover the earth which we now inhabit; and that mankind formerly dwelt in thoſe places that now ſerve as habitations for porpoiſes and whales. Nothing has been changed of the animal or vegetable world; the ſpecies have all remained unalterably the ſame, and it would be very ſtrange that a grain of millet ſhould retain its nature for ever, and yet the whole globe be ſubject to ſuch changes.

What I have here ſaid of the ocean may be ſaid likewiſe of the Mediterranean, and the great lake called the Caſpian Sea. If theſe lakes have not been always the ſame that they now are, the nature of this globe muſt abſolutely have been altogether different from what it is at preſent.

A great number of authors tells us, that, an earthquake having one day ſwallowed up the mountains that joined the continents of Europe and Africa, the ocean made itſelf a paſſage between Calpe and Abila, and formed the Mediterranean Sea, which runs as far as the Palus Mæotis, which is five hundred leagues diſtant from thence; ſo that a tract of fifteen hundred miles was hollowed in an inſtant to receive the ocean. It is to be obſerved, at the ſame time, that in that part of the ſea oppoſite to Gibraltar no bottom can be found, which makes the adventure of the mountains ſtill more marvellous.

If it was only to be conſidered how many rivers of Europe and Aſia fall into the Mediterranean, we ſhould ſee that their waters muſt neceſſarily form a great lake there. The Don, the Boriſthenes, the Danube, the Po, the Rhone, &c. could not empty themſelves into the ocean, unleſs we chuſe to amuſe ourſelves with the imagination, that there was a time when the Don and Boriſthenes came over the Pyrenees to viſit Biſcay.

Philoſophers, nevertheleſs, have inſiſted, that the Mediterranean was produced by ſome accident. They aſk, what becomes of the waters, that ſo many rivers art continually pouring into it? Or where the Caſpian ſea can empty itſelf! They have ſuppoſed a vaſt ſubterraneous cavity to have been formed, in the general

ſubverſion

ſubverſion of the ſyſtem of the earth, that threw out theſe ſeas; and that they have a communication with each other, and with the ocean, by means of this imaginary gulph. It has likewiſe been affirmed, that fiſh have been thrown into the Caſpian ſea with a ring in their noſe, and taken out afterwards in the Medieterranean. In this manner has hiſtory and philoſophy been treated for a long time; but ſince true hiſtory has taken away the fiction, and real natural philoſophy that of airy hypotheſes, we ought no longer to give credit to ſuch idle tales. It is demonſtrable, that exhalation alone will ſufficiently account for the reaſon why theſe ſeas do not overflow their ſhores, and that there is no neceſſity for them to diſembogue themſelves into the ocean. And it is highly probable, that the Mideterranean ſea has always occupied its preſent place; and that the fundamental conſtitution of this univerſe has never ſuffered a change.

I am very ſenſible, that there will always be a ſet of people, upon whoſe minds a petrified pike, found upon mount Cenis, or a turbot in the country of Heſſe, will have greater weight than all the arguments of ſound philoſophy. They will be fond of imagining, that the ſummit of the mountains have heretofore ſerved as a bed to the ocean, notwithſtanding the impoſſibility of the thing from the law of nature; while others again will think, from finding ſome few Syrian ſhells in Germany, that the Syrian ſea came to Frankfort. A taſte for the wonderful, is the parent of hypotheſes; but nature appears to delight as much in uniformity and unchangeableneſs, as our imaginations do in ſurpriſing revolutions: and, to uſe the words of the great Newton; *Natura eſt ſibi conſona.* We are told by the ſcripture, that there has been a deluge; but there remains no other monument on the earth (at leaſt that I can perceive) but the remembrance of ſo dreadful a prodigy, which in vain admoniſhes us to amend our lives.

A DIGRESSION

ON THE

Manner in which our GLOBE might have been over-flowed.

WHEN I ſay that the univerſal deluge, which raiſed the waters fifteen cubits above the top of the higheſt mountains, is a miracle not to be performed by any of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted, I ſay no more than the ſtrict truth. Thoſe, who have gone about to find phyſical reaſons for this extraordinary prodigy, have been as unlucky as thoſe who would endeavour to explain, by the laws of mechanics, how four thouſand perſons were fed with five loaves and three fiſhes.

Some have imagined, that the clouds above were ſufficient to deluge the earth; but the clouds are only the waters of the ſea, drawn continually up from its ſurface, and rarefied by the atmoſphere of the air. The more this atmoſphere is loaded with waters, the greater decreaſe of them there is in our globe. Thus the ſame quantity of water ſtill ſubſiſts; and if the clouds were to empty themſelves equally upon the whole globe, there would not be an inch of earth over-flowed. If they happen to be driven in a heap by the wind into any one climate, and empty themſelves upon a ſquare league of ground, while other places round about have no rain at all, then only that ſquare league of ground will be deluged.

Others have made the ocean quit its bed, and cover the whole face of the earth. Now we reckon at preſent, that the ſea, taking all thoſe parts where there are ſoundings, and thoſe where there are none, (at leaſt to be

be found) taking theſe together, I ſay the depth of the ſea may be about a thouſand feet. It is not above fifty feet in many places, and not near ſo much near the land: however, if we put it at a thouſand feet we ſhall not be very wide of the truth.

Now, the mountains of Quito riſe more than two thouſand feet above the level of the ſea; therefore it would have required ten oceans to one, raiſed above another, upon the aqueous part of the globe, and ten other oceans upon the other part: and as the ſphere would then have been of a greater circumference, there muſt have been four oceans more to have covered its increaſed ſurface; ſo that it would have taken twenty-four oceans at leaſt to over-flow the tops of the mountains of Quito; or if it would only take four, as doctor Burnet affirms, a naturaliſt would be ſtrangely put to it with theſe four oceans. Who would imagine that Burnet could ever have thought of making them boil to augment their bulk? Beſides, he might have known, that water in boiling never ſwells more than a fourth above its ordinary volume. To what ſhifts are thoſe reduced, who attempt to explain what it is their buſineſs only to reverence!

DIALOGUES.

BETWEEN

A SAVAGE and a BATCHELOR of ARTS.

A Governor of Cayenne, having brought over with him a Savage from Guiana *, who had a great ſhare of good natural underſtanding, and ſpoke French tolerably well, a Batchelor of Arts at Paris had the honour of entering into the following converſation with him.

BATCHELOR.

I ſuppoſe, Mr. Savage, you have ſeen a number of your country people who paſs their lives all alone; for it is ſaid that this the true way of living natural to man, and that ſociety is only an artificial depravity.

SAVAGE.

Indeed I never did ſee any of theſe people you ſpeak of. Man appears to me to be born for ſociety, as well as ſeveral other ſpecies of animals. Each ſpecies follows the dictates of their nature; as for us, we live all together in a community.

BATCHELOR.

How! in a community? Why then you have fine towns and cities with walls, and kings who keep a court. You have ſhows, convents, univerſities, libraries, and taverns, have you?

SAVAGE.

* Guiana, or Caribbiana, is the ſouth eaſt-diviſion of Terra-Firma, in South America, in which are included Surinam and Cayenne, or equinoctial France, extending from the mouth of the river Oroonoque, or that of the Amazons.

SAVAGE.

No; but have I not frequently heard it ſaid, that in your continent you have Arabians, Scythians, who never knew any thing of theſe matters, and yet form conſiderable nations? Now we live like theſe people; neighbouring families aſſiſt each other. We inhabit a warm climate; and ſo have very few neceſſities; we can eaſily procure ourſelves food; we marry; we get children; we bring them up, and then we die. You ſee this is juſt the ſame as amongſt you; ſome few ceremonies excepted.

BATCHELOR.

Why, my good Sir, then you are not a ſavage?

SAVAGE.

I do not know what you mean by that word.

BATCHELOR.

Nor, to tell you the truth, do I myſelf,—ſtay—— let me conſider a little ——— Oh! ——— a ſavage? Why—a ſavage is ——— what we call a ſavage, is a man of moroſe unſociable diſpoſition, who flies all company.

SAVAGE.

I have told you already that we live together in families.

BATCHELOR.

We alſo give the name of Savage to thoſe beaſts who are not tamed, but roam wild about the foreſts; and from hence we have transferred that appellation to men who inhabit the woods.

SAVAGE.

I go into the woods ſometimes, as well as you do to hunt.

BATCHELOR.

Pray now, do you think ſometimes.

SAVAGE.

It is impoſſible to be without ſome ſort of ideas.

BATCHELOR.

I have a great curioſity to know what your ideas are. What think you of man.

SAVAGE.

Think of him! Why, that he is a two-footed animal, who has the faculty of reaſoning, ſpeaking, and who uſes his hands much more dexterouſly than the monkey. I have ſeen ſeveral kinds of men, ſome white like you, others copper-coloured, like me, and others black, like thoſe that wait upon the governour of Cayenne. You have a beard, we have none; the negroes have wool, you and I have hair. They ſay, that in your more northerly climates the inhabitants have white hair, whereas that of America is black. This is all I know about man.

BATCHELOR.

But your ſoul, my dear Sir? your ſoul? what notion have you of that? whence comes it? what is it? what does it do? how does it act? where does it go?

SAVAGE.

I know nothing about all this, indeed; for I never ſaw the ſoul.

BATCHELOR.

Apropos; do you think that brutes are machines?

SAVAGE.

They appear to me to be organized machines, that have ſentiment and memory.

BATCHELOR.

Well; and pray now, Mr. Savage, what do you think that you, you yourſelf, I ſay, poſſeſs above thoſe brutes?

SAVAGE.

The gifts of an infinitely ſuperior memory; a much greater ſhare of ideas; and, as I have already told you, a tongue capable of forming many more ſounds than thoſe of brutes; with hands more ready at executing; and the faculty of laughing, which a long-winded argumentator always makes me exerciſe.

BATCHELOR.

But tell me, if you pleaſe, how came you by all this? what is the nature of your mind? how does your ſoul animate your body? do you always think? is your will free?

SAVAGE.

SAVAGE.

Here are a great number of queſtions: you aſk me, How I came to poſſeſs what God has given to man? You might as well aſk me how I was born? For certainly, ſince I am born a man, I muſt poſſeſs the things that conſtitute a man in the ſame manner as a tree has its bark, roots, and leaves. You would have me to know what is the nature of my mind. I did not give it to myſelf, and therefore I cannot know what it is; and as to how my ſoul animates my body, I am as much a ſtranger to that too; and, in my opinion, you muſt firſt have ſeen the ſprings that put your watch in motion before you can tell how it ſhows the hour. You aſk me if I always think? No, for ſometimes I have half-formed ideas, in the ſame manner as I ſee objects at a diſtance, confuſedly; ſometimes my ideas are much ſtronger, as I can diſtinguiſh an object better when it is nearer to me; ſometimes I have no ideas at all, as when I ſhut my eyes I can ſee nothing. Laſtly, you aſk me, if my will is free? Here I do not underſtand you; theſe are things you are perfectly well acquainted with, no doubt; therefore I ſhall be glad you will explain them to me.

BATCHELOR.

Yes, yes, I have ſtudied all theſe matters thoroughly; I could talk to you about them for a month together without ceaſing, in ſuch a manner as would ſurpaſs your underſtanding. But tell me, how do you know good and evil, right and wrong? do you know which is the beſt form of government? which is the beſt worſhip? what is the law of nations? the common law? the civil law? the canon law? Do you know the names of the firſt man and woman who peopled America? Do you know the reaſon why rain falls into the ſea; and why you have no beard?

SAVAGE.

Upon my word, Sir, you take rather too great advantage of the confeſſion I made juſt now, that man has a ſuperior memory to the brutes; for I can hardly recollect the many queſtions you have aſked me: you talk of good and evil; right and wrong; now I think that

that whatever gives you pleaſure, and does injury to no one, is very good and very right; that what injures our fellow creatures, and gives us no pleaſure, is abominable; and what gives us pleaſure, but, at the ſame time, hurts others, may be good with reſpect to us for the time; but is in itſelf both dangerous to us, and very wrong with regard to others.

BATCHELOR.

And do you live in ſociety with theſe maxims?

SAVAGE.

Yes, with our relations and neighbours; and without much pain or vexation, we quietly attain our hundredth year; ſome indeed reach to be an hundred and twenty; after which our bodies ſerve to fertilize the earth that has nouriſhed us.

BATCHELOR.

You ſeem to me to have a clear underſtanding; I would very fain puzzle it. Let us dine together, after which we will philoſophize methodically.

SECOND DIALOGUE.

SAVAGE.

I Find that I have ſwallowed foods that are not made for me; notwithſtanding I have a good ſtomach, you have made me eat after my hungry ſtomach was ſatisfied, and drink when I was no longer dry. My legs are not firm under me as they were before dinner; my head feels heavy, and my ideas are confuſed. I never felt this dimunition of my faculties in my own country. For my part, I think the more a man puts into his body here, the more he takes away from his underſtanding. Pray tell me, what is the reaſon of all this damage and diſorder?

BATCHELOR.

I'll tell you. In the firſt place, as to what paſſes in your legs, I know nothing about the matter; you muſt conſult the phyſicians about that; they'll ſatisfy you in a trice. But I am perfectly well acquainted with how things go in your head. You muſt know then, that the ſoul being confined to no place, has fixed her ſeat either

either in the pineal gland, or the callous body in the middle of the brain. The animal ſpirits that riſe from the ſtomach fly up to the ſoul, which they cannot affect, they being matter, and ſhe immaterial. Now, as neither can act upon the other, therefore the ſoul takes their impreſſion; and, as ſhe is a ſimple principle, and conſequently ſubject to no change, therefore ſhe ſuffers a change, and becomes heavy and dull when we eat too much; and this is the reaſon that ſo many great men ſleep after dinner.

SAVAGE.

What you tell me appears very ingenious and profound; but I ſhould take it as a favour if you would explain it to me in ſuch a manner as I might comprehend.

BATCHELOR.

Why, I have told you every thing that can be ſaid upon this weighty affair; but to ſatisfy you, I will be a little more explicit. Let us go ſtep by ſtep. Firſt, then, do you know that this is the beſt of all poſſible worlds?

SAVAGE.

How! is it impoſſible for the infinite Being to create any thing better than what we now ſee?

BATCHELOR.

Undoubtedly; for nothing can be better than what we ſee. It is true, indeed, that mankind rob and murder each other; but all the while extol equity and moderation. Several years ago they maſſacred about twelve millions of your Americans; but then it was to make the reſt more reaſonable. A famous calculator has proved, that from a certain war of Troy, which you know nothing of, to the laſt war in North America, which you do know ſomething of, there have been killed in pitched battles no leſs than 555650000 men, without reckoning young children and women buried under the ruins of cities and towns which have been ſet on fire; but this was all for the good of the community: four or five thouſand dreadful maladies, to which mankind are ſubject, teach us the true value of health; and the crimes that cover the face of the earth, greatly enhance

hance the merit of religious men, of which I am one; you ſee that every thing goes in the beſt manner poſſibe, at leaſt as to me.

Now things could never be in this ſtate of perfection, if the ſoul was not placed in the pineal gland. For—— But let me take you along with me in the argument. Let us go ſtep by ſtep. What notion have you of laws, and of the rule of right and wrong; of the *to Kalon*, as Plato calls it?

SAVAGE.

Well, but my good Sir, while you talk of going ſtep by ſtep, you ſpeak to me of an hundred different things at a time.

BATCHELOR.

Every one converſes in this manner. But tell me who made the laws in your country?

SAVAGE.

The Public good.

BATCHELOR.

That word *public good*, means a great deal. We have not any ſo expreſſive; pray, in what ſenſe do you underſtand it?

SAVAGE.

I underſtand by it, that thoſe, who have a plantation of cocoa trees or maize, have forbidden others to meddle with them; and that thoſe, who had them not, are obliged to work in order to have a right to eat part of them. Every thing that I have ſeen, either in your country or my own, teaches me that there can be no other ſpirit of the laws.

BATCHELOR.

But as to women, Mr. Savage, women?

SAVAGE.

As to women, they pleaſe me when they are handſome and ſweet-tempered: I prize them even before our cocoa-trees; they are a fruit which we are not willing to have plucked by any but ourſelves. A man has no more right to take my wife from me than to take my child. However, I have heard it ſaid, that there are people who will ſuffer this; they have it certainly in their

their will; every one may do what he pleaſes with his own property.

BATCHELOR.

But as to ſucceſſors, legatees, heirs, and collateral kindred?

SAVAGE.

Every one muſt have a ſucceſſor. I can no longer poſſeſs my field, when I am buried in it; I leave it to my ſon; if I have two, I divide it equally between them. I hear that among you Europeans, there are ſeveral nations where the law gives the whole to the eldeſt child, and nothing to the younger. It muſt have been ſordid intereſt that dictated ſuch unequal and ridiculous laws: I ſuppoſe either the elder children made it themſelves, or their fathers, who were willing they ſhould have the preheminence.

BATCHELOR.

What body of laws appear to you the beſt?

SAVAGE.

Thoſe in which the intereſts of mankind, my fellow-creatures, have been moſt conſulted.

BATCHELOR.

And where are ſuch laws to be found?

SAVAGE.

In no place that I have ever heard of.

BATCHELOR.

You muſt tell me from whence the inhabitants of your country firſt came? who do you think firſt peopled America?

SAVAGE.

God—whom elſe ſhould we think?

BATCHELOR.

That is no anſwer. I aſk you from what country your people firſt came?

SAVAGE.

From the ſame country where our trees came; really the Europeans appear to me a very pleaſant kind of people, to pretend that we can have nothing without them: we have juſt as much reaſon to ſuppoſe ourſelves

ſelves your anceſtors, as you have to imagine yourſelves ours.

BATCHELOR.

You are an obſtinate little ſavage!

SAVAGE.

You are a very babbling batchelor.

BATCHELOR.

But hearkye, Mr. Savage, one word more with you, if you pleaſe. Do you think it right in Guiana to put thoſe to death who are not of the ſame opinion with yourſelves?

SAVAGE.

Undoubtedly, provided you eat them afterwards.

BATCHELOR.

Now you are joking. What do you think of the conſtitution?

SAVAGE.

Your ſervant.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN

LUCRETIUS AND POSSIDONIUS.

The firſt COLLOQUY.

POSSIDONIUS.

YOUR poetry is ſometimes admirable; but the philoſophy of Epicurus is, in my opinion, very bad.

LUCRETIUS.

What! will you not allow that the atoms, of their own accord, diſpoſed themſelves in ſuch a manner as to produce the univerſe?

POS-

POSSIDONIUS.

We mathematicians can admit nothing but what is proved by inconteſtible principles.

LUCRETIUS.

My principles are ſo.

Ex nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil poſſe reverti.
Tangere enim & tangi niſi corpus nulla poteſt res.

From nothing nought can ſpring, to nothing nought return.
Nought but a body can a body touch.

POSSIDONIUS.

Should I grant you theſe principles, and even your atoms and your vacuum, you can no more perſuade me that the univerſe put itſelf into the admirable order in which we now behold it, than if you were to tell the Romans that the armillary ſphere compoſed by Poſſidonius made itſelf.

LUCRETIUS.

But who then could make the world?

POSSIDONIUS.

An intelligent Being, much more ſuperior to the world and to me, than I am to the braſs of which I made my ſphere.

LUCRETIUS.

How can you, who admit nothing but what is evident, acknowledge a principle of which you have not the leaſt idea?

POSSIDONIUS.

In the ſame manner as, before I knew you, I judged that your book was the work of a man of genius.

LUCRETIUS.

You allow that nature is eternal, and exiſts becauſe it does exiſt. Now if it exiſts by its own power, why may it not, by the ſame power, have formed ſuns, and worlds, and plants, and animals, and men?

POSSIDONIUS.

All the ancient philoſophers have ſuppoſed matter to be eternal, but have never proved it to be really ſo; and

and even allowing it to be eternal, it would by no means follow that it could form works in which there are ſo many ſtriking proofs of wiſdom and deſign. Suppoſe this ſtone to be eternal, if you will, you can never perſuade me that it could have compoſed the Iliad of Homer.

LUCRETIUS.

No: a ſtone could never have compoſed the Iliad, any more than it could have produced a horſe: but matter organized in proceſs of time, and become bones, fleſh, and blood, will produce a horſe; and organized more finely, will produce the Iliad.

POSSIDONIUS.

You ſuppoſe all this without any proof; and I ought to admit nothing without proof. I will give you bones, fleſh, and blood, ready made, and will leave you and all the Epicureans in the word to make your beſt of them. Will you only conſent to this alternative; viz. to be put in poſſeſſion of the whole Roman empire, if, with all the ingredients ready prepared, you produce a horſe, and to be hanged if you fail in the attempt?

LUCRETIUS.

No; that ſurpaſſes my power, but not the power of nature. It requires millions of ages for nature, after having paſſed through all the poſſible forms, to arrive at laſt at the only one which can produce living beings.

POSSIDONIUS.

You might, if you pleaſed, continue all your lifetime to ſhake in a caſk all the materials of the earth mixed together, you would never be able to form any regular figure; you could produce nothing. If the length of your life is not ſufficient to produce even a muſhroom, will the length of another man's life be ſufficient for that purpoſe? Why ſhould ſeveral ages be able to effect what one age has not effected? One ought to have ſeen men and animals ſpring from the boſom of the earth, and corn produced without ſeed, &c. &c. before he ſhould venture to affirm that matter, by its own energy, could give itſelf ſuch forms; but no one

that

that I know of hath ſeen ſuch an operation, and therefore no one ought to believe it.

LUCRETIUS.

Well! men, animals, and trees, muſt always have exiſted. All the philoſophers allow that matter is eternal; and they muſt further allow, that generations are ſo likewiſe. 'Tis the very nature of matter that there ſhould be ſtars that revolve, birds that fly, horſes that run, and men that compoſe Iliads.

POSSIDONIUS.

In this new ſuppoſition you change your opinion; but you always ſuppoſe the point in queſtion, and admit a thing for which you have not the leaſt proof.

LUCRETIUS.

I am at liberty to believe, that what is to-day, was yeſterday, was a century ago, was an hundred centuries ago, and ſo on backwards without end. I make uſe of your argument: no one has ever ſeen the ſun and ſtars begin their courſe, nor the firſt animals formed and endowned with life. We may, therefore, ſafely believe that all things were from eternity as they are at preſent.

POSSIDONIUS.

There is a very great difference. I ſee an admirable deſign, and I ought to believe that an intelligent being formed that deſign.

LUCRETIUS.

You ought not to admit a being, of whom you have no knowledge.

POSSIDONIUS.

You might as well tell me, that I ought not to believe that an architect built the capitol, becauſe I never ſaw that architect.

LUCRETIUS.

Your compariſon is not juſt. You have ſeen houſes built, and you have ſeen architects; and therefore you ought to conclude that it was a man like our preſent architects that built the capitol. But here the caſe is very different: the capitol does not exiſt of itſelf, but matter does. It muſt neceſſarily have had ſome form;

and

and why will you not allow it to poſſeſs, by its own energy, the form in which it now is? Is it not much eaſier for you to admit, that nature modifies itſelf, than to acknowledge a being that modifies it? In the former caſe you have only one difficulty to encounter, namely, to comprehend how nature acts. In the latter you have two difficulties to ſurmount, viz. to comprehend this ſame nature, and the viſible being that acts upon it.

POSSIDONIUS.

It is quite the reverſe. I ſee not only a difficulty, but even an impoſſibility in comprehending how matter can have infinite deſigns; but I ſee no difficulty in admitting an intelligent being, who governs this matter by his infinite wiſdom, and by his almighty will.

LUCRETIUS.

What? Is it becauſe your mind cannot comprehend one thing, that you are to ſuppoſe another? Is it becauſe you do not underſtand the ſecret ſprings, and admirable contrivances, by which nature diſpoſed itſelf into planets, ſuns, and animals, that you have recourſe to another being?

POSSIDONIUS.

No; I have not recourſe to a god becauſe I cannot comprehend nature; but I plainly perceive that nature needs a ſupreme intelligence; and this reaſon alone would to me be a ſufficient proof of a deity, had I no other.

LUCRETIUS.

And what if this matter poſſeſſed intelligence of itſelf?

POSSIDONIUS.

It is plain to me that it does not poſſeſs it.

LUCRETIUS.

And to me it is plain that it does poſſeſs it, ſince I ſee bodies like you and me reaſon.

POSSIDONIUS.

If matter poſſeſſes, of itſelf, the faculty of thinking, you muſt affirm that is poſſeſſes it neceſſarily and independently: but if this property be eſſential to matter, it muſt have it at all times and in all places; for whatever

is

is eſſential to a thing can never be ſeparated from it. A bit of clay, and even the vileſt excrement would think; but ſure you will not ſay that dung thinks. Thought, therefore, is not an eſſential attribute of matter.

LUCRETIUS.

Your reaſoning is a mere ſophiſm. I hold motion to be eſſential to matter; and yet this dung, or that piece of clay, are not actually in motion; but they will be ſo when they are impelled by ſome other body. In like manner thought will not be an attribute of a body, except when the body is organized for thinking.

POSSIDONIUS.

Your error proceeds from this, that you always ſuppoſe the point in queſtion. You do not reflect, that, in order to organize a body, to make it a man, to render it a thinking being, there muſt previouſly be thought, there muſt be a fixed deſign. But you cannot admit ſuch a thing as deſign, before the only beings in this world, capable of deſign, are formed; you cannot admit thought, before the only beings, capable of thinking, exiſt. You likewiſe ſuppoſe the point in queſtion, when you ſay that motion is neceſſary to matter; for what is abſolutely neceſſary always exiſts, as extenſion, for inſtance, exiſts always and in every part of matter: but motion does not exiſt always. The pyramids of Egypt are not ſurely in motion. A ſubtile matter, perhaps, may penetrate between the ſtones which compoſe the pyramids; but the body of the pyramid is immoveable. Motion, therefore, is not eſſential to matter, but is communicated to it by a foreign cauſe, in the ſame manner as thought is to men. Hence it follows, that there muſt be a powerful and intelligent being, who communicates motion, life, and thought to his creatures.

LUCRETIUS.

I can eaſily anſwer your objections, by ſaying, that there have always been motion and intelligence in the world. This motion and this intelligence have been diſtributed at all times, according to the laws of nature.

Matter

Matter being eternal, it muſt neceſſarily have been in ſome order; but it could not be put into any order without thought and motion; and therefore thought and motion muſt have always been inherent in it.

POSSIDONIUS.

Do what you will, you can at beſt but make ſuppoſitions. You ſuppoſe an order; there muſt therefore have been ſome intelligent mind who formed this order. You ſuppoſe motion and thought before matter was in motion, and before there were men and thoughts. You muſt allow, that thought is not eſſential to matter, ſince you dare not ſay that a flint thinks. You can oppoſe nothing but a *perhaps* to the truth that preſſes hard upon you. You are ſenſible of the weakneſs of matter, and are forced to admit a ſupreme intelligent and almighty being, who organized matter and thinking beings. The deſigns of this ſuperior intelligence ſhine forth in every part of nature, and you muſt perceive them as diſtinctly in a blade of graſs, as in the courſe of the ſtars. Every thing is evidently directed to a certain end.

LUCRETIUS.

But do you not take for a deſign what is only a neceſſary exiſtence? Do you not take for an end what is no more than the uſe which we make of things that exiſt? The Argonautes built a ſhip to ſail to Colchis. Will you ſay that the trees were created in order, that the Argonautes might build a ſhip; and that the ſea was made to enable them to undertake their voyage? Men wear ſtockings: will you ſay that legs were made by the ſupreme being in order to be covered with ſtockings? No, doubtleſs; but the Argonautes, having ſeen wood, built a ſhip with it, and having learned that the water could carry a ſhip, they undertook their voyage. In the ſame manner, after an infinite number of forms and combinations which matter had aſſumed, it was found that the humours, and the tranſparent horn which compoſe the eye, and which were formerly ſeparated in different parts of the body, were united in the head, and animals began to ſee. The organs of generation

neration, diſperſed before, were likewiſe collected, and took the form they now have; and then all kinds of procreation were conducted with regularity. The matter of the ſun, which had been long diffuſed and ſcattered through the univerſe, was conglobated, and formed the luminary that enlightens our world. Is there any thing impoſſible in all this?

POSSIDONIUS.

In fact, you cannot ſurely be ſerious when you have recourſe to ſuch ſyſtem; for, in the firſt place, if you adopt this hypotheſis, you muſt of courſe reject the eternal generations of which you have juſt now been talking: and, in the ſecond place, you are miſtaken with regard to final cauſes. There are voluntary uſes to which we apply the gifts of nature; and there are likewiſe neceſſary effects. The Argonautes needed not, unleſs they had pleaſed, have employed the trees of the foreſt to build a ſhip; but theſe trees were plainly deſtined to grow on the earth, and to produce fruits and leaves. We need not cover our legs with ſtockings; but the leg was evidently made to ſupport the body, and to walk, the eyes to ſee, the ears to hear, and the parts of generation to perpetuate the ſpecies. If you conſider that a ſtar, placed at the diſtance of four or five hundred millions of leagues from us, ſends forth rays of light, which make preciſely the ſame angle in the eyes of every animal; and that, at that inſtant, all animals have the ſenſation of light, you muſt acknowledge that this is an inſtance of the moſt admirable mechaniſm and deſign. But is it not unreaſonable to admit mechaniſm without a mechanic, a deſign without intelligence, and ſuch deſigns without a Supreme Being?

LUCRETIUS.

If I admit the Supreme Being, what form muſt I give him? Is he in one place? Is he out of all place? Is he in time or out of time? Does he fill the whole of ſpace, or does he not fill it? Why did he make the world? What was his end in making it? Why form ſenſible and unhappy beings? Why moral and natural evil?

evil? On whatever ſide I turn my mind, every thing appears dark and incomprehenſible.

POSSIDONIUS.

'Tis a neceſſary conſequence of the exiſtence of this Supreme being that his nature ſhould be incomprehenſible; for, if he exiſts, there muſt be an infinite diſtance between him and us. We ought to believe that he is, without endeavouring to know what he is, or how he operates. Are you not obliged to admit a ſymptotes in geometry, without comprehending how it is poſſible for the ſame lines to be always approaching, and yet never to meet? Are there not many things as incomprehenſible as demonſtrable, in the properties of the circle? Confeſs, therefore, that you ought to admit what is incomprehenſible, when the exiſtence of that incomprehenſible is proved.

LUCRETIUS.

What? muſt I renounce the dogmas of Epicurus?

POSSIDONIUS.

It is better to renounce Epicurus, than to abandon the dictates of reaſon.

The Second Colloquy.

LUCRETIUS.

I Being to recognize a Supreme Being, inacceſſible to our ſenſes, and proved by our reaſon, who made the world, and preſerves it; but with regard to what I have ſaid of the ſoul, in my third book, which has been ſo much admired by all the learned men of Rome, I hardly think you can oblige me to alter my opinion.

POSSI-

POSSIDONIUS.

You ſay,

Idque ſitum media regione in pectoris hæret.

The mind is in the middle of the breaſt.

But, when you compoſed your beautiful verſes, did you never make any effort of the head? When you ſpeak of the orators Cicero and Mark Anthony, do you not ſay that they had good heads? And were you to ſay that they had good breaſts, would not people imagine that you were talking of their voice and lungs?

LUCRETIUS.

Are you not convinced, from experience, that the feelings of joy, of ſorrow, and of fear, are formed about the heart?

Hic exultat enim pavor ac metus; hæc loca circum Lætitiæ mulcent.

For there our paſſions live, our joy, our fear,
And hope. CREECH.

Do you not feel your heart delate or contract itſelf on the hearing of good or bad news? Is it not poſſeſſed of ſome ſecret ſprings of a yielding and elaſtic quality? This, therefore, muſt be the ſeat of the ſoul.

POSSIDONIUS.

There are two nerves which proceed from the brain, paſs through the heart and ſtomach, reach to the parts of generation, and communicate motion to them; but would you therefore ſay, that the human mind reſides in the parts of generation?

LUCRETIUS.

No; I dare not ſay ſo. But though I ſhould place the ſoul in the head, inſtead of placing it in the breaſt, my principles will ſtill ſubſiſt: the ſoul will ſtill be an infinitely ſubtile matter, reſembling the elementary fire, that animates the whole machine.

POSSIDONIUS.

And why do you imagine that a ſubtile matter can have thoughts and ſentiments of itſelf?

LUCRETIUS.

Becauſe I experience it; becauſe all the parts of my body, when touched, preſently feel the impreſſion; becauſe this feeling is diffuſed thro' my whole machine; becauſe it could not be diffuſed through it but by a matter of a very ſubtile nature, and of a very rapid motion; becauſe I am a body, and one body cannot be affected but by another; becauſe the interior part of my body could not be penetrated but by very ſmall corpuſcles; and, of conſequence, my ſoul muſt be an aſſemblage of theſe corpuſcles.

POSSIDONIUS.

We have already agreed, in our firſt colloquy, that it is extremely improbable that a rock could compoſe the Iliad. Will a ray of the ſun be more capable of compoſing it? Suppoſe this ray an hundred thouſand times more ſubtile and rapid than uſual, will this light, or this tenuity of parts, produce thoughts and ſentiments?

LUCRETIUS.

Perhaps they may, when placed in organs properly prepared.

POSSIDONIUS.

You are perpetually reduced to your *perhaps*. Fire, of itſelf, is no more capable of thinking than ice. Should I ſuppoſe that it is fire that thinks, perceives, and wills in you, you would then be forced to acknowledge, that it is not by its own virtue that it hath either will, thought, or perception.

LUCRETIUS.

No; theſe ſenſations will be produced not by its own virtue, but by the aſſemblage of the fire, and of my organs.

POS-

POSSIDONIUS.

How can you imagine that two bodies, neither of which can think apart, ſhould be able to produce thought, when joined together?

LUCRETIUS.

In the ſame manner as a tree and earth, when taken ſeparately, do not produce fruit; but do ſo, when the tree is planted in the earth.

POSSIDONIUS.

The compariſon is only ſpecious. This tree hath in it the ſeeds of fruit: we plainly perceive them in the buds, and the moiſture of the earth unfolds the ſubſtance of theſe fruits. Fire, therefore, muſt poſſeſs in itſelf the ſeeds of thought, and the organs of the body ſerve only to develope theſe ſeeds.

LUCRETIUS.

And do you find any thing impoſſible in this?

POSSIDONIUS.

I find that this fire, this highly refined matter, is as devoid of the faculty of thinking as a ſtone. The production of a being muſt have ſomething ſimilar to that which produced it; but thought, will, and perception, have nothing ſimilar to fiery matter.

LUCRETIUS.

Two bodies, ſtruck againſt each other, produce motion, and yet this motion has nothing ſimilar to the two bodies; it has nothing of their three dimenſions, nor has it any figure. A being, therefore, may have nothing ſimilar to that which produced it; and, of conſequence, thought may ſpring from an aſſemblage of two bodies which have no thought.

POSSIDONIUS.

This compariſon likewiſe is more ſpecious than juſt. I ſee nothing but matter in two bodies in motion: I only ſee bodies paſſing from one place to another. But when we reaſon together, I ſee no matter in your ideas,

or in my own. I ſhall only obſerve, that I can no more conceive how one body has the power of moving another, than I can comprehend the manner of my having ideas. To me, both are equally inexplicable; and both equally prove the exiſtence and the power of a Supreme Being, the author of thought and motion.

LUCRETIUS.

If our ſoul is not a ſubtile fire, an ethereal quinteſſence, what is it?

POSSIDONIUS.

Neither you nor I know aught of the matter. I will tell you plainly what it is not; but I cannot tell you what it actually is. I ſee that it is a power lodged in my body; that I did not give myſelf this power; and, of conſequence, that it muſt come from a Being ſuperior to myſelf.

LUCRETIUS.

You did not give yourſelf life: you received it from your father; from whom likewiſe, together with life, you received the faculty of thinking, as he had received both from his father, and ſo on backwards to infinity. You no more know the true principle of life, than you do that of thought. This ſucceſſion of living and thinking beings hath always exiſted.

POSSIDONIUS.

I plainly ſee, that you are always obliged to abandon the ſyſtem of Epicurus; and that you dare no longer maintain, that the declination of atoms produced thought. I have already, in our laſt colloquy, refuted the eternal ſucceſſion of ſenſible and thinking beings. I ſhewed you, that, if there were material beings capable of thinking by their own power, thought muſt neceſſarily be an attribute eſſential to all matter; that, if matter thought neceſſarily, and by its own virtue, all matter muſt of courſe think: but this is not the caſe, and therefore it is impoſſible to maintain a ſucceſſion of material beings, who, of themſelves, poſſeſs the faculty of thinking.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIUS.

Notwithſtanding this reaſoning, which you repeat, it is certain that a father communicates a ſoul to his ſon, at the ſame time that he forms his body. This ſoul and this body grow together; they gradually acquire ſtrength; they are ſubject to calamities, and to the infirmities of old age. The decay of our ſtrength draws along with it that of our judgment; the effect, at laſt, ceaſes with the cauſe, and the ſoul vaniſhes like ſmoke into air.

Præterea, gigni pariter cum corpore, & unà
Creſcere ſentimus, pariterque ſeneſcere mentem.
Nam velet infirmo pueri, teneroque vagantur
Corpore, ſic animi ſequitur ſententia tenuis.
Inde ubi robuſtis adolevit viribus ætas,
Conſilium quoque majus, & auctior eſt animi vis.
Poſt ubi jam validis quaſſatum eſt viribus ævi
Corpus, & obtuſis ceciderunt viribus artus:
Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque, menſque;
Omnia deficiunt, atque uno tempore deſunt,
Ergo diſſolvi quoque convenit omnem animai
Naturam, ceu ſumus in altas aeris auras:
Quandoquidem gigni pariter, pariterque videmus
Creſcere, & (ut docui) ſimul ævo feſſa fatiſcit.

Beſides, 'tis plain that ſouls are born, and grow
And all by age decay, as bodies do:
To prove this truth; in infants, minds appear
Infirm, and tender as their bodies are:
In man, the mind is ſtrong; when age prevails,
And the quick vigour of each member fails,
The mind's pow'rs too decreaſe, and waſte apace;
And grave and rev'rend folly takes the place.
'Tis likely then the ſoul and mind muſt die;
Like ſmoke in air, its ſcatter'd atoms fly:
Since all theſe proofs have ſhewn, theſe reaſons told,
'Tis with the body born, grows ſtrong, and old.

CREECH.

POSSIDONIUS.

Theſe, to be ſure, are very fine verſes; but do you thereby inform me of the nature of the ſoul?

LUCRETIUS.

No; I only give you its hiſtory, and I reaſon with probability.

POSSIDONIUS.

Where is the probability of a father's communicating to his ſon the faculty of thinking?

LUCRETIUS.

Do you not daily ſee children reſembling their fathers in their inclinations, as well as in their features?

POSSIDONIUS.

But does not a father, in begetting his ſon, act as a blind agent? Does he pretend, when he enjoys his wife, to make a ſoul, or to make thoughts? Do either of them know the manner in which a child is formed in the mother's womb? Muſt we not, in this caſe, have recourſe to a ſuperior cauſe, as well as in all the other operations of nature which we have examined? Muſt you not ſee, if you are in earneſt, that men give themſelves nothing, but are under the hand of an abſolute maſter?

LUCRETIUS.

If you know more of the matter than I do, tell me what the ſoul is.

POSSIDONIUS.

I do not pretend to know what it is more than you. Let us endeavour to enlighten each other. Tell me, firſt, what is vegetation?

LUCRETIUS.

It is an internal motion, that carries the moiſture of the earth into plants, makes them grow, unfolds their fruits, expands their leaves, &c.

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POSSIDONIUS.

Surely, you do not think that there is a being called *Vegetation* that performs these wonders!

LUCRETIUS.

Who ever thought so?

POSSIDONIUS.

From our former colloquy you ought to conclude, that the tree did not give vegetation to itself.

LUCRETIUS.

I am forced to allow it.

POSSIDONIUS.

Tell me next what life is.

LUCRETIUS.

It is vegetation joined with preception in an organized body.

POSSIDONIUS.

And is there not a being called life that gives perception to an organized body?

LUCRETIUS.

Doubtless, vegetation and life are words which signify things that live and vegetate.

POSSIDONIUS.

If a tree and an animal cannot give themselves life and vegetation, can you give yourself thoughts?

LOCRETIUS.

I think I can; for I think of whatever I please. My intention was to converse with you about metaphysics, and I have done so.

POSSIDONIUS.

You think that your are master of your ideas: do you know then what thoughts you will have in an hour, or in a quarter of an hour?

LUCRETIUS.

I must own that I do not.

POSSIDONIUS.

You frequently have ideas in your ſleep; you make verſes in a dream: Cæſar takes cities: I reſolve problems; and hounds purſue the ſtag in their dreams. Ideas, therefore, come to us independently of our own will: they are given us by a Superior Being.

LUCRETIUS.

In what manner do you mean? Do you ſuppoſe that the Supreme Being is continually employed in communicating ideas; or that he created incorporeal ſubſtances, which were afterwards capable of forming ideas of themſelves, ſometimes with the aſſiſtance of the ſenſes, and ſometimes without it? Are theſe ſubſtances formed at the moment of the animal's conception? or are they formed before its conception? Do they wait for bodies, in order to inſinuate themſelves into them? or are they not lodged there till the animal is capable of receiving them? Or, in fine, is it in the Supreme Being that every animated being ſees the ideas of things? What is your opinion?

POSSIDONIUS.

When you tell me how our will produces an inſtantaneous motion in our bodies, how your arm obeys your will, how you receive life, how food digeſts in the ſtomach, and how corn is transformed into blood, I will then tell you how we have ideas. With regard to all theſe particulars, I frankly confeſs my ignorance. The world, perhaps, may one day obtain new lights; but from the time of Thales to the preſent age, we have not had any. All we can do is to be ſenſible of our own weakneſs, to acknowledge an Almighty Being, and to be upon our guard againſt theſe ſyſtems.

OF LANGUAGES.

THERE is no language abſolutely perfect; none that can expreſs all our ideas and all our ſenſations, the nice and delicate diſtinctions of which are too numerous and too imperceptible. No man can make known the preciſe degree of feeling which he has in his own breaſt. We are obliged, for inſtance, to diſtinguiſh by the general name of love and hatred, a thouſand different degrees of love and hatred: and the caſe is the ſame with all our pains and pleaſures. Thus all languages are, like ourſelves, imperfect.

They have all been formed ſucceſſively, and by degrees, according to our ſeveral wants and neceſſities; the firſt grammars were inſenſibly formed by that inſtinct which is common to all men. The Laplanders and the Negroes, as well as the Greeks, had occaſion to expreſs the paſt, the preſent, and the future; and they did ſo. But as no language was ever formed by an aſſembly of logicians, none, of conſequence, has ever arrived at a perfect and regular plan.

All words in all poſſible tongues are neceſſarily the pictures of our ſenſations. Men can never expreſs what they do not feel. Thus all languages are become metaphorical, and all tend to enlighten the mind: the heart burns, the judgment ſees, compounds, unites, divides, wanders, collects itſelf, and is diſſipated.

All nations have agreed to give the name of breath or ſpirit to the human ſoul or underſtanding, whoſe effects they perceive without ſeeing its ſubſtance, after having given the name of breath, wind, or ſpirit, to the motion of the air, whoſe ſubſtance they can no more diſcern.

Among all nations infinite hath ever been a negation of finite; and immenſity a negation of meaſure. It is evident that all languages have ſprung from our five ſenſes, as well as all our ideas.

The leaſt imperfect are like the laws; thoſe which are leaſt arbitrary are the beſt.

The moſt perfect languages muſt neceſſarily be ſuch, as are ſpoken by thoſe nations, who have cultivated the polite and the ſocial arts with the greateſt induſtry and ſucceſs. Thus the Hebrew, like the people who ſpoke it, muſt neceſſarily be one of the pooreſt tongues in the univerſe. How could the Jews, who, before the time of Solomon, had not a ſingle boat; how could they have any ſea-terms? How could they have any terms of philoſophy, who were plunged in a ſtate of the moſt profound ignorance, till they began to learn ſomething in their Babyloniſh captivity? The Phœnician tongue, from which the Jews borrowed their jargon, muſt have been greatly ſuperior, as it was the language of a rich, induſtrious and commercial people, diffuſed throughout the univerſe.

The moſt ancient tongue we know muſt be the language of that nation which was moſt anciently formed into a political body. It muſt further be the language of that nation which has been leaſt frequently ſubdued; or, when it has been ſubdued, has always civilized its conquerors. And in both theſe reſpects the Chineſe and the Arabic are the moſt ancient of all the modern languages.

There is no mother-tongue. All the neighbouring nations have mutually borrowed from each other; but we have given the name of mother-tongue to thoſe languages, from which ſome known idioms are derived. The Latin, for inſtance, is the mother-tongue to the Italian, the Spaniſh, and the French. But the Latin itſelf was derived from the Tuſcan; and the Tuſcan from the Celtic and the Greek.

The moſt beautiful language muſt certainly be that which is, at once, the moſt complete, the moſt ſonorous, the moſt various in its expreſſions, and the moſt regular in its compoſition; that which has the greateſt number of compound words, which by its proſody moſt happily expreſſes the ſlow or impetuous motions of the ſoul, and approaches the neareſt to muſick.

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The Greek hath all theſe advantages; and is free from the harſhneſs of the Latin, in which there are ſo many words that end in *um*, *ur*, and *us*. It hath all the pomp of the Spaniſh, and all the ſweetneſs of the Italian. And it excels all the living languages in the harmony of its expreſſion, owing to its great variety of long and ſhort ſyllables: ſo that, diſfigured as it now is in Greece, it may ſtill be conſidered as the fineſt language in the univerſe.

The moſt beautiful language cannot be the moſt generally uſed, when the people who ſpeak it are oppreſſed with ſlavery, few in number, deprived of all commerce with other nations, and when theſe other nations have improved their native tongues. Thus the Greek muſt be confined within narrower bounds than the Arabic, or even than the Turkiſh language.

Of all the European languages, the French muſt be the moſt general, becauſe it is the beſt adapted to converſation. It has taken its character from that of the people who ſpeak it.

Of all nations in the world the French have, for almoſt theſe three hundred and fifty years paſt, moſt induſtriouſly cultivated the arts of ſocial life: they were the firſt that freed it from all manner of conſtraint; they were the firſt among whom the women became free and even ſovereign, while in other countries they were no better than ſlaves. The Syntax of this tongue, which is always uniform, and admits of no inverſions, is another advantage which hardly any other tongue poſſeſſes In a word, the French language is a more current coin than others, though it ſhould even happen to want weight. The prodigious number of agreeably frivolous books which France has produced, is a freſh reaſon of that favourable reception which its language has met with in other nations.

Books of ſcience will never make a language general. People will tranſlate theſe books: they will ſtudy the philoſophy of Newton; but they will not learn the Engliſh, in order to underſtand him.

Another circumſtance that renders the French language more common than any other, is the perfection

to

to which our theatre has been carried. It is to a Cinna, a Phedra, and a Miſanthrope, that it owes its reputation, and not to the conqueſts of Lewis XIV.

It is neither ſo ſmooth and copious as the Italian, ſo majeſtic as the Spaniſh, nor ſo nervous as the Engliſh; and yet it has made a greater figure in the world than theſe three languages; owing to this circumſtance alone, that it is fitter for converſation, and that there are a greater number of agreeable books in it than in any other tongue. In a word, it has ſucceeded like the French cooks, becauſe it has more happily flattered the general taſte.

The ſame ſpirit that hath led other nations to imitate the French in their furniture, the diſtribution of their rooms, their gardens, their dances, and every other graceful accompliſhment, hath likewiſe led them to ſpeak their language. The great art of good French writers is preciſely the ſame with that of the French women, who ſet themſelves off to better advantage than the other women of Europe, and without being more beautiful in reality appear to be ſo by the elegance of their dreſs, and by that charming behaviour, at once ſo noble and ſimple, which they aſſume and ſupport with ſo much eaſe and freedom.

It is by the arts of poliſhing and refining, that this language has at laſt baniſhed all traces of its ancient barbarity. Every thing would ſhow this barbarity to any one who would examine the matter with attention. He would find that the number *vingt* comes from *viginti*; and that we formerly pronounced the *g* and the *t* with that harſhneſs which is natural to all the northern nations. From the month of *Auguſtus* is derived the month of *Aouſt*.

It is not long ſince a German prince, ſuppoſing that the word *Auguſtus* was never pronounced otherwiſe in France, called Auguſtus king of Poland, king *Aouſt*.

From *Pavo* we form *Paon*. We once pronounced it like *Phaon*, and we now ſay *Pan*.

From *Lupus* is derived *Loup*, and we formerly ſounded the *p* with a moſt diſagreeable roughneſs. All the letters which we have ſince ſuppreſſed in pronouncing, but retained

retained in writing, are proofs of the barbarity of our ancient cuſtoms.

We did not begin to ſoften our language till we had ſoftened our manners. It was rude and unpoliſhed till Francis I. called the ladies to court. One might as well have talked the ancient Celtic as the French in the time of Charles VIII. and Lewis XII. The German was not more harſh and unmuſical. All the imperfect tenſes had a hideous ſound: every ſyllable was pronounced in *aiemoient*, *faiſoient*, *croyoient*, they ſaid, *croy-oi-ent*. This was the croaking of ravens, as the emperor Julian ſaid of the ancient Celtic, rather than the language of men.

It required whole ages to wipe off this ruſt. The imperfections that ſtill remain would be intolerable, were it not for the pains we conſtantly take to ſhun them, as a ſkilful rider ſhuns the ſtones on the road.

Good writers take care to combat thoſe vicious expreſſions, which are firſt brought into vogue by the ignorance of the people, and being afterwards adopted by bad authors, paſs into gazettes and public writings. Thus from the Italian word *celeta*, which ſignifies *elmo*, *caſque*, *ormet*, the French ſoldiers in Italy have formed the word *ſalade*; ſo that when we ſay, *il a pris ſa ſalade*, we do not know whether the perſon mentioned has taken his helmet or his lettuce. The writers of the gazettes have tranſlated the word *ridotto* by *redoubte*, which ſignifies a kind of fortification: but a man that knows the language will always preſerve the word *aſſemblée*. Roaſt-beef in Engliſh ſignifies *bœufroti*; and our inn-keepers now talk to us of the roaſt-beef of mutton. Riding-coat means *un habit de cheval:* from thence we have formed *redingotte*; and the people take it for an old word of our own language. Men of letters having been obliged to adopt this word as well as the people, becauſe it ſignifies a thing adapted to a particular cuſtom.

The populace ſubdues the court, if we may uſe the expreſſion, in fixing the terms of arts and trades, and things abſolutely neceſſary, as well as in matters of religion. Thoſe who treat the vulgar with the greateſt contempt

contempt are yet obliged to ſpeak, and even to think, in appearance like them.

It is no argument of bad language to call things by thoſe names which the mob has given them; but one may eaſily diſcover the ſuperior ingenuity of one nation above another by the propriety of the names they give to every thing.

It is only for want of imagination, that people apply the ſame expreſſion to an hundred different ideas. It argues a ridiculous barrenneſs of invention, not to be able to expreſs otherwiſe, *un bras de mer*, *un bras de balance*, *un bras de fauteuil*. It ſhews a great poverty of genius to ſay equally *la tête d'un clou*, and *la tête d'un armée*. We every where find the word *cu*, and always improperly applied. A ſtreet without a thoroughfare bears no reſemblance to a *cu de ſac*; a plain man would have called theſe kinds of ſtreets, *des impaſſes*; the populace have called them *cus*, and queens have been obliged to call them ſo likewiſe. The bottom of an artichoak, and the point that terminates the lower part of a lamp, have no more reſemblace to a *cu*, than theſe ſtreets without a paſſage: and yet we always ſay, *cu de artichaud*, and *cu de lampe*, becauſe the people that formed the language were then rude and unpoliſhed. The Italians, who had a better right than we to employ this expreſſion, have taken care to refrain from it. The people of Italy, naturally more ingenious than their neighbours, have formed a language much more copious than ours.

The cry of every animal ſhould have a particular term to expreſs it. It diſcovers a ſhameful poverty of language to want diſtinct expreſſions for the chirping of a bird, and for the cry of a child; and to call things ſo different by the ſame name. The word *vagiſſement*, derived from the Latin *vagitus*, might very well have expreſſed the cry of infants in the cradle.

Ignorance hath introduced another cuſtom into all the modern languages. There are thouſands of words that no longer ſignify what they ought to ſignify. *Idiot* formerly meant *ſolitaire*; now it means *ſot*. *Epiphanie* ſignified *ſuperficie*; at preſent it is the twelfth day.

Baptiſer

Baptiſer is to plunge in water; we ſay to baptize by the name of John or James.

To theſe defects of almoſt all languages may be added ſome barbarous irregularities. *Garçon*, *courtiſan*, *coureur*, are decent words; *garce*, *courtiſane*, *coureuſe*, are indecent. *Venus* is a charming word, *vénirién* is abominable.

Another effect of the irregularity of thoſe languages which were compoſed at random, in times of ignorance and barbarity, is the great number of compound words whoſe ſimples no longer exiſt. Theſe are children that have loſt their father. We have *architraves*, but no *traves*; *architectes*, but no *tectes*; *ſoubaſſements*, but no *baſſements*. There are things *ineffables*, but none *effables*. One may be *intrepide*, but none *trepide*; *impotent*, but not *potent*. A fund is *inepuiſable*, but cannot be *puiſable*. There are people *impudents* and *inſolents*; but none *pudents*, or *ſolents*. *Nonchalant* ſignifies *pareſſeux*, and *chalant* a *chapman*.

Theſe defects are to be found in a greater or leſs degree, in all languages: theſe are wild and uncultivated lands from which the hand of a ſkilful artiſt can derive great advantage.

There are daily gliding into languages other faults which mark the genius of a people. In France new modes are introduced into our manner of expreſſion, as well as into head-dreſſes. If a patient or a phyſician of faſhion takes it into his head to ſay that he hath a *ſoupçon* of a fever, to ſignify that he hath a ſlight touch of it, in a moment the whole nation ſhall have *ſoupçons* of a cholic, *ſoupçons* of hatred, love, and ridicule. The preachers tell you from the pulpit, that you ought at leaſt to have a *ſoupçon* of love to God. In a few months this mode is laid aſide to make room for another. *Vis-a-vis* is every where introduced. You find people in all companies *vis-a-vis* their inclinations and their intereſt. The courtiers are well or ill *vis-a-vis* the king. The miniſters are embarraſſed *vis-a-vis* themſelves. The parliament in a body inform the nation that they have been the defenders of the laws *vis-a-vis* the

the archbiſhop. And the clergy are *vis-à-vis* the Deity in a ſtate of perdition.

But what moſt corrupts the purity of a language, is not this tranſient mode of expreſſion, with which we are ſoon diſguſted; nor is it the frequent uſe of thoſe ſoleciſms which prevail in good company, and into which good authors never fall: it is the affectation of middling authors, to diſcourſe of the moſt ſerious things in the ſtile of converſation. You may read in our new books of philoſophy that we ought not to make *à pure perte les frais de penſer*; that eclipſes are *en droit d'effrayer le peuple*; that Epicurus had a body *a l'uniſon de ſon ame*; that *Clodius renvia ſur Auguſte*, and a thouſand other expreſſions of the like nature, worthy of the lacquey of the *Precieuſes ridicules*.

The ſtile of the king's orders and decrees pronounced in the courts of juſtice, is ſufficient to ſhew the depth of barbarity from which we have but lately emerged. We laugh at the following expreſſion in the comedy of the Plaideurs:

Lequel Jérome après pleuſieurs rebellions
Aurait atteint, frappé, moi ſergent à la joue.

Yet it happens unluckily that the compilers of our gazettes and journals have fallen into the ſame inconſiſtency; and you read in the public papers; *On a apris que la flotte aurait mis à la voile le 7 Mars, & qu'elle auroit double les Sorlingues.*

Every thing conſpires to corrupt a language that is once become ſomewhat general! the authors, who vitiate its ſtile by affectation; thoſe who write in a foreign country, and who almoſt always intermix foreign expreſſions with their native tongue; the merchants who introduce into converſation the terms of the counting-houſe, and who tell you that England arms the fleet, but that *per contra* France equips veſſels; and the wit of foreign countries, who, ignorant of the idiom of the language, tell you that a young prince has been very well *éduqué*, inſtead of ſaying that he has received a good education.

But

But though all languages be imperfect, it does not from thence follow that we ought to change them. We ought inwardly to adhere to that manner of expreſſion which has been uſed by good authors; and when there is a ſufficient number of approved authors, the language is then fixed. Thus we cannot make any innovations in the Italian, the Spaniſh, the Engliſh, or the French, without corrupting them. And the reaſon is plain; for we ſhould by this means, ſoon render unintelligible thoſe books which, at once, contribute to the inſtruction and entertainment of the world.

THOUGHTS

ON THE

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

I.

PUFFENDORF, and thoſe who write like him on the intereſts of princes, make almanacs, which are defective even for the current year, and which next year are abſolutely good for nothing.

II.

Who would have ſaid at the peace of Nimeguen, that Spain, Mexico, Peru, Naples, Sicily, and Parma, would one day belong to the houſe of France?

III.

Could any one foreſee at the time that Charles XII. governed Sweden with deſpotic ſway, that his ſucceſſors would have no more authority than the kings of Poland?

IV. The

IV.

The kings of Denmark were doges about a century ago; at preſent they are abſolute.

V.

The Ruſſians in former times, ſold themſelves like the Negroes; at preſent, they have ſuch a high opinion of their own merit, that they will not admit foreign ſoldiers into their army, and they reckon it a point of honour never to deſert; but they muſt ſtill employ foreign officers, becauſe the nation has not yet acquired ſo much ſkill as courage, having only learned to obey.

VI.

Animals accuſtomed to the yoke offer themſelves to it of their own accord. Some obſcure compiler of the letters of queen Chriſtina, has offered an inſult to the common ſenſe of mankind by juſtifying the murder of Monaldeſqui, who was aſſaſſinated at Fontainebleau by order of a Swediſh lady, under pretence that this lady had once been queen. None but the aſſaſſins employed by her could have had the impudence to alledge, that that princeſs might lawfully do at Fontainebleau, what would have been a crime at Stockholm.

VII.

That government would be worthy of the Hottentots, in which a certain number of men ſhould be allowed to ſay: "Thoſe who labour ought to pay; we ought to pay nothing, becauſe we are idle."

VIII.

That government would be an inſult both on God and man, in which the citizens might ſay: "The ſtate has given us all we poſſeſs; and we owe it nothing but prayers."

IX.

The more reaſon is improved, the more does it deſtroy the ſeeds of religious wars. It is the ſpirit of philoſophy that has baniſhed this plague from the earth.

X. Were

X.

Were Luther and Calvin to return to the world, they would make no more noiſe than the Scotiſts and the Thomiſts. The reaſon is, they would appear in an age when men begin to be enlightened.

XI.

It is only in times of barbarity that we ſee ſorcerers, and people poſſeſſed by evil ſpirits, kings excommunicated, and ſubjects abſolved from their oath of allegiance by doctors.

XII.

There is a convent in the world, entirely uſeleſs in every reſpect, which enjoys an income of two hundred thouſand livres. Reaſon ſhews that if theſe two hundred thouſand livres were given to an hundred officers who ſhould marry, there would be an hundred uſeful citizens rewarded, an hundred young women provided for, and at leaſt, four hundred perſons more in the ſtate at the end of ten years, inſtead of fifty ſluggards. It further ſhews that if theſe fifty ſluggards were reſtored to their country, they would cultivate the earth and people it; and that of courſe there would be more labourers and ſoldiers. This is what is wiſhed for by every one, from the prince of the blood to the vine-dreſſer. Superſtition alone oppoſed it formerly; but reaſon, acting in ſubordination to faith, ought to cruſh ſuperſtition.

XIII.

A prince with a ſingle word can at leaſt prevent young people from making vows before the age of twenty-five; and ſhould any one ſay to the ſovereign, "What will become of young ladies of rank, whom we commonly ſacrifice to the eldeſt ſons of our families?" The prince may reply, "they will become what they are in Sweden, Denmark, Pruſſia, England, and Holland; they will produce citizens; they were born for propagation, and not to repeat Latin, which they do not underſtand. A woman that nouriſhes two children

children and ſpins, is more uſeful to the ſtate than all the convents in the world."

XIV.

It is a great happineſs both to the prince and the ſtate, that there are a number of philoſophers who impreſs theſe maxims on the minds of the people.

XV.

Philoſophers having no particular intereſt, can only ſpeak in favour of reaſon, and of the public good.

XVI.

Philoſophers love religion; and are uſeful to kings by deſtroying ſuperſtition, which is always an enemy to princes.

XVII.

It was ſuperſtition that occaſioned the aſſaſſination of Henry III. of Henry IV. of William prince of Orange, and of ſo many others. To it we ought to aſcribe the rivers of blood that have been ſhed ſince the time of Conſtantine.

XVIII.

Superſtition is the moſt dreadful enemy of the human kind. When it rules the prince it hinders him from conſulting the good of his people; when it rules the people, it makes them rebel againſt their prince.

XIX.

There is not a ſingle example in hiſtory of philoſophers oppoſing themſelves to the laws of the prince. There never was an age in which ſuperſtition and enthuſiaſm did not occaſion commotions that fill us with horror.

XX.

Liberty conſiſts in depending upon the laws only. In this view every man is free in Sweden, England, Holland, Switzerland, Geneva, and Hamburg. The caſe is the ſame in Venice and Genoa; though in theſe two places, whoever does not belong to the body of the nobles is deſpiſed and contemned. But there are ſtill many provinces,

provinces, and large chriſtian kingdoms, where the greateſt part of the people are ſlaves.

XXI.

A time will come in theſe countries, when ſome prince, more accompliſhed than his predeceſſors, will make the labourers of the land ſenſible, that it is not wholly for their intereſt, that a man, who has one horſe, or ſeveral horſes, that is, a nobleman, ſhould have a right to kill a peaſant, by laying ten crowns on his grave. Ten crowns, it is true, is a very conſiderable ſum to a man born in a certain climate; but in proceſs of time people will have the ſagacity to diſcover that it is of little uſe to a dead man. The commons then may poſſibly be admitted to a ſhare in the adminiſtration; and the form of government, which prevails in England and Sweden may perhaps be eſtabliſhed in the neighbourhood of Turky.

XXII.

A citizen of Amſterdam is a man; a citizen a few degrees of longitude from thence is a beaſt of burthen.

XXIII.

All men are born equal; but a native of Morocco never dreams of ſuch a truth.

XXIV.

This equality does not deſtroy ſubordination. As men, we are all equal: as members of ſociety we are not. All natural rights belong equally to the Sultan and to a Boſtangi. Both of them may diſpoſe with the ſame freedom of their perſons, their families and their effects. Thus in things eſſential all men are equal, though they play different parts on the theatre of the world.

XXV.

People are always aſking what is the beſt form of government. Put this queſtion to a miniſter or to his deputy; they will doubtleſs be for abſolute power. Put it to a baron; he would have the baronage to have

have a ſhare in the legiſlative power. The biſhops will ſay the ſame. The citizen would have you to conſult reaſon; and the peaſant would not wiſh to be forgot. The beſt government ſeems to be that in which all ranks of men are equally protected by the laws.

XXVI.

A republican is always more ſtrongly attached to his own country than a ſubject is to his; and for this good reaſon too, that men have a greater regard for their own property than for that of their maſter.

XXVII.

What is the love of our country? A compound of ſelf-love and prejudice, which the good of ſociety has exalted into the chief of the virtues. It is of great conſequence that this vague word, "The public," ſhould make a deep impreſſion.

XXVIII.

When the lord of a caſtle, or the inhabitant of a city blame the exerciſe of abſolute power, and complain of the oppreſſion of the peaſants, believe them not. Few people complain of evils which they do not feel. Beſides, the citizens and gentlemen ſeldom hate the perſon of their ſovereign, except in a civil war. What they hate is abſotute power in the fourth or fifth hand: it is the anti-chamber of a deputy, or of a ſecretary of an intendant that occaſions their murmurs: it is becauſe they have received a rebuff from an inſolent valet in the palace, that they groan in their deſolate fields.

XXIX.

The Engliſh reproach the French with ſerving their maſters chearfully. The following verſes are the beſt that have ever been written in England on that ſubject.

"A nation here I pity and admire;
"Whom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire:
"Yet taught by cuſtom's force, and bigot fear,
"To ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear:

"Whoſe

" Whoſe nobles, born to cringe, and to command,
" In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,
" From prieſts and ſtock-jobbers content receive
" Thoſe laws their dreaded arms to Europe give:
" Whoſe people vain in want, in bondage bleſt,
" Though plundered gay, induſtrious though oppreſt,
" With happy follies riſe above their fate;
" The jeſt and envy of a wiſer ſtate."

In anſwer to all theſe declamations with which the Engliſh poetry, pamphlets, and ſermons are filled, we may obſerve that it is very natural to love a houſe which hath reigned for near eight hundred years. Several foreigners, and among theſe ſome Engliſhmen, have come to ſettle in France, merely for the ſake of living happily.

XXX.

A king, who is never contradicted, can hardly be bad.

XXXI.

Some Engliſh peaſants, who have never travelled farther than London, imagine that the king of France, when he has nothing elſe to do, ſends for a preſident, and by way of amuſement gives his eſtate to a valet of the wardrobe.

XXXII.

There are few countries in the world where the fortunes of individuals are more ſecure than in France. When count Maurice de Naſſau was ſetting out from the Hague, in order to take upon him the command of the Dutch infantry, he aſked me, if the French would confiſcate the rents which he had a right to receive from the Town-Houſe of Paris. " They will pay you," ſaid I, " exactly on the ſame day with count Maurice de Saxe, who commands the French army;" and my perdiction was literally fulfilled.

XXXIII.

Lewis XI. in the courſe of his reign ſent about four thouſand of his ſubjects to the gallows, becauſe he was not

not abſolute, and wanted to be ſo. Lewis XIV. after the affair of the duke de Lauſun did not baniſh a ſingle courtier, becauſe he was abſolute. In the reign of Charles II. more than fifty perſons of conſequence loſt their heads at London.

XXXIV.

In the reign of Lewis XIII. there was not a ſingle year paſſed without ſome faction or other. Lewis the Juſt began by cauſing his prime miniſter to be aſſaſſinated. He ſuffered the cardinal de Richelieu, who was more cruel than himſelf, to bathe the ſcaffolds with blood.

Cardinal Mazarine, though placed in the ſame circumſtances, did not put a ſingle perſon to death. A foreigner as he was, he could not have ſupported himſelf by acts of cruelty. If Richelieu had no factions to contend with, he would have raiſed the kingdom to the higheſt pitch of grandeur, becauſe his cruelty, which proceeded from the haughtineſs of his temper, having no object to employ it, would have ſuffered the natural greatneſs of his ſoul to operate in its full extent.

XXXV.

In a book full of profound reflections, and ingenious flights of fancy, deſpotiſm is reckoned among the natural forms of government. The author, who was a great wit, ſurely meant to rally.

There is no government naturally deſpotic. There is no country in the world, where the people ſay to one man, "Sir, we give your ſacred majeſty the power of taking our wives, our children, our goods, and our lives, and of cauſing us to be empaled according to your good pleaſure, and your adorable caprice."

The grand Turk ſwears on the Alcoran to obſerve the laws. He cannot put any one to death without a decree of the Divan, and a Fetfa of the Muphti. He is ſo little deſpotic, that he can neither change the value of money, nor break the Janiſſaries. It is not true, that he is maſter of the effects of his ſubjects. He beſtows lands, which are called, "Timariots," in the ſame manner as fiefs were formerly beſtowed.

XXXVI. De-

XXXVI.

Deſpotiſm is the abuſe of monarchy, as anarchy is the abuſe of a republican form of government. A Sultan who without the forms, and in violation of the laws of juſtice, impriſons, or murders his ſubjects, is a public robber, dignified with the title of your highneſs.

XXXVII.

A modern author ſays, there is more virtue in republics, and more honour in monarchies.

Honour is the deſire of being honoured. To be a man of honour is to do nothing unworthy of honour. We cannot ſay of a recluſe that he is a man of honour. That expreſſion is applied to ſignify that degree of eſteem which every member of ſociety would have paid to his own perſon. We muſt ſettle the meaning of terms, without which we ſhall ſoon be involved in ſuch confuſion, that we ſhall no longer be able to underſtand one another.

In the time of the Roman republic, this deſire of being honoured with ſtatues, crowns of laurel, and triumphs, rendered the Romans conquerors of the greateſt part of the world. The ſpirit of honour was kept alive by the empty form of a ceremony, by a leaf of laurel or parſley.

But when the republic was aboliſhed, this kind of honour was likewiſe extinguiſhed.

XXXVIII.

A republic is not founded on virtue: it is founded on the ambition of every citizen, which checks the ambition of others; on pride reſtraining pride; and on the deſire of ruling, which will not ſuffer another to rule. Hence are formed laws, which preſerve as great an equality as poſſible. It is a ſociety where the gueſts eat at the ſame table with an equal appetite, until a ſtrong and voracious man comes, who takes all to himſelf, and leaves them only the crumbs.

XXXIX.

Little machines do not ſucceed in the main, becauſe their operations are interrupted by the friction of the

wheels. The caſe is the ſame with ſtates. China cannot be governed like the republic of Lucca.

XL.

Calviniſm and Lutheraniſm are in danger in Germany: that country is full of great biſhoprics, ſovereign abbacies, and canonries, all proper for making converſions. A proteſtant prince turns catholic in order to become a biſhop, or king of a certain country, as a princeſs does in order to get a huſband.

XLI.

If ever the Romiſh religion regains its former aſcendency, it will be by the allurement of rich benefices, and by means of the monks. The monks are troops that are perpetually fighting; the Proteſtants have no troops.

XLII.

It is pretended that religions are made for climates. But Chriſtianity hath long reigned in Aſia. It began in Paleſtine, and it hath penetrated as far as Norway. The Engliſhman, who ſaid that religions had their birth in Aſia, and their grave in England, reaſoned much better.

XLIII.

It muſt be owned there are ſome ceremonies and myſteries which cannot take place but in certain climates. People bathe in the Ganges at the new moons; but were they obliged to bathe in the Viſtula in the month of January, this act of religion would not be long in force, &c.

XLIV.

It is alledged that Mahomet's law prohibiting the uſe of wine is a law of the climate of Arabia, becauſe, in that country, wine would coagulate the blood, and water is refreſhing. It would have been juſt as reaſonable to have made an eleventh Commandment in Spain and Italy, enjoining the inhabitants to ply the bottle.

Mahomet did not forbid wine, becauſe the Arabians loved water. It is ſaid in the "Sonna," that he forbad it, becauſe he had been a witneſs of the ſhocking exceſſes which drunkenneſs occaſioned.

XLV. All

XLV.

All religious laws are not the effect of the nature of the climate. To eat, ſtanding, a boiled lamb with lettuce, and to throw the remainder of it into the fire; not to eat a rabbit, becauſe it has not a cloven foot, and becauſe it chews the cud; to ſprinkle one's left ear with the blood of an animal: all theſe ceremonies have little connexion with the nature of the climate.

XLVI.

If Leo X. had permitted indulgences to be ſold by the Auguſtin monks, who were wont to ſell theſe kinds of merchandize, he would have had no Proteſtants. If Anne Boleyn had not been beautiful, England had ſtill profeſſed the Romiſh religion. To what was it owing that the Spaniards were not all Arians, and afterwards Mahometans? To what was it owing that Carthage did not deſtroy Rome?

XLVII.

From one event given to deduce all the events in the world is a fine problem; but it belongs only to the Sovereign of the univerſe to ſolve it.

OF THE

EMBELLISHMENTS

OF THE

CITY OF CACHEMIRE.

THE inhabitants of Cachemire are polite and fickle, employed in trifles as other people are in ſerious buſineſs, and live like children who know not the reaſon of the orders that are given them. They complain of every thing, comfort themſelves with every thing, laugh at every thing, and forget every thing.

They had naturally no taſte for the arts. The kingdom of Cachemire ſubſiſted for more than thirteen hundred years, without having any good philoſophers, good poets, tolerable architects, painters, or ſculptors. For the ſpace of more than a thouſand years they were ſo deſtitute of commerce and manufactures, that when a marquis of Cachemire wanted ſome linen or a fine doublet, he was obliged to have recourſe to a Jew or a Banian. At length, about the beginning of the laſt century, there aroſe in Cachemire a number of men who did not ſeem to be natives of the country, and who being thoroughly verſed in the ſciences of the Perſians and Indians, carried reaſon and genius to the higheſt perfection. There luckily happened to reign at the ſame time, a ſultan, who encouraged theſe great men, and who, by the aſſiſtance of a good vizier, civilized, embelliſhed, and enriched the kingdom. The Cachemirians received all his favours with an air of pleaſantry, and compoſed ſongs againſt the ſultan, the miniſter, and the great men who enlightened them.

After

After this the arts languiſhed in Cachemire. The fire, which theſe heaven-inſpired geniuſes had kindled, was covered with aſhes. Nature ſeemed to be exhauſted. The glory of the arts in Cachemire conſiſted now in hardly any thing elſe than the management of the hands and heels. There were ſome perſons of great agility, who had the art of putting one leg over another to the ſound of muſical inſtruments with ſurprizing gracefulneſs. There were others who invented every week an admirable faſhion of adjuſting a ribband. And, in fine, there were ſome excellent chymiſts, who, with the eſſence of ham, and other elixirs of the like nature, put whole families, in the ſpace of a few years, into the hands of their phyſicians and creditors. By theſe fine arts the Cachemirians attained to the honour of furniſhing modes, dancers, and cooks to almoſt all Aſia.

Mean while, the people talked much of making the capital more commodious, more elegant, more wholeſome, and more beautiful than it was. They talked of it much, but they did nothing. A philoſopher of Indoſtan, who was remarkable for his public ſpirit, and who ſpoke his mind freely, however ineffectually, about every thing that related to the happineſs of mankind, or the improvement of the arts, happened to paſs through the capital of Cachemire, where he had a long converſation with one of the principal boſtangis about the manner of giving the city all that it wanted. The boſtangi agreed, that it was a ſhame for the Cachemirians not to have a grand and magnificent temple, like that of Pekin or Agra; that it was a pity they had no large bazards, that is, market-places, and public magazines ſurrounded with columns, and ſerving, at once, for uſe and ornament. He acknowledged that the halls ſet apart for the public games were unworthy of a city of the fourth order; that he ſaw with indignation the moſt wretched houſes upon the moſt beautiful bridges; and that the people wiſhed in vain for ſquares, fountains, ſtatues, and all the monuments that conſtitute the glory of a nation.

"Allow me," ſaid the Indian philoſopher, "to aſk you a ſhort queſtion, Why do you not give yourſelves

all that you want?" "Oh!" ſaid the boſtangi, "we have not means ſufficient for that purpoſe: it would coſt too dear." "It would coſt you nothing at all," ſaid the philoſopher. "We have already had that fine paradox propoſed to us," replied the citizen; "but theſe are the ſchemes of a philoſopher, that is, things excellent in theory, but ridiculous in practice. Our ears are ſtunned with theſe fine ſentences." "But what anſwer," ſaid the philoſopher, "did you give to thoſe who told you, that you wanted only a fixed reſolution, and that it would coſt the ſtate of Cachemire nothing to adorn your capital, and to execute all the great undertakings neceſſary for that purpoſe." "We gave him no anſwer at all," ſaid the boſtangi, "we fell a laughing according to our cuſtom, and never examined the propoſal." "Well," ſaid the philoſopher, "laugh leſs, and think more; and I will demonſtrate to you the truth of this paradox, which would make you happy, and which now alarms you ſo much." The Cachemirian, who was a man of great politeneſs, bit his lips for fear he ſhould burſt out a-laughing in the Indian's face: and they had the following converſation together.

The PHILOSOPER.

What do you mean by riches?

The BOSTANGI.

A great deal of money.

The PHILOSOPHER.

You are miſtaken. The inhabitants of South America had formerly more money than ever you will have; but as they wanted induſtry, they had none of thoſe conveniencies which money can procure; and were actually in a ſtate of poverty.

The BOSTANGI.

I underſtand you; you make riches to conſiſt in the poſſeſſion of a fertile country.

The PHILOSOPHER.

No: the Tartars of the Ukraine inhabit one of the fineſt countries in the world, and yet are in want of every thing. The wealth of a ſtate is like all the talents that depend on art and nature. Thus riches conſiſt

ſiſt in the ſoil and in the labour. The richeſt and the happieſt people are thoſe who cultivate the beſt ſoil with moſt induſtry; and the greateſt gift that God hath given to mankind is the neceſſity of labouring.

The BOSTANGI.

Agreed; but in order to accompliſh what we want, it will require the labour of ten thouſand men for ten years; and where ſhall we find wherewithal to pay them?

The PHILOSOPHER.

Have not you paid an hundred thouſand ſoldiers during a war of ten years continuance?

The BOSTANGI.

True; and yet the ſtate did not ſeem to be impoveriſhed.

The PHILOSOPHER.

What! Have you money to ſend an hundred thouſand men to be killed, and yet want it to make ten thouſand live?

The BOSTANGI.

The two caſes are widely different: it coſts much leſs to ſend a citizen to death, than to make him carve marble.

The PHILOSOPHER.

You are ſtill miſtaken. Thirty thouſand cavalry alone are more expenſive than ten thouſand artiſts; and the truth is, that neither the one nor the other are expenſive when they are employed in the country. What did it coſt the antient Egyptians, think ye, to build their pyramids, and the Chineſe to raiſe their great wall? Onions and rice. Was their country impoveriſhed by having maintained laborious men inſtead of fattening ſluggards?

The BOSTANGI.

You reduce me to a nonplus, and yet you do not convince me. Philoſophy reaſons, but cuſtom acts.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Had men always followed this maxim, they would ſtill be eating acorns, and would not know what is the

full moon. In order to execute grand undertakings, nothing is neceſſary but a head and hands; with theſe we can accompliſh every thing. You have fine ſtone, iron, braſs, and timber; you want nothing but the will.

The BOSTANGI.

We have every thing. Nature has been very kind to us. But what enormous expences will it require to work ſo many materials?

The PHILOSOPHER.

I do not underſtand you. What expences do you mean? Your country produces wherewithal to feed and cloath all its inhabitants. You have all the materials under your feet. You have two hundred thouſand idlers whom you may employ: nothing then remains but to make them labour, and to give them for their wages as much as may be ſufficient to maintain and cloath them. I cannot ſee what expence it will be to the kingdom of Cachemire; for, ſurely, you will not pay any thing to the Chineſe and the Perſians for obliging your citizens to work.

The BOSTANGI.

What you ſay is very true; neither money nor proviſions go out of the kingdom.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Why don't you begin to work then this very day?

The BOSTANGI.

It is difficult to put ſuch a great machine in motion.

The PHILOSOPHER.

How did you ſupport a war which coſt ſo much blood and treaſure?

The BOSTANGI.

We made the poſſeſſors of lands and money contribute in exact proportion to their ſubſtance.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Well; if they contribute for the miſery of mankind, will the give nothing for their happineſs and glory? What!

What! have you never, ſince you were firſt formed into a political body, found out the ſecret of obliging the rich to make the poor work? are you ſtill ignorant of the firſt principles of civil policy?

The BOSTANGI.

Though we ſhould oblige the poſſeſſors of rice, lint, and cattle, to give meat and cloaths to the poor they employ in digging the earth, and carrying burthens, we ſhould not be a whit the nearer our point. We muſt make all the artiſts labour who are employed the whole year in other buſineſs.

The PHILOSOPHER.

I have been told that there are about an hundred and twenty days in the year, on which the Cachemirians do not labour. Why do you not change the half of theſe idle days into days of labour? Why do you not employ, in raiſing your public edifices, the artiſts, who, for an hundred days, are entirely diſengaged? Then would thoſe, who now know nothing, and have only two arms, ſoon acquire a habit of induſtry; you would ſoon form a nation of artiſts.

The BOSTANGI.

Theſe days are devoted to drinking and debauchery; and from thence conſiderable ſums are brought into the public treaſury.

The PHILOSOPHER.

Your reaſon is admirable; but no money can come into the public treaſury but by means of circulation: and will not labour produce a quicker circulation than debauchery, which is the parent of ſo many diſeaſes? or can it really be the intereſt of a ſtate that the people ſhould be intoxicated for one third of the year?

This converſation laſted a long time. The boſtangi, at laſt, acknowledged that the philoſopher was in the right; and he was the firſt boſtangi that was ever convinced by a philoſopher. He promiſed to perform great things, but men never perform either all they intend, or all they are able to perform.

While the reaſoner and the boſtangi were engaged in theſe ſublime ſpeculations, there happened to paſs by about twenty handſome two legged animals with little cloaks thrown over their long jackets, pointed caps on their heads, and hempen girdles about their loins. "Theſe are jolly, well-made fellows," ſaid the Indian; "how many of them have you in your country?" "About an hundred thouſand of different kinds," ſaid the boſtangi. "Excellent hands," ſaid the philoſopher, "for embelliſhing Cachemire! How ſhould I like to ſee them handling the ſpade, the trowel, and the plumbet!" "And I likewiſe," ſaid the boſtangi; "but theſe men are too great ſaints to work." "What do they do, then?" ſaid the Indian. "They ſing, they drink, and they digeſt," ſaid the boſtangi. "How extremely advantageous muſt that be to a ſtate!" ſaid the Indian. This converſation, though long, produced but little effect.

How far we ought to impoſe upon the PEOPLE.

IT is a queſtion of great importance, however little regarded, how far the people, i. e. nine-tenths of the human kind ought to be treated like apes. The deceiving party have never examined this problem with ſufficient care; and, for fear of being miſtaken in the calculation, they have heaped up all the viſionary notions they could in the heads of the party deceived.

The good people, who ſometimes read Virgil, or the Provincial letters, do not know that there are twenty times more copies of the Almanac of Liege and of the "Courier boiteux" printed, than of all the ancient and modern books together. No one, ſurely, has a greater veneration than myſelf for the illuſtrious authors of theſe Almanacs and their brethren. I know, that ever ſince

ſince the time of the ancient Chaldeans, there have been fixed and ſtated days for taking phyſic, paring our nails, giving battle, and cleaving wood. I know that the beſt part of the revenue of an illuſtrious academy conſiſts in the ſale of theſe kind of Almanacs. May I preſume to aſk, with all poſſible ſubmiſſion, and a becoming diffidence of my own judgment, what harm it would do to the world, were ſome powerful aſtrologer to aſſure the peaſants and the good inhabitants of little villages, that they might ſafely pare their nails when they pleaſe, provided it be done with a good intention? The people, I ſhall be told, would not buy the Almanacs of this new aſtrologer. On the contrary, I will venture to affirm, that there would be found among your great geniuſes many who would make a merit in following this novelty. Should it be alledged that theſe geniuſes would form factions, and kindle a civil war, I have nothing farther to ſay on the ſubject, but readily give up, for the ſake of peace, my too dangerous opinion.

Every body knows the king of Boutan. He is one of the greateſt princes in the univerſe. He tramples under his feet the throne of the earth; and his ſhoes (if he has any) are provided with ſceptres inſtead of buckles. He adores the devil, as is well known, and his example is followed by all his courtiers. He, one day, ſent for a famous ſculptor of my country, and ordered him to make a beautiful ſtatue of Beelzebub. The ſculptor ſucceeded to admiration. Never was there ſuch a handſome devil. But, unhappily, our Praxiteles had only given five clutches to his animal, whereas the Boutaniers always gave him ſix. This capital blunder of the artiſt was aggravated, by the grand maſter of the ceremonies to the devil, with all the zeal of a man juſtly jealous of his maſter's rights, and of the ſacred and immemorial cuſtom of the kingdom of Boutan. He inſiſted that the ſculptor ſhould atone for his crime by the loſs of his head. The ſculptor replied, that his five clutches were exactly equal in weight to ſix ordinary clutches; and the king of Boutan, who was a prince of great clemency, granted him a pardon. From that time the

the people of Boutan were undeceived with regard to the devil's ſix clutches.

The ſame day his majeſty needed to let blood. A ſurgeon of Gaſcony, who had come to his court in a ſhip belonging to our Eaſt-India company, was appointed to take from him five ounces of his precious blood. The aſtrologer of that quarter cried out, that the king would be in danger of loſing his life, if he opened a vein while the heavens were in their preſent ſtate. The Gaſcon might have told him, that the only queſtion was about the ſtate of the king's health; but he prudently waited a few minutes; and then taking an Almanac in his hand, "You was in the right, great man!" ſaid he to the aſtrologer of the quarter, "the king would have died, had he been blooded at the inſtant you mentioned: the heavens have ſince changed their aſpect; and now is the favourable moment." The aſtrologer aſſented to the truth of the ſurgeon's obſervation. The king was cured; and by degrees, it became an eſtabliſhed cuſtom among the Boutaniers to bleed their kings whenever it was neceſſary.

A bluſtering Dominican at Rome ſaid to an Engliſh philoſopher, "You are a dog; you ſay it is the earth that turns round, never reflecting that Joſhua made the ſun to ſtand ſtill." "Well! my reverend father," replied the other; "and ſince that time the ſun hath been immoveable." The dog and the Dominican embraced each other; and even the Italians were, at laſt, convinced that the earth turns round.

An augur and a ſenator, in the time of Cæſar, lamented the declining ſtate of the republic. "The times, indeed, are very bad," ſaid the ſenator; we have reaſon to tremble for the liberties of Rome." "Ah!" ſaid the augur, "that is not the greateſt evil; the people now begin to loſe that reſpect which they formerly had for our order: we ſeem barely to be tolerated; we ceaſe to be neceſſary. Some generals have the aſſurance to give battle without conſulting us; and to complete our misfortunes, thoſe who ſell us the ſacred pullets begin to reaſon; "Well, and why don't you reaſon likewiſe? replied the ſenator, "and ſince the dealers in

pullets

pullets in the time of Cæſar are more knowing than they were in the time of Numa, ought not you modern augurs to be better philoſophers than thoſe who lived in former ages?"

The Two COMFORTERS.

ONE day the great philoſopher Citofile ſaid to a woman who was diſconſolate, and who had good reaſon to be ſo; "Madam, the queen of England, daughter to Henry IV. was as wretched as you: ſhe was baniſhed from her kingdoms; was in the utmoſt danger of loſing her life in a ſtorm at ſea; and ſaw her royal ſpouſe expire on a ſcaffold." "I am ſorry for her," ſaid the lady; and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

"But, ſaid Citofile, remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with the moſt chaſte and virtuous affection, an excellent muſician, who played admirably on the baſs-viol. Her huſband killed her muſician before her face; and, in the ſequel, her good friend and relation, queen Elizabeth, who called herſelf a virgin, cauſed her head to be cut off on a ſcaffold covered with black, after having confined her in priſon for the ſpace of eighteen years." "That was very cruel," replied the lady, and preſently relapſed into her former melancholy.

"Perhaps, ſaid the comforter, you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken priſoner and ſtrangled." "I have a confuſed remembrance of her ſtory," ſaid the afflicted lady.

"I muſt relate to you, added the other, the adventure of a ſovereign princeſs, who, within my memory, was dethroned after ſupper, and who died in a deſert iſland." "I know her whole hiſtory," replied the lady.

"Well

"Well then, I will tell you what happened to another great princeſs whom I inſtructed in philoſophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princeſſes have: her father entered the chamber, and ſurpriſed the lover, whoſe countenance was all on fire, and his eyes ſparkling like a carbuncle. The lady too had a very florid complexion. The father was ſo highly diſpleaſed with the young man's countenance, that he gave him one of the moſt terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cured with great difficulty, and ſtill bears the mark of the wound. The lady in a fright leapt out of the window and diſlocated her foot, in conſequence of which ſhe ſtill halts, though poſſeſſed in other reſpects of a very handſome perſon. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince: you can eaſily judge in what a deplorable condition the princeſs muſt have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have ſeen her long ago when ſhe was in priſon: ſhe always talked to me of her own misfortunes."

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" ſaid the lady. "Becauſe, ſaid the philoſopher, you ought not to think of them; and ſince ſo many great ladies have been ſo unfortunate, it ill becomes you to deſpair. Think on Hecuba; think on Niobe." "Ah! ſaid the lady, had I lived in their time, or in that of ſo many beautiful princeſſes, and had you endeavoured to conſole them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have liſtened to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philoſopher loſt his only ſon, and was like to have died with grief. The lady cauſed a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had loſt their children, and carried it to the philoſopher. He read it; found it very exact; and wept nevertheleſs. Three months after they renewed their viſits, and were ſurpriſed to find each other in ſuch a gay and ſprightly humour. They cauſed to be erected a beautiful ſtatute to Time, with this inſcription, TO HIM WHO COMFORTS.

On

On the PARADOX, That the SCIENCES have corrupted the Morals of Men.

"THank Heaven, ſaid Timon to me yeſterday, I have burnt all my books." "What, all without exception!" "I have no objection to your burning the Journal de Trevoux, and the modern romances and new pieces: but what harm have Cicero and Virgil, Racine, Fontaine, Arioſto, Addiſon, and Pope, done to you?" "I have burnt them all, ſaid he, they are the corrupters of mankind. Even the maſters of geometry and arithmetic are monſters. The ſciences are the moſt terrible ſcourge that ever came upon the earth; had it not been for them we ſhould have ſtill enjoyed the golden age. I renounce for ever your men of letters, and all thoſe countries where the ſciences are known. It is a ſhocking thing to live in cities where the people carry in their pockets the meaſure of time in gold, where they ſend to China for little caterpillars to cloath themſelves with their down, and where we hear an hundred muſical inſtruments playing concerts, which raviſh the ear, and lull the ſoul into a ſweet repoſe. All this is ſhocking. It is evident that the Iroquois are the only virtuous people in the world; and even they muſt be far from Quebec, into which, I ſuſpect, the damnable ſciences of Europe are already introduced."

When Timon's choler had time to evaporate, I begged him to tell me, in cold blood, what had inſpired him with ſuch a ſtrong averſion to learning. He frankly acknowledged that his indignation was originally owing to the conduct of certain perſons, who make themſelves the ſlaves of the bookſellers, and who from that petty ſtate to which they are reduced by their incapacity to follow any honeſt profeſſion, inſult, in their monthly

monthly publications, the moſt reſpectable perſonages in Europe, in order to earn their wages.

"You have reaſon to be offended, ſaid I to him; but would you kill all the horſes in a town becauſe ſome of them are vicious and reſty."

I plainly ſaw that this man had begun by hating the abuſe of the arts, and had become by degrees to hate the arts themſelves. "You will allow, ſaid he, that induſtry gives men new wants: theſe wants inflame the paſſions; and the paſſions prompt us to the commiſſion of all manner of crimes. The abbé Suger governed the ſtate with great prudence in the times of ignorance: but the cardinal de Richelieu, who was both a poet and a divine, cauſed more heads to be cut off than he wrote bad dramatic performances. Hardly had he eſtabliſhed the French academy, when the Cinquemars, the de Thous, and the Marillacs were ſent to the gallows. If Henry VIII. had never ſtudied, he would not have ſent two of his wives to the ſcaffold. Charles IX. would never have ordered the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, had not his preceptor Amiot taught him to compoſe verſes. Nor would the Catholics in Ireland have butchered between three and four thouſand Proteſtant families, had they not been thoroughly verſed in the ſummary of St. Thomas."

"You imagine then, ſaid I, that Attila, Genſeric, Odoacre, and the like monſters of cruelty, muſt have ſtudied long in the univerſities." "Moſt undoubtedly, ſaid he, and I am perſuaded that they muſt have wrote a great deal, both in verſe and proſe, otherwiſe they would never have deſtroyed a part of the human kind. They muſt have carefully peruſed the caſuiſtical writers, and the lax morality of the Jeſuits, to calm thoſe ſcruples of conſcience which ſavage nature alone inſpires. It is only by the force of genius and culture that people become wicked. Long live the dunces, ſince they are honeſt men." This opinion he confirmed by a variety of arguments ſufficient to have gained the prize of an academy. I allowed him to go on with his harangue. We ſet out together for the country, where we were to ſup; and

and as we proceeded on our journey, he curſed the barbarity of the arts, and I read Horace.

At the corner of the wood we were attacked by robbers, and cruelly ſtript of every thing. I aſked theſe gentlemen in what univerſity they had ſtudied; and they owned they had never learned to read.

After having been thus robbed by theſe unlettered boors, we arrived, almoſt ſtark-naked at the houſe where we were to ſup: it belonged to one of the moſt learned men in Europe. Timon, according to his principles, expected to have his throat cut. He did not, however, meet with ſuch bad treatment: the maſter gave us cloaths and money, and entertained us with great hoſpitality; and after ſupper Timon called for pen and ink, to write againſt thoſe who cultivate their genius.

On TITLES of HONOUR.

IN reading Horace, I have obſerved this verſe in an epiſtle to Mæcenas: *Te dulcis amice reviſam*; "I will ſee you again, my dear friend." This Mæcenas was the ſecond perſon in the Roman empire; that is, he was a more conſiderable and a more powerful man than the greateſt monarch now in Europe.

In reading Corneille I have remarked, that in a letter to the great Scuderi, governor of Notre Dame de la Garde, he thus expreſſes himſelf, when ſpeaking of the cardinal de Richelieu; "The cardinal, your maſter and mine." This, perhaps, is the firſt time that ſuch a compliment was paid to a miniſter, ever ſince there were miniſters, kings, and flatterers in the world. The ſame Peter Corneille, the author of Cinna, humbly dedicates that play to the ſieur de Montauron, treaſurer of Spain, whom he makes no ſcruple to compare to Auguſtus. I am ſorry he did not call Montauron *Monſeigneur*.

It

It is ſaid that an old officer, who was but little acquainted with the forms of vanity, having wrote to the marquis de Louvois, *Monſieur*, and received no anſwer, wrote to him *Monſeigneur*, and ſtill obtained none, becauſe the miniſter had ſtill the *Monſieur* at heart. At laſt he wrote to him, "To my God, to my God Louvois;" and he began his letter with this addreſs, "My God, my Creator." Does not all this prove, that the Romans were great and modeſt, and that we are little and vain?

"How do you do, my dear friend?" ſaid a duke to a gentleman: "At your ſervice, my dear friend," replied the other; and from that time his dear friend became his implacapable enemy. A grandee of Portugal converſing with a grandee of Spain, always called him "Your Excellency." The Caſtilian replied, "Your Civility, *Vueſtra Merced*;" a complimental title given to thoſe who have no real one. The Portugueſe, piqued at this affront, called the Spaniard, in his turn, "Your Civility;" and then the other gave him the title of "Your Excellency." At laſt the Portugueſe, whoſe patience was quite exhauſted, ſaid to the other, "Why do you always give me the title of Civility, when I give you that of Excellency? And why do you call me your Excellency, when I give you the appellation of your Civility?" "Becauſe," replied the Caſtilian, with great humility, "all titles are equal to me, provided there be no equality between you and me."

The vanity of titles was not introduced into the northern climate of Europe till the Romans became acquainted with the Aſiatic ſublimity. All the kings of Aſia were, and ſtill are, couſin-germans to the ſun and moon. Their ſubjects dare not lay claim to this alliance; and the governor of a province, who ſtiles himſelf the "Nutmeg of Conſolation, and the Roſe of Pleaſure," would be impaled, ſhould he pretend to be related, in the moſt diſtant degree, to the ſun or moon. Conſtantine, I think, was the firſt Roman emperor that burthened the chriſtian humility with a ſtring of pompous titles.

It

It is true, the title of God was given to the emperors before his time; but the word God had no ſuch meaning then as we now affix to it. *Divus Auguſtus*, *Divus Trajanus*, meant no more than Saint Auguſtus, Saint Trajan. They thought the dignity of the Roman empire required, that the ſoul of its chief ſhould go to heaven after death; and they frequently granted the title of *Saint*, or *Divus*, to the emperors, as an earneſt of his future inheritance. It was nearly for the ſame reaſon, that the firſt patriarchs of the chriſtian church were called "Your Holineſs;" an appellation given them, to put them in mind of what they ought to be.

Some people will give themſelves very humble titles, provided they are ſure of receiving very honourable ones in return. An abbot, who calls himſelf friar, cauſes his monks to addreſs him by the title of My Lord. The pope ſtiles himſelf "the Servant of the Servants of God." A good prieſt of Holſtein, one day, wrote to pope Pius IV. "To Pius IV. the Servant of the Servants of God:" but going afterwards to Rome, to proſecute his ſuit, the inquiſition threw him into priſon, to teach him how to write.

Formerly none but the emperor had the title of Majeſty: the other kings were called your Highneſs, your Serenity, your Grace. Lewis XI. was the firſt king of France that was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Majeſty; a title, in reality, as ſuitable to the dignity of a great hereditary kingdom as to an elective principality: but the title of Highneſs was given to the king of France long after his time, and we have ſtill ſome letters, written to Henry III. in which he is addreſſed by this deſignation. The ſtates of Orleans would not allow queen Catharine of Medicis to be called Majeſty. By degrees, however, this laſt denomination prevailed. The name is indifferent; the power only is not ſo. The German Chancery, always invariable in its noble cuſtoms, ſtill pretend that all kings ought to be diſtinguiſhed by no other title than that of Serenity. In the famous treaty of Weſtphalia, in which France and Sweden gave laws to the holy Roman empire, the plenipotentiaries of the emperor never preſented any Latin memorials

memorials in which "his ſacred imperial majeſty" did not treat with the "moſt ſerene kings of France and Sweden;" but the French and Swedes, on their part, did not fail to aſſert, that their "ſacred Majeſties of France and Sweden" had many cauſes of complaint againſt the "moſt ſerene emperor." At laſt all parties were made equal in the treaty. From that time, the great ſovereigns have been reckoned equal in the opinion of the people; and he that beats his neighbour is always ſure to have the pre-eminence.

Philip II. was the firſt Majeſty in Spain; for "the Serenity of Charles V." was exalted into Majeſty only in virtue of his being emperor. The children of Philip II. were the firſt Highneſſes, and they afterwards became Royal Highneſſes. The duke of Orleans, brother to Lewis XIII. did not take the title of Royal Highneſs till 1631, and then the prince of Condé took the title of moſt Serene Highneſs, which the dukes of Vendôme durſt not aſſume. The duke of Savoy had then the title of Royal Highneſs, and afterwards obtained that of Majeſty. The grand duke of Florence did as much, and almoſt arrived at Majeſty: and, in fine, the czar, who was only known in Europe by the name of grand duke, declared himſelf emperor, and has been acknowledged as ſuch.

There were formerly but two marquiſſes in Germany, two in France, and two in Italy. The marquis of Brandenbourg has become a king, and a great king; but French and Italian marquiſſes are ſomewhat of a different nature. Let an Italian citizen have the honour of giving a dinner to the legate of his province, and let the legate in drinking to him ſay, "My lord marquis, your health;" he and his ſons are dubbed marquiſſes for ever. If a provincial in France, who has no other eſtate in his village than the fourth part of a ſmall ruinous lordſhip, arrive at Paris, raiſe a ſmall fortune, or have the appearance of having raiſed one, he intitles himſelf in his deeds, "High and mighty lord, marquis, or count;" and his ſon will be made by his notary, "Moſt high and moſt mighty lord;" and as this ridiculous ambition does no harm either to the government or to civil ſociety,

ſociety, it is allowed to paſs unnoticed. Some French lords boaſt of having German barons in their ſtables: ſome German lords ſay that they have French marquiſſes in their kitchens; and it is not long ſince a foreigner at Naples made his coachman a duke. In matters of this nature, cuſtom is more powerful than the royal authority. If you are but little known at Paris, you may be a count or a marquis as long as you pleaſe; but if you are a man of the long robe, or a collector of the revenues, and if the king give you a real marquiſate, you will not on that account be eſteemed a marquis. The famous Samuel Barnard was more truly a count than five hundred of thoſe counts whom we daily ſee, and who do not poſſeſs four arpens of land. The king erected his eſtate of Coubert into a good earldom; and yet, if in a viſit he had made himſelf known as count Barnard, the company would have burſt out a-laughing. The caſe is widely different in England. If the king gives a merchant the title of earl or baron, he preſently receives from the whole nation the name which belongs to him. People of the firſt quality, and even the king himſelf, call him, my lord. It is the ſame in Italy. They have there a regiſter of lords. The pope himſelf gives them this title. His phyſician is a lord; and no body finds fault with his dignity.

In France the *Monſeigneur* is a terrible affair. A biſhop, before the cardinal de Richelieu's time, was only "My moſt reverend father in God;" but when Richelieu was ſecretary of ſtate, and ſtill biſhop of Lucon, his brethren, the biſhops, in order to prevent their being obliged to give him this excluſive title of *Monſeigneur*, which the ſecretaries of ſtate began to aſſume, agreed to give it to themſelves. This ſtep met with no oppoſition from the public. But as it was a new title which the king had not granted to Biſhops, they were ſtill called in the edicts, declarations, decrees, and in every thing that proceeded from the court only *Seiurs*, and the gentlemen of the council, in writing to a biſhop, only called him *Monſeur*. The dukes and peers met with more difficulty in putting themſelves in poſſeſſion of *Monſeigneur*. The grand nobility, and what

is

is called the grand robe, flatly refuſed them this diſtinction. The higheſt triumph of human pride it to receive titles of honour from thoſe who think themſelves our equals; but it is difficult to arrive at this point becauſe we every where find that pride combats pride. When the dukes demanded the poor gentlemen to ſtile them *Monſeigneur*, the preſidents demanded the ſame from the advocates and procurators. We have known a preſident refuſe to be let blood becauſe the ſurgeon ſaid to him, "Sir, in which arm would you have me to bleed you?" There was an old counſellor of the grand chamber who behaved with leſs ceremony. A pleader ſaid to him, "My lord, the gentleman, your ſecretary---." The counſellor ſtoped him ſhort, and ſaid, "You have committed three blunders in three words; I am not a lord; my ſecretary is not a gentleman; he is my clerk."

In order to terminate this grand diſpute of vanity, all the men of the nation muſt one day become *Monſeignieurs*, as all the women, who were formerly *Mademoiſelle*, are now become *Madame*. When one Spaniſh beggar meets another, he ſays to him, "Seigneur, has your courteſy drank chocolate?" This polite manner of expreſſion elevates the ſoul, and preſerves the dignity of the ſpecies.

Cæſar and Pompey were called Cæſar and Pompey in the ſenate. But theſe men did not know how to live. They concluded their letters with *vale*, farewel.

We were, about ſixty years ago, Affectionate ſervants:" we are now become, "Moſt humble and moſt obedient;" and, "We have actually the honour to be ſo." I pity our poſterity, who will find it difficult to make any addition to thoſe pretty forms. The duke de Epernon, who exceeded all the Gaſcons in pride and haughtineſs, but not in political abilities, wrote to the cardinal de Richelieu a little before his death, and concluded his letter with, "Your moſt humble and moſt obedient;" but recollecting that the cardinal had only given him, "Your moſt affectionate," he diſpatched a meſſenger to bring back the letter, which was already ſent off,

off, and having happily recovered it, he wrote, "Your moſt affectionate," and thus died in the bed of honour.

ON THE

ROYAL SOCIETY,

AND

ACADEMIES.

ALL great men have either been formed before the inſtitution of academies, or at leaſt without any aſſiſtance from them. Homer and Phidias, Sophocles and Apelles, Virgil and Vitruvius, Arioſto and Michael Angelo, belonged to no academy; Taſſo met with no other advantages beſides a few ill-grounded criticiſms from that of La Cruſca; nor was Newton indebted to the Royal Society of London for his diſcoveries in optics, gravitation, the doctrine of integrals, and chronology. Of what uſe then are academies? To keep alive that flame which great geniuſes have kindled.

The Royal Society of London was formed in 1660, ſix years before our Academy of Sciences. This ſociety beſtows no premiums or rewards, as ours does; but then to make amends every member is perfectly at his liberty; there are none of thoſe diſagreeable diſtinctions invented by the Abbé Bignon, who divided the Acamy of Sciences into literary members who had ſalaries, and mere honoraries who had no pretenſions to learning. The ſociety of London, wholly independent on, and unengaged by any but themſelves, was compoſed of perſons who, as I have already obſerved, diſcovered the

the ſeries of infinites, the laws of light and colours, thoſe of gravity, the aberration of the fixed ſtars, the reflecting teleſcope, the fire-engine, the ſolar microſcope, with many other inventions equally uſeful and aſtoniſhing. What more could thoſe great men have done for the public utility, had they been either penſioners or honoraries?

The famous Dr. Swift, in the latter part of queen Anne's reign, formed the deſign for eſtabliſhing an academy for the Engliſh language on the model of the French academy. This project was ſupported by the earl of Oxford, then at the head of the treaſury, and ſtill more by lord viſcount Bolingbroke, who poſſeſſed the talent of ſpeaking extempore in parliament with all that purity with which Swift wrote in his cloſet, and who would have been at once the patron and the ornament of this academy. The members, who were to have compoſed it, were perſons whoſe writings will laſt as long as the Engliſh language; namely, Dr. Swift; Mr. Prior, whom we have ſeen at our court, in a public character, and who is held in the ſame reputation in England as La Fontaine in France; Mr. Pope, the Engliſh Boileau; Mr. Congreve, who may be juſtly ſtiled their Moliere *, with ſeveral others whoſe names I cannot well remember; all of whom could not have failed to have rendered this body illuſtrious in its very infancy. But the queen unfortunately happening to die ſuddenly, the Whigs took it into their heads to bring the protectors of theſe if poſſible to the block or gallows; a mortal blow, as you may well imagine, to the *Belles-lettres*. The members who were to have compoſed this academy, would have had a prodigious advantage over the founders of ours. Swift, Prior, Congreve, Dryden, Pope, Addiſon, &c. had fixed the Engliſh language by their writings; whereas Chapelain, Colletet, Caſſaigne, Faret, Cotin, our firſt academicians, were the ſcandal of our nation, and their names ſo ridiculous,

* Never did any two authors write on the ſame ſubjects ſo differently as did Moliere and Congreve. Moliere diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his natural ſimplicity, and Congreve by his unnatural wit.

diculous, that at this day, ſhould any author have the misfortune to be called Chapelain or Cotin, he would be under a neceſſity of changing his name.

Beſides, the Engliſh academy would have adopted a very different plan of operation from that of ours. One day one of the wits of that country aſked me to ſhew him ſome of the memoirs of the French academy. I told him they had not written any memoirs, but they had printed about fourſcore volumes of compliments. He glanced over one or two of them. He could by no means comprehend a ſingle ſyllable of what they meant, though he very well underſtood all our good authors. All I can diſcover, ſaid he, by this multitude of fine ſpeeches, is, that after the new condidate has told them, that his predeceſſor was a very great man, that cardinal Richelieu was an exceeding great man, and chancellor Seguier a very eminent man; the director anſwered him in the ſame manner, that echoed back the ſame expreſſions; adding, that the candidate might poſſibly be a great man; and as for himſelf, the director, he did not mean by all this to forfeit his title to be one among the reſt. It is eaſy to diſcover by what kind of fatality almoſt all thoſe academical diſcourſes have done this body ſo little honour. *Vitium eſt temporis potius quam hominis.* The cuſtom has been eſtabliſhed inſenſibly, that every academician ſhould repeat thoſe elogiums at his reception: this was no more than to make it a kind of law, to tire the patience of the public. Should we afterwards inquire how it came to paſs, that the greateſt geniuſes who have entered into this ſociety have ſometimes made the worſt harangues, the reaſon is very evident; it is, that they wanted to ſhine by treating a thread-bare ſubject in a manner different from all who had gone before them. The neceſſity of ſaying ſomething, when one has not a ſyllable to ſay; the plague of mixing ſomewhat new in a ſubject already exhauſted; and withal, that paſſion of ſhewing one's parts; are enough to make the greateſt wit appear truly ridiculous. Not being able to find any thing but what has been ſaid before, they rack their brains to give the old thoughts a new cloathing, by forced turns of expreſſion,

and have been compelled to ſpeak without thinking; like people who make as if they were eating, whilſt they are ready to periſh with hunger. Inſtead of the law whereby the French academy have bound themſelves to print all their diſcourſes, which are, properly ſpeaking, the whole of their works, methinks they had done better, had they made it a law to print none of them at all.

The academy of *Belles-lettres* have propoſed a wiſer and more advantageous end, which is that of preſenting the public with a collection of memoirs, filled with reſearches and ingenious criticiſms. Thoſe memoirs are already in eſteem amongſt foreigners; only one would wiſh they had dipped ſomewhat deeper in certain ſubjects, and that they had entirely paſſed by ſome others without notice. We could have very well diſpenſed, for inſtance, with ſuch diſquiſitions as the origin of the preference due to the right-hand above the left, with ſome other reſearches, which, though with titles not quite ſo ridiculous, are not leſs frivolous. The Academy of Sciences, in her more difficult, but more evidently uſeful inquiries, is wholly employed in the ſtudy of nature, and the perfecting the arts. It is to be believed, that ſtudies, which are at once ſo profound and ſo cloſely purſued, calculations ſo exact, diſcoveries ſo nice and ingenious, and views ſo extenſive, will one day produce ſomething that may be greatly for the advantage of mankind.

The moſt uſeful diſcoveries have been made in the moſt barbarous ages; and it ſeems to be the lot of the moſt enlightened periods, and of the moſt learned bodies, to reaſon about the inventions of the ignorant. We may know, after the long diſputes of Mr. Huyghens and Mr. Renaud, the determination of the moſt advantageous angle of the rudder of a ſhip with her keel; but Chriſtopher Columbus had diſcovered America without ſo much as dreaming of any ſuch angle. I am far from inferring from this, that we ought to confine ourſelves wholly to the uncertainty of blind practice; but it would be a happineſs if natural philoſophers and geometricians would, as much as poſſible, join the practical

cal part to the theory. Is it abſolutely neceſſary, that what does moſt honour to the human mind ſhould often be the leaſt uſeful? A man, who is poſſeſſed of the four common rules of arithmetic, with a natural ſtock of good ſenſe, becomes an eminent merchant, a James Cœur, a Delmet, or a Bernard; whilſt a poor algebraiſt paſſes his days in diſcovering wonderful relations and aſtoniſhing properties in numbers, but of no manner of uſe, and which would never have let him into the common courſe of exchange. All the arts are pretty much the ſame. There is a certain point, beyond which all is matter of mere curioſity. Theſe ingenious but uſeful truths are like the ſtars, which are placed at ſuch an infinite diſtance from us, that we reap not the leaſt advantage from their beams.

As for the French academy, what advantage might ſhe not afford to learning, to the language, and to the nation, if, inſtead of peſtering the world every year with a magazine of fulſome compliments, they had publiſhed the good authors of the age of Lewis XIV. purged from all thoſe faults in language that have crept into them? Corneille and Moliere are quite full of them. Fontaine ſwarms with ſuch miſtakes. Thoſe at leaſt might be pointed out that appear incapable of being mended. Europe, which reads our authors, might in them learn our language ſafely from all danger of a vicious idiom. Its purity would then be fixed for ever. The beſt French authors, carefully publiſhed at the king's expence, would be one of the moſt glorious monuments of the nation. I have heard that Boileau formerly made a propoſal of this kind; and that it has been ſince renewed by one, whoſe wit and good ſenſe, as well as ſound criticiſm, are well known; but with the common fate of many other uſeful projects, that of being approved and neglected.

It is very extraordinary, that Corneille, who compoſed the firſt of his good tragedies, at a time when the language was only beginning to be formed, ſhould have wrote them with tolerable purity and great ſublimity, and all the reſt in a looſe, incorrect, and even low ſtile, tho' Racine had then beſtowed on the French language

ſo much purity, ſo much ſublimity and grace; and whilſt Boileau fixed it by the moſt exact correctneſs, preciſion, ſtrength, fullneſs, energy, and harmony. Let any one but compare the Berenice of Racine with that of Corneille, one would imagine this latter to have been written in the age of Triſtan. It would make one believe that Corneille neglected his ſtile in proportion as he was under a greater neceſſity to ſupport it, and that his ſole emulation was to write, when it ſhould have been to write well. His laſt twelve or thirteen tragedies are not only wretched, but in a very mean ſtile. What is ſtill more ſurpriſing is, that, even in our own days, we have had plays, with other performances both in proſe and verſe, compoſed by academicians, who have neglected their language to ſuch a degree, that one can hardly read ten verſes in them without meeting with ſome barbariſm. We may overlook a few faults in a good author; but where they grow numerous, it is impoſſible for ſuch a work to ſupport the writer's reputation. A company of perſons of good taſte one day reckoned upwards of ſix hundred intolerable ſoleciſms in a tragedy which had met with diſtinguiſhed applauſe both at Paris and at court. Two or three inſtances of ſuch unmerited ſucceſs would be ſufficient to corrupt the language, paſt all poſſibility of recovery, and to plunge it into its ancient barbariſm, from whence it has been drawn by the aſſiduous labours of ſo many great men.

On CROMWELL.

CROMWELL is commonly repreſented as one who was an impoſtor thro' the whole courſe of his life. This is what I can hardly believe. My opinion of the matter is, that he was firſt of all an enthuſiaſt, but that afterwards he made his very fanaticiſm ſubſervient to his greatneſs. A novice, poſſeſſed of extreme religious fervour at twenty, often becomes a conſummate knave at forty. In the great game of human life, men begin with being dupes, but end knaves. A ſtateſman ſhall ſometimes take for his chaplain a monk covered over with the little pedantry of his convent; fanatic, devout, credulous, aukward, and quite raw in the world, the monk acquires knowledge, politeneſs, learns to intrigue, till at laſt he ſupplants his patron.

Cromwell at firſt hardly knew what to make of himſelf, and was puzzled whether to be a churchman or a ſoldier. He was actually both. He made a campaign with Frederic-Henry prince of Orange, in 1622, who was not only a man of great capacity himſelf, but alſo brother to two illuſtrious perſonages. When he returned to England, he entered into the ſervice of biſhop Williams, and was my lord's chaplain, whilſt my lord was thought to be rather too great with his wife. His religious principles were thoſe of the puritanical ſect; ſo that he could not but mortally hate the biſhop, nor could he have any great affection for kings. He was baniſhed the biſhop's family on account of his being a Puritan, and this accident was properly the fountain and firſt beginning of all his grandeur *. The Engliſh parliament

* We know not where our author picked up theſe anecdotes; but we will venture to ſay they are not true. Cromwell had been a libertine in his youth; but he all at once became a fanatic; and was

ment had declared againſt royalty and epiſcopacy, when ſome friends Cromwell had in that parliament procured him to be choſen for a borough. He may be ſaid to have exiſted only from this time, and was turned of forty before he made any noiſe in the world. In vain had he ſtudied the Bible, learned to wrangle about the inſtitution of prieſts and deacons, and made ſome wretched ſermons and libels: he was ſtill in obſcurity. I have ſeen a ſermon of his pretty much like one of the Quakers harangues, in which one cannot diſcover the ſmalleſt traces of that perſuaſive eloquence * by which he afterwards ſwayed the parliaments. The true reaſon of this is, he was much better qualified for the ſtate than the church. But his eloquence conſiſted wholly in his air and in the tone of his voice; the ſingle motion of that hand, that won ſo many battles, and killed ſo many Royaliſts, was more perſuaſive than all the ſtudied periods of Cicero. It muſt alſo be acknowledged, that the reputation he acquired was wholly owing to his incomparable valour, which laid the firſt ſteps of that ladder, by which he reached the higheſt ſummit of human grandeur.

He began with ſerving as a volunteer deſirous of making his fortune in the city of Hull †, which was then beſieged by the king. Here he performed ſo many gallant and ſucceſsful exploits, that he was rewarded by the parliament with a gratification of about ſix thouſand livres of our money. Such a preſent, beſtowed by the parliament on a ſimple volunteer, was a ſure prognoſtic

was ſo engroſſed by his exerciſes of devotion, that he neglected his temporal affairs, which were in great diſorder when he was returned member of parliament for the town of Cambridge. He had attained his fortieth year before he embraced the military profeſſion, and then the civil war had broke out.

* He never poſſeſſed the leaſt talent for eloquence; on the contrary, his public harangues were inſipid, perplexed, and often unintelligible.

† He was not in the town of Hull, which was never beſieged, though Sir John Hotham refuſed to ſurrender it to the king. The firſt ſpecimen of Cromwell's ſoldierſhip was his raiſing a troop of horſe for the ſervice of parliament, and quartering them at Cambridge.

noſtic their party muſt one day get the better. The king was not then in a condition to make ſuch a preſent to his general officers, as the parliament gave on this occaſion to their volunteers. With money and fanaticiſm, they muſt, in the long run, overcome all that ſtood in their way: they made Cromwell a colonel: then it was that his great talents for war began to diſplay themſelves; inſomuch, that, when the parliament made the earl of Mancheſter their general, they made Cromwell a lieutenant-general, without paſſing through the intermediate ranks. Never did man ſeem more worthy of command; never was there ſeen a greater ſhare of prudence and activity, or a more daring and undaunted ſpirit, joined to ſuch an infinity of reſources as were in Cromwell. He was wounded in the battle of York; and whilſt the ſurgeons were beginning to dreſs his wound, he was told that his general lord Mancheſter was retreating, and the battle entirely loſt. He runs to lord Mancheſter, whom he finds flying with ſome of his officers: he immediately takes him by the arm; and, with an air of intrepidity and greatneſs, told him; "You are miſtaken, my lord; this is not the way the enemy have fled." He leads him back near to the ſpot on which the battle was fought; rallies in the night upwards of twelve thouſand men; exhorts them in the name of the Lord; cites the examples of Moſes, Gideon, and Joſhua; beſeeches them by all means not to neglect to engage the victorious Royaliſts at break of day; and entirely defeats them. Almoſt all the officers in his army were enthuſiaſts, who carried their Bibles tied to the pommel of their ſaddles: there was nothing talked of, either in the army or in parliament, but the overthrowing of Babylon, eſtabliſhing the Lord's worſhip in the new Jeruſalem, and breaking the great idol. Cromwell, tho' amidſt an hoſt of fools, grew wiſe at laſt, and bethought himſelf, that it was better to guide them, than to be governed by them. The habit, however, of preaching like one inſpired ſtill remained with him. Imagine to yourſelf a Faquir, with his loins bound about with a girdle of iron out of mere mortification, who afterwards pulls off his girdle, and

falls to knocking down this brother Faquirs. This is Cromwell: he became full as good a politician as he was a ſoldier: he enters into an aſſociation with all the colonels of the army; and thus he forms his ſoldiers into a kind of republic, who force their general to abdicate. Another generaliſſimo is named, with whom he is perfectly diſſatisfied: he governs the army, and with them the parliament, whom he at laſt compels to create him generaliſſimo. All this is certainly a great deal; but what is more remarkable is, that he gained every battle he fought, whether in Scotland, England, or Ireland; and gained them not like other generals, by being a mere ſpectator, ſolicitous about his own ſafety, but by continually charging the enemy in perſon; rallying his troops; by being preſent every-where; often wounded; killing ſeveral of the Royaliſts with his own hand; like ſome furious grenadier, that delights in carnage.

In the midſt of this cruel and bloody war, Cromwell was making love, and went with his Bible under his arm to lie with the wife of his major-general Lambert. This lady was in love with the earl of Holland, who was then ſerving in the royal army. Cromwell takes him priſoner in one of his battles, and has the pleaſure to cut off his rival's head. His maxim was to cut off every enemy of any conſequence, either in the field of battle, or by the hand of the executioner. He encreaſed his power on every occaſion by perpetually abuſing it; and the depth of his deſigns want nothing of his natural ferocity. He enters the parliament; and taking out his watch, throws it on the ground, and breaks it to pieces with this expreſſion, I will break you, juſt as I have done that watch. Some time after he returns, and diſſolves them by his own authority, making them file off, as it were in review, before him. Each member was obliged, as he paſſed him, to make him a profound bow. One of them, it ſeems, thought proper to paſs him with his hat on; when Cromwell, taking it off, threw it on the ground. Learn, ſays he, to ſhew me the proper reſpect.

After having inſulted every crowned head, by cutting off that of the king his lawful ſovereign, and when he

he had even begun his own reign, he ſent his picture to queen Chriſtina of Sweden. Marvel, a famous Engliſh poet, who made very good Latin verſes, compoſed ſix lines on the occaſion, which were to accompany that preſent, in which he introduces Cromwell himſelf. Cromwell corrected the two laſt, which are theſe:

At tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior umbra,
Non ſunt hi vultus regibus uſque truces.

The bold ſentiment expreſſed in thoſe three couplets may be turned in this manner:

Les armes à la maim j'ai défendu les loix;
D'un peuple audacieux j'ai vengé la querelle.
Regardez ſans frémir cette image fidèle;
Mon front n'eſt pas toujours l'epouvante des rois.

Behold the chief, who fought for dying laws,
And ſhun'd no dangers in his country's cauſe;
To kings no longer dreadful, ſues to you;
And ſmooths the terrors of his awful brow.

The queen was the firſt who acknowledged him on his being made protector of the three kingdoms. Almoſt every ſovereign in Europe ſent ambaſſadors to their brother Cromwell, to this once menial ſervant of a biſhop, who had put his ſovereign, who was of their blood, to death by the hands of the executioner: nay, they diſputed who ſhould have the honour of being in alliance with him. Cardinal Mazarine, to pleaſe him, baniſhed the two ſons of Charles I. the two grandſons of Henry IV. the two couſins-german of Lewis XIV. of France, conquered Dunkirk for him, and the keys of that place were accordingly ſent him. When he died, Lewis XIV. with his whole court, put on mourning, except Mademoiſelle, who had the courage to come to the circle in colours, thus ſingly maintaining the honour of her family.

Never was there king more abſolute than Cromwell. He ſaid, he liked better to govern under the quality of protector than that of king, becauſe the power of the latter was well known to the people of England, whereas that of a protector was not. This ſhewed a thorough knowledge of mankind, who are ſlaves to opinion, which opinion often depends upon a mere name. He had conceived a thorough contempt for religion, though he was indebted to it for all the power and honours he enjoyed. We have an undeniable anecdote of this preſerved in the St. John family, which is a ſufficient proof of the ſovereign contempt Cromwell entertained for that inſtrument which had produced ſuch wonderful effects in his hands. He was one day cracking a bottle with Ireton, Fleetwood, and St. John*, who was grandfather to the preſent Lord Bolinbroke; they wanted to draw the cork of a bottle, when the corkſcrew happened to fall under the table: they were all of them in ſearch of it, but could not find it. In the mean time, word was brought in that a deputation from the Preſbyterian churches waited for an audience in the anti-chamber. "Tell them," ſays Cromwell, "that I am *in private ſeeking the Lord.*" This was the canting expreſſion of thoſe fanatics for being at prayers. When he had in this manner diſmiſſed the deputation of miniſters, he made uſe of theſe very words to his companions: Thoſe knaves think we are ſeeking the Lord, whereas in truth we are looking for the corkſcrew."

Europe has no example of any man who raiſed himſelf to ſuch an height of glory, from ſo humble an original. What could ſuch a man want? Succeſs. This ſucceſs he enjoyed; but was he happy with all his good fortune? He lived in very narrow and uneaſy circumſtances till paſt forty; he then bathed himſelf in blood, paſſed the reſt of his days in perpetual anxieties, and died at laſt in his ſeven and fiftieth year. Let any man but compare the life of this man with that of Newton, who lived fourſcore and four years, in perfect

* The St. John here mentioned was no more than a natural ſon of Lord Bolingbroke's family, and a lawyer by profeſſion.

fect tranquillity, full of honour, the light and guide of all intelligent beings, his reputation and fortune daily encreasing, without care or remorse; and then tell me whose was the happier lot of the two.

O curas hominum, ô quantum est in rebus inane!

On FANATICISM.

GEOMETRY has not always the property of beſtowing a juſt way of thinking on thoſe who cultivate that ſcience. Into what precipices may not one fall with thoſe outlines of reaſon? A famous Proteſtant, who was reckoned one of the firſt mathematicians of his age, and who trod in the ſteps of Newton, Leibnitz, and Bernouilli, took it into his head, ſome years ſince, to draw ſome very odd corollaries. It has been ſaid, that with one grain of faith one might remove mountains; this perſon, by an analyſis wholly geometrical, ſays to himſelf, "I have many grains of faith, therefore I ought to do ſomething more than remove mountains." This was he who made his appearance in London in 1707, accompanied with ſome learned perſons, and even ſome of them very ſenſible men. He gave out publicly, that he would raiſe a dead perſon to life in any church-yard they ſhould think proper. Their reaſonings were always guided by ſyntheſis. They argued thus: The true diſciples muſt certainly work miracles, and we are true diſciples; ergo, we can do any thing we pleaſe. Simple ſaints of the church of Rome, who were wholly ignorant of geometry, have raiſed a great number of dead; therefore, *a fortiori*, we who are the reformers of the reformed muſt certainly be able to raiſe whom we pleaſe.

It is impoſſible to anſwer ſuch arguments; they are all according to the ſtricteſt rules of the ſchools. Here then is what has deluged antiquity with prodigies. Hence we may account for the temples of Eſculapius being always full of votive tablets, and every pillar of it

it hung round with the crutches of the lame, and the pictures of cures performed, with the images of little children in ſilver, as big as the life; in ſhort, every thing was miraculous.

In a word, our famous proteſtant geometrician that I am ſpeaking of was ſo much in earneſt, that he poſitively aſſured the public he would raiſe the dead; and this plauſible propoſal made ſuch an impreſſion on the populace, that queen Anne was obliged to appoint a day, an hour, and a church-yard, in the option of the adept, where he might perform his miracle in a proper manner in the preſence of the magiſtracy. Our geometrical apoſtle made choice of St. Paul's Cathedral to exhibit his holy art. The people lined the place, and ſoldiers were planted to keep the dead and the living in order. The magiſtrates took their ſeats; and the recorder wrote every circumſtance of the tranſactions in the public archives. One cannot be too exact, or uſe too many precautions, where miracles are concerned. A body was therefore taken up in preſence of the ſaint, ſuch as he was pleaſed to direct. He prayed, fell on his knees, made a thouſand holy contortions, in which he was followed by his companions—but in vain; the deceaſed gave not the ſmalleſt ſign of life, ſo that they were forced to carry him back to his hole, and content themſelves with ſome ſlight puniſhment of the raiſer of the departed and his adherents. I have ſince ſeen one of thoſe poor fellows; he owned to me that ſome one of them had been tainted with a little matter of venial ſin, which the departed had diſcovered; and that, had it not been for this, the reſurrection had moſt infallibly taken place.

Were it lawful to blaze abroad aught to the diſcredit of thoſe to whom the public owes the greateſt and moſt ſincere reſpect, I ſhould now be tempted to ſay, that Newton, the great Newton himſelf, has diſcovered in the Revelations that the pope is antichriſt, with abundance of the ſame ſort of ſtuff: I verily think I ſhould call him an Arian in good earneſt. I am ſenſible this weakneſs of Newton is to that of our other geometricians as an unit is to an infinite number. There is certainly no kind

kind of compariſon. But what a wretched ſet of beings muſt the human ſpecies be, when ſuch a man as the immortal Newton could perſuade himſelf he ſaw the preſent hiſtory of Europe in the Apocalypſe!

It would ſeem that ſuperſtition is an epidemical kind of diſorder, and from which the brighteſt minds, and even freethinkers, are not wholly exempt. There are, in Turkey, perſons of extreme good ſenſe, who would ſuffer empaling alive for certain opinions of *Aboubekar*. Theſe principles once admitted to be juſt, their other arguments are certainly very concluſive. The Navaricians, the Radariſts, and the Jabariſts, damn each other mutually, by mere ſubtile and cobweb arguments: they all of them draw very plauſible conſequences; though none of them have the courage to examine the principles on which thoſe arguments are founded.

A report is ſpread abroad in the world, that there is a giant ſeventy feet high; immediately the doctors in a body examine what the colour of his hair ought to be, together with the dimenſions of his thumb, and the breadth of his nails. There is nothing but outcries, caballing, and diſputes. They who maintain that the little finger of the giant is no more than fifteen lines in diameter, condemn ſuch as affirm the little finger to be a foot thick to the flames. "But, for heaven's ſake, gentlemen, are you ſure there is ſuch a monſter in being as this giant?" ſays a by-ſtander, with great modeſty. "What a blaſphemous doubt!" cry all the diſputants, "what an impious abſurdity!" Thus they come to a pious concluſion to ſtone this by-ſtander; and after having murdered him in the moſt orthodox and edifying manner imaginable, they fall together by the ears, according to euſtom, about the myſtery of the nails and the little finger.

On DEISM.

DEISM is a religion which is diffuſed through all religions, a metal which mixes and unites with all other metals, and whoſe veins penetrate under ground to the extremities of the univerſe. This mine lies nearer the ſurface, and is more worked in China than in other parts; every where elſe it lies concealed, and is a ſecret wholly unknown to any but the true adepts.

There is no country where thoſe adepts abound more than in England. In the laſt century there were even ſome atheiſts in that kingdom, as well as in France and Italy. What chancellor Bacon ſaid has been fulfilled to a tittle. That a ſmattering of philoſophy makes one an atheiſt, but that a profound application to it leads to the knowledge of a God. At the time that men believed with Epicurus, that chance governs every thing, or with Ariſtotle, and even with ſeveral ancient divines, that every thing owes its being to corruption, and that, with the help of a little matter and motion, the world went very well of itſelf, it was then poſſible for a man to have diſbelieved a Providence. But, after having had a nearer view of nature, which the ancients never ſaw at all; after diſcovering that all matter is organized, and that every thing contains the principles of propagation; after a full conviction that a muſhroom is as much the production of infinite wiſdom as the ſyſtem of the univerſe; thinking perſons have fallen to adoring where their predeceſſors blaſphemed. Natural philoſophers are become the champions of a providence. A catechiſt announces a God to children, whilſt a Newton is demonſtrating his exiſtence to the ſages of the world.

Many

Many have been desirous to know, whether deism, considered in itself, and without any religious ceremonies, can properly be called a religion. The answer is evident: He who only acknowledges a creating God, he who considers God only as a being infinitely powerful, and who sees nothing in his creatures but machines of an admirable contrivance; can no more be said to have a right sense of religion towards him, than an European, who should admire the power of an emperor of China, would be, for that reason only, a subject of that prince: but he who is persuaded that God has been pleased to create a certain relation between himself and his creatures; that is, between himself and men, whom he has made free, capable of good and evil, and who hath bestowed on them all that faculty of right reason, which is properly the instinct of man, and on which is founded the law of nature; this person is certainly under the power of true religion, and a religion at least infinitely superior to all those of the sects who are not of our communion; for all those sects are in the wrong, whereas the law of nature is undoubtedly, so far as it goes, perfectly right: even our revealed religion neither is nor can be any other than right reason as yet unaided by revelation, whereas the other religions are only good sense perverted by superstition.

All the sects differ from one another, because they are of man; whereas morality is every-where the same, because it proceeds from God.

It has been asked, Why, of five or six hundred different sects, there has not been one that has not been the occasion of bloodshed? And that the Deists, who are so numerous in all parts, have never occasioned the smallest disturbance? The reason is, that they were philosophers. Now philosophers may, in all likelihood, be guilty of false reasoning, but never engage in intrigues of state; so that they who persecute philosophers, on pretence that their opinions may prove dangerous to the public, are full as absurd as a man would be, who should imagine the study of algebra might possibly raise the price of corn at market. A thinking being,

being, who is in an error, is an object of pity, and his profecutor a dangerous idiot and a madman. We are all ſons of one parent; and ſhou'd any of my brothers, who is full of filial reſpect, and animated with a charity truly fraternal, think proper to pay his reſpects to our Common Father after a different manner from me, am I therefore to cut his throat?

After all, what is a true Deiſt? One who ſays to God, "I adore and love thee;" one who ſays to a Turk, a Chineſe, an Indian, and to a Ruſſian, "I love thee."

But perhaps he doubts of Mahomet's voyage to the Moon, and accordingly makes bold to ſuppreſs one half of it, at leaſt in his own private opinion; he does not inſiſt his wife ſhould leap into the fire on his death, out of pure devotion. Sometimes too he may be tempted to think the hiſtory of the eleven thouſand virgins, and that of St. Amable, whoſe hat and gloves were carried to Rome by a ſun-beam, a little dubious. In every other reſpect he may be a very honeſt man. Noah would certainly have admitted him into his ark; Numa Pompilius into his council; he would have rode on the car of Zoroaſter, philoſophized with Plato, Ariſtippus, Cicero, and Atticus; but tell me, do you think he would not have had a ſip of the hemlock with Socrates?

ON THE

CONTRADICTIONS

OF THIS

WORLD.

THE more one knows this world of ours, the more contradictions and inconſiſtencies ſhall we find in it. To begin with the Grand Turk; he is under an indiſpenſible neceſſity to cut off the head of every one who gives him the leaſt grounds of diſpleaſure; and is at the ſame time hardly able to preſerve his own.

If from the Grand Turk we paſs to St. Peter; his holineſs confirms the election of emperors, has kings for his vaſſals, but is not more powerful than a duke of Savoy. He ſends his commands into America and the Eaſt Indies; yet is he not able to take away one privilege from the republic of Lucca. The emperor is king of the Romans; but his whole right and prerogative conſiſts in holding the pope's ſtirrup, and the baſon for him to waſh in at maſs.

The Engliſh ſerve their monarch on the knee; but then they depoſe, impriſon, and cut off his head on a ſcaffold.

Men who have made a vow of poverty, obtain, even by virtue of that vow, an eſtate of two hundred thouſand crowns yearly revenue; and, in conſequence of their humility, become abſolute ſovereigns.

At Rome they rigouroufly condemn pluralities of benefices, with cure of ſouls; while at the ſame inſtant they will iſſue out bulls to ſome German to enable him to hold half a dozen biſhoprics at once. It is, ſay they, becauſe

becauſe the German biſhops have no church cures. The chancellor of France is the ſecond perſon in the ſtate, and yet he is never permitted to eat at the king's table; at leaſt, it has never happened hitherto: while a colonel, who is ſcarce a gentleman, enjoys that honour. An intendant's lady is a queen in her huſband's province, and at court no more than a ſimple country madam.

They who are convicted of that heinous ſin of non-conformity, are publicly burnt; whilſt the ſecond eclogue of Virgil, in which is that warm declaration of love which Corydon makes the beauteous Alexis, *Formoſum paſtor Corydon ardebat Alexin*, is gravely expounded in every college; and they are even at abundance of pains to cauſe their pupils to take notice that tho' Corydon was fair and Amyntas ſwarthy, yet ſtill Amyntas might juſtly claim the preference.

Should a poor harmleſs philoſopher, who never dreamed of doing the leaſt harm to any one, take it into his head to imagine that the earth moves, that light comes from the ſun, or that matter might poſſibly have ſome other properties beſides thoſe we are yet acquainted with, immediately the hue-and-cry is raiſed againſt him as an impious diſturber of the public tranquillity, notwithſtanding his perſecutors have tranſlated and publiſhed, *in uſum delphini*, Lucretius and Cicero's Tuſculan Queſtions, which are two complete bodies of irreligion.

Our courts of juſtice have now rejected all belief of perſons poſſeſſed with evil ſpirits, and witches are ſubjects of laughter; but Gaufredy and Grandier were both burnt for witchcraft; and lately by a majority of voices, a monk was condemned to the ſtake by one of our parliaments, for having bewitched a young damſel of eighteen years by breathing upon her *.

The ſceptical philoſophy of Bayle was even perſecuted in Holland. La Motte le Vayer, ſtill a greater ſceptic, though not near ſo good a philoſopher, was preceptor

* This is the famous proſecution of Father Girard and Miſs Cadiere. Never was there any thing more diſgraceful to humanity.

preceptor to Lewis XIV. and his brother. Gourville was hanged in effigy at Paris, whilſt he was the ambaſſador of France in Germany.

The famous atheiſt Spinoſa lived and died in peace. Vanini, whoſe only crime was writing againſt Ariſtotle, was burnt for an atheiſt: in this quality he has had the honour to make a conſiderable article in the hiſtory of the republic of letters, as well as in all the dictionaries, thoſe enormous archieves of lies, with ſo ſmall a mixture of truth: Do but open thoſe books, you will there find it recorded that Vanini † not only taught atheiſm in his writings, but alſo that twelve profeſſors of the ſame creed had actually ſet out from Naples with deſign to make proſelytes to their goſpel in all parts; then open Vanini's books, you will be aſtoniſhed to find they contain nothing but ſo many proofs of the exiſtence of a deity. See here what he ſays in his Amphitheatrum, a work condemned upon truſt, becauſe it is wholly unknown: "God is his own ſole principal and boundary, without end, without beginning, having no need of either; and the father of all beginning and of every end; he exiſts for ever, but in no ſpace of time; with regard to time, there is no duration, *a parte ante*, that is to ſay, which is paſt, nor futurity which will come hereafter; he is preſent every where without occupying any place; immoveable, yet without ſtoping, and rapid without motion; he is all, but without one excluſive of all; he is in every thing, but without being confined; and without every thing, but without being excluded from other beings; good, without quality; a whole, without parts; and, whilſt he produces all the various changes in nature, he is himſelf unvaried and immutable; his will is his power; he is ſimplicity itſelf; there is no ſuch thing as mere poſſibility, all in him is real; he is the

† Julius Cæſar Vanini, born in the kingdom of Naples in the ſixteenth century, was an adventurer in freethinking, and travelled into ſeveral countries, where he brought himſelf into trouble by ſpeaking and writing on the myſteries of religion. At length he was impriſoned at Thouloufe, tried and convicted of atheiſm and ſorcery, for which he was brought to the ſtake and burnt alive, after his tongue had been cut out.

the firſt, the middle, and the laſt act; in one word, he is all, yet is he above all kings, without them, within them, beyond them, eternally before them, yet preſent with them." After ſuch a confeſſion of his faith, was Vanini denounced an atheiſt. Yet what could the grounds for his condemnation be? The ſimple depoſition of a fellow called Francon. In vain did his works bear witneſs in his favour. A ſingle enemy robbed him of his life and reputation, at leaſt all over Europe, at the ſame time.

The little book, called the *Cymbalum Mundi*, which is no more than a cold imitation of Lucian, and which has not the ſlighteſt or moſt diſtant relation to Chriſtianity, has in like manner been condemned to the flames; yet Rabelais has been printed *cum privilegio*, and the Turkiſh Spy, and even the Perſian Letters*, have been ſuffered to paſs unmoleſted, particularly the latter, that ingenious, diverting, and daring performance, which contains an entire letter in defence of ſuicide; another in which are theſe words: "If we ſuppoſe ſuch a thing as religion;" another where it is ſaid in expreſs terms, that the biſhops have properly no other function, but that of diſpenſing with the laws; in a word, another which calls the pope a magician, who endeavours to perſuade us that three and one are the ſame; that the bread we eat is not bread, &c. The abbe de St. Pierre, a man who might poſſibly be deceived, but who has conſtantly kept the public good in ſight in all his writings, and whoſe works cardinal Du Bois uſed to call the Dreams of a good Citizen; this abbe de St. Pierre, I ſay, was excluded from the French Academy, *nemine contradicente*, for having, in a political work, preferred the eſtabliſhment of boards of council to the inſtitution of ſecretaries of ſtate; and for ſaying, that the finances had been ſhamefully managed towards the cloſe of that glorious reign. The author of the Perſian Letters made mention of Lewis XIV. only that he might have an opportunity to tell the world that the king was a magician, who undertook to perſuade his ſubjects that paper was gold

* By the Baron de Monteſquieu.

gold and ſilver; that he preferred the Turkiſh to all other forms of government; that he held a man who handed him a napkin in higher eſteem than one who had won him battles; that he had given a penſion to a perſon who had fled a matter of two leagues from the field of battle without once looking behind him, and a conſiderable government to one who had run four; that he was miſerably poor, notwithſtanding he ſays, in the ſame letter, that his finances are inexhauſtible. Let us further ſee what the ſame author, in the only book of his then known, had ſaid of Lewis XIV. the protector of the French Academy; and it is on the reputation he acquired by this book, he was admitted into their number. We may add to this, what crowns the inconſiſtency, that this company received him amongſt them chiefly for making them ridiculous; for of all the books in which authors have made themſelves merry at the expence of their company, there are none where they are worſe handled than in the Perſian Letters. Conſult the letter in which it is ſaid; "The members who compoſe this body, have no other employment but to prate everlaſtingly; and panegyric flows naturally out of that babbling of theirs, which is truly world without end," &c. After treating that body in this manner, they very complaiſantly praiſed him for his addreſs in drawing a ſtrong likeneſs.

Were I diſpoſed to examine the contrarieties to be met with in the republic of letters, I muſt write the hiſtory of all the literati, and of all the wits who have ever had a being: in like manner, had I a mind to enter into the detail of all the inconſiſtencies to be found in human ſociety, I ſhould be obliged to write no leſs than a hiſtory of the whole human race. An inhabitant of Aſia, who ſhould travel into Europe, might take us all for Pagans. The very days of the week with us bear the names of Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and Venus; the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche is painted in a palace belonging to the pope; but eſpecially ſhould this Aſiatic be at one of our operas, he could have no manner of doubt but it was a feſtival in honour of the Heathen Gods. Were he to inform himſelf more exactly in what

regarded

regarded our manners, he would be under much greater aſtoniſhment: he would find a law ſubſiſting in Spain, by which all foreigners are excluded from the ſmalleſt commerce, directly or indirectly, with their American ſettlements, whilſt thoſe very foreigners carry on, by means of Spaniſh factors, a trade to the amount of fifty millions *per annum*; ſo that Spain could never grow rich, were it not for the violation of that law, which is ſtill in being, though perpetually trampled upon: he could ſee the government in another country encouraging an India company, though their theologians had declared their dividends criminal before God: he would have the right of judging their fellow-ſubjects, the command of their armies in time of war, with the quality of counſellors of ſtate, bought with money: he would never be able to comprehend how it ſhould be mentioned in the patents which entitle them to hold thoſe places, that they have been granted, without caballing, fee, or reward, and purely on the ſcore of merit, whilſt the valuable conſideration is attached to their letters of proviſion. Would not our Aſiatic be ſurpriſed to ſee our players at the ſame inſtant paid by the ſovereign and excommunicated by the clergy? He would aſk why a lieutenant-general, who is only a *roturier*, or man of the common claſs, though he may have won battles, ſhall, in the eſtimation of the *taille*, be ranked with a peaſant, whilſt an *Echevin*, or city ſheriff*, ſhall be held as noble as the Montmorenci's? Why, during the time that all regular ſhows are prohibited in a week which is conſecrated to edification, they allow of mountebanks, whoſe language is offenſive to the leaſt delicate ear? He would ſee almoſt all our laws in direct oppoſition to our cuſtoms; and were we to travel into Aſia, we ſhould find pretty near the ſame inconſiſtencies.

Men are every-where alike fools: they make laws after much ſuch a manner as we repair breaches in walls. In one place the elder brothers have done all in their power to leave their younger mere beggars; in others

* This ridiculous cuſtom has been at length aboliſhed in 1751. The lieutenant-generals are now declared as noble as the echevins.

others they ſhare all alike. At one time the church authorizes duels, at another ſhe anathematizes them. The partizans and enemies of Ariſtotle have been excommunicated in their turn, ſo have the wearers of long and ſhort hair. There has not in the known world any law been diſcovered that has been able to redreſs a very ſilly piece of folly, which is gaming. The laws of play are the only ones which admit of neither exception, relaxation, impoſition, nor variation. A fellow that has been a lackey, if he plays at *lanſquenet* with a king, and happens to win, is paid without the leaſt heſitation: in every other reſpect, the law is a ſword, with which the ſtronger cuts the weaker in pieces.

Yet the world ſubſiſts as if it were conſtituted in the wiſeſt manner imaginable; irregularity is attached to our natures; our political world is much like our globe, tho' ſomething hideous, it yet preſerves itſelf. It would be folly to wiſh, that all the mountains, ſeas, and rivers, were drawn in regular geometrical figures: it would be a ſtill higher piece of folly to require ſuch a thing as conſummate wiſdom from men; it would be to give wings to dogs, or horns to eagles.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.